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ART. I.—CUBA AND THE TRIPARTITE TREATY.

1. *Letter of Mr. EDWARD EVERETT, of Massachusetts, to Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Peer of England.* Boston Advertiser. Sept. 21, 1853.
2. *Letter of JOHN C. CALHOUN, Secretary of State of the United States, to WILLIAM R. KING, Minister of the United States at the Court of LOUIS PHILIPPE, King of the French.* Washington, August 12, 1844.

ONE comprehensive glance at the horizon of international politics, is sufficient to satisfy the political reasoner, that he lives at a period in the world's history which has, indeed, no real prototype. Upon the old continent, a peace of two hundred years' duration, as profound as the eminently tame and tranquil disposition of the Chinese character could render it, pervading, too, the oldest and largest empire on earth, has been suddenly terminated by the outbreak of a revolution which promises to effect an abiding and a radical change in the relation subsisting between the Asiatic powers, and in the whole progress of Asiatic events—a result as uncertain in its extent as momentous in its consequences, but which cannot fail to make a deep impression upon human affairs. In the same quarter it seems manifest that the keys which are to unlock the gates of the Japanese empire are nearly forged, and that the ships which are to lead the world's commerce to those shores, will soon be launched. Already have startling fears sprung up in Europe, and the cry will soon

resound there for a balance of power in *Asia*. The Ottoman and Russian empires are, at this moment, on the eve of volcanic eruption. The subterranean flames are fanned and fed by the whirlwinds of religious fanaticism: the Mussulmans of Persia and Egypt, as well as Turkey, are impatient to redden the waters of the Danube with the blood of the Greek Church, while the Russian Czar is ready, with an eagle's swoop, to fall upon Constantinople, and lay both Mahomedanism and the Turkish empire prostrate and dismembered at his feet. The flag of Austria flutters most fretfully in this troubled atmosphere, while that of Spain is but the shred of an ancient banner surmounting the Pyrenees, only as a sad token of fallen greatness. France and Great Britain remain! Great powers, which never lose sight of each other; constantly peering and spying across the British channel, devouring, with eager appetite, all that transpires at their respective courts. Between them there is a natural and ancient jealousy; there is little which is congenial either in language, race, tradition, manners, or institutions; yet, at this precise juncture, two overwhelming causes operate to draw them together, and to give zest to the idea of their genuine friendship, or, at least, mutual good will. It is the desideratum with both that they should remain at peace, and, above all, that they should not be at war with each other. Apart from this, each has its own peculiar interest in some of the leading events of the day, touching, particularly, the fate of Turkey; interests, not only peculiar to themselves, individually, but quite different from those of any other European State. The one has its East Indian and Burman possessions, the other, its African conquests. One looks with anxious eye to, at least, the certain privilege, if not the right of way through Turkish domain; while the other broods gloomily over the actual, if not nominal possession of all the southern coast of the Mediterranean and of the Isthmus of Suez. Both see from their watch-towers at London and Paris, the bold Czar folding himself up for the fearful swoop; both would gladly forestal their Russian competitor, but they know well the cost. They look wistfully in each other's eye, and while they see deep anxiety expanding each

other's lids, they see the image of their own mistrust far back upon the retina.

Such is the present state of things on the old continent ; turn now to the new.

Within the compass of three-quarters of a century, the bulk of the American Continent has achieved for itself what never could have entered into the heart of man to conceive ; England, France, Spain, and Portugal have been divested of colonies which stretch over nearly one fourth of the landed surface of the earth. A narrow strip of settlements along the Atlantic coast has become an immense federal republic, such as the world has never looked upon. Turn to the west, and she is the opposite neighbour of Asia ; to the east, and she is confronted with Europe. Another string of settlements, once dependent on the little corner of Europe, called Portugal, has become, in point of territory, one of the largest empires on earth. The face of the whole continent is so vastly different from that of the old, as to preclude an attempt at comparison ; neither is there a similitude in the political condition of the two continents. We have no China, no Japan, no Russia, Austria, France or England here. Never has a "holy alliance" been made here. There is no international balance of power to be preserved ; no Bourbon family, no Spain, no principalities, no Turkey, to be propped up by the unwilling support of allied powers or even Vienna conferences. Correctly viewed, there is one power on this continent, against which *all the rest combined*, if unaided by Europe, would contend in vain. That power is the republic of the United States. In extent of territory it nearly equals all Europe. In population, it is competent and increasing at an incalculable rate, and in resources, exhaustless. Our policy has been peace, neutrality and commerce as to other powers ; but progress, expansion, power and wealth at home, on *this* continent. We wanted Florida to complete our "natural boundary ;" it was obtained honestly, fairly, and well paid for. We needed Louisiana ; it was got upon similar fair terms, and no one dared say nay. The great Mississippi rolled through foreign dominions ; we needed them, and they were ours. Our eastern and southern bounda-

ries were thus established to suit our wishes and our wants. No government in Europe took upon itself to question our course. It was even from Europe the territory was gotten. Our north-eastern and north-western boundaries were undetermined; they were peaceably and satisfactorily adjusted. Up to this time, the Government at Washington, and the people of the United States entertained the belief that they had neither transcended the limits of propriety nor honesty.

Unfortunately, however, for the peace of mind of the diplomatic profession of Europe, the hardy and spirited sons of Texas, who derived, by the by, not only their existence but their notions of government from the people of the United States, erected themselves into an independent State. In due course of time, they fulfilled their destiny, and became one of the States of this growing Union. Strenuous exertions were made in Europe to prevent the consummation of this happy end, and sincerely may we thank the wise men of our own land for their efforts. It was only by dint of their uncommon energy and care that the entire scheme of annexation was rescued from destruction, and the deceitful assurances of wily ministers detected. Vexed, and possibly mortified at the disappointment, the British government, and—shall we say the French? recoiled to a more secure, and, perhaps, a more promising position. The former sees well into the future, and has not been idle in preparing for it.

But scarcely has Texas been annexed, when, in rapid succession, came the immense regions of New Mexico and California; acquired in a most unmistakeable manner, and never questioned even by Great Britain. This was, indeed, a sorry supplement to the annexation of Texas, calculated in no degree to heal the wound occasioned thereby; but how could it be avoided?

Such is a brief recapitulation of those circumstances which occupy public attention in Europe and America at the present time. Those connected with the old continent are surely of more importance *there* than here, and upon the same principle, those so closely touching *us*, must be uppermost in our consideration. In the fate of Turkey, the United States can entertain no other than a general interest; and

upon the same ground, it would seem, the fate of Cuba ought not to be the especial concern of Great Britain and France, the two powers which are certainly more deeply interested in the result of the Turkish controversy than any other save the parties themselves. But it turns out otherwise. Spain is entirely superseded; a band of bold adventurers have landed on Cuba, been taken, and have paid for their audacity with their lives; and, in consequence of this, it devolves on Great Britain and France (as they claim) to entwine their loving arms around the island, and shield her from the world.

It is vain for men to reason upon public matters, particularly those of eminently international character, if they throw out of view the physical and the material circumstances connected therewith; but with a statesman in office, having his country's good at stake, such a course is not only folly, but reprehensible neglect. Now, it has been the choice of nature, to put two separate and distinct continents upon the earth, and to divide them by immense, fathomless oceans; this is the first great classification. These Continents are, in their turn, subdivided by great gulfs and seas, forming the second classification—Europe and Asia, Africa, North America and South America. A third classification is the consequence of the mountains and rivers, which are scattered throughout, forming boundaries for States and Empires; these again are subdivided, till we descend to the humble farm of a few acres. Is it necessary to add that, from this natural physical cause, the division of earth into continents particularly, there must ever be interests peculiar to each particular division, which it would be altogether out of the province of any other to interfere with or attempt to control? Can anything be more evident than that there must always be matters of grave import to Europe which are of little consequence in America, or that events must transpire which deeply interest America, but can be of little real concern in Europe? There always will be, in consequence of these natural subdivisions of the earth, questions of public concern peculiarly American, peculiarly European, and even particularly *Cuban*, as we may live to see exemplified.

That the "Cuba question," so called, is, in the language of

Mr. Everett, "mainly an American question," is a fact which can never be disputed in a fairer manner than it has been by Lord John Russell; neither can any government strive to "*beg the question*" more earnestly than that of Great Britain. The British Lord has made the most of it, by catching up the fag end of Jamaica, and dropping it "somewhat nearer to Cuba than the nearest part of the United States," and deducing, as the legitimate consequence, that it is not a jot further from the United States than from England. Now, the United States are in America, England is in Europe; hence, Lord Russell's final geographical conclusions must be, that Cuba is "somewhat nearer" Europe than America; or, in other words, since the mad expedition of Lopez, the Island of Cuba has moved off in disgust from the American coast, and plumped itself down in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, in a pet, we suppose, with the whole world, and as President Taylor so knowingly added, "the rest of mankind."

It is not only in geography, however, that the noble Lord has established a new school; the department of logic has been highly favoured, to say nothing of the principle of proximity upon which so many great public doctrines are founded, but which it remained for him, at one ruthless blow, entirely to demolish. The fact of distance we will grant. Cuba is, we will say, in the middle of the Atlantic, and "somewhat nearer" England than America. Lord J. Russell has not separated Jamaica from Cuba; we are left to infer, then, that Jamaica is in mid ocean, too. But it so happens that there are other islands which formerly were near to Cuba, and since no mention has been made of their departure, we are at liberty to reason upon the supposition that they still occupy their relative position.

Now, prominent among these islands, is HAYTI, and the nearest point of this island is, not only "somewhat," but over forty per cent. nearer to Cuba than the said nearest point of Jamaica is.* But this is not all. The Haytian territory is

* Note.—The shortest distance from the Florida Reefs and the Tortugas to Cuba, is about 110 English miles; from *Cape Cruz*, in Cuba, to Jamaica, the nearest point, about 90 miles, and from *Point de la Maysi*, the eastern extremity of Cuba, to *Cape St. Nicholas*, the north-western extremity of Hayti, the distance is but 50 miles.

29,0000 square miles, that of Jamaica is but 5,468. The Haytian population was, in 1846, 900,000, while that of Jamaica, about the same time, was but 377,433. If, then, the proximity of Jamaica to Cuba is such as to give England as much interest in the fate of this island as the United States, it may reasonably be asked whether Hayti also has not fully as much right to claim the benefit of this equality. Great Britain and Hayti are upon excellent terms, and the real wonder is, how the empire of Hayti was excluded from a prominent place in the picture—why the proposed treaty was not *quartopartite* instead of *tripartite*. Possibly there may be a lurking desire somewhere to see Cuba become another Hayti; and since it is well known that his imperial Haytian Majesty has no diplomatic intercourse with the United States, it may have been thought advisable to conceal the ultimate intention; Hayti, meantime, being snugly ensconced between Great Britain and France. This is no conjecture; there is strong confirmatory evidence not only that the British government has conceived the design, but, with better success than in the case of Texas, has already made considerable advances in execution of it.

Neither the government nor the people of the United States can shut their eyes to the fact that the fate of Cuba is soon to be consummated. Spain cannot long retain the island; and, upon this conviction, the British minister, at the Court of Madrid, has been cautiously, steadily, and, it would seem, successfully acting. Already has the British Government acquired, by treaty, the right not only to land troops upon the island, but to search the plantations for contraband slaves. And, if we are correctly informed, the crowning scheme of emancipation is either already devised, or is in progress and near its completion. The importation of slaves, to be liberated at the end of ten years, and the entire abolition of slavery at the end of fifty, the island thenceforth to be under the protection of the British flag. Add to this, the recent withdrawal of the British cruisers, the appointment of a new captain-general for Cuba, and the rumoured proceedings of the British consul at Havana, in seeking to make the scheme popular, and we have, at least, enough to satisfy

the public mind on the score of the *hidden* design of the proposed tripartite treaty.

But, leaving this for a moment out of view, let the relative merits of Lord John Russell's and Mr. Everett's position, as to the principle upon which the one claims, and the other denies, the right of England to an equal participation with the United States in the disposition of the Cuban question.

Lord John Russell maintains that Great Britain is entitled to be placed on a footing of perfect equality with the United States in this matter, on the ground of geographical proximity. The plea of commercial interest seems to have been altogether disregarded except as the consequence of this proximity. Mr. Everett admits that Great Britain has some interest in the affair on account of her West India possessions, and even acknowledges that if Jamaica bore the same proportion, in population and territory, to the rest of the British dominions, that the States of this Union, bordering on the Gulf of Mexico and on the Atlantic near Cuba, bear to the rest of the federal republic, the two governments would fairly be reduced to an equality, so far, at least, as the doctrine of geographical proximity bears upon the question. But since this is not the case, he denies the claim, and reiterates his language of December, 1852, in which it was declared that the condition of Cuba is mainly an American question, in which the United States have a very deep interest and the United Kingdom a very limited one.

This is a simple statement of the case; a few words will decide the merits of it. It has already been stated that the population of Jamaica does not number four hundred thousand, and the territory does not reach five thousand five hundred square miles; it, therefore, simply remains to be added, what is published to the world upon British authority—Jamaica is a burden on the British treasury. But how stands the case on the part of the United States? The commerce of Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and part of Florida, must pass between Cuba and the Florida reefs. All the States on the Mississippi river and its tributaries might well be added, for the outlet of that mighty stream is practically off the coast of Cuba; but since commercial interests have

not been taken as the ground of the claim, we will confine our present remark to geographical proximity alone. The population of the five Gulf States is two million one hundred and forty thousand and sixty-nine, and the territory over three hundred thousand square miles ; and so far from their being burdens either on their own or the federal treasury, they produce a large proportion of the cotton, and all the sugar exported from the United States. If to these are added the States on the Mississippi and its tributaries, and Georgia and South Carolina, two of the Atlantic States deeply interested in the condition of Cuba, we have a proportion both of population and territory calculated to drive even Lord John Russell from his argument of proximity.

It is needless to add, in an article like this, designed for the perusal of American citizens, that, on the score of commercial and political interest, this federal republic neither has, nor ever will have, any rightful competitor for the claim of pre-eminency in relation to this Cuban question.

But Mr. Everett's letter is confined to Lord Russell's despatch, a document which he disposes of with his usual ability, and creditably enough. He adverts to the *simplicity* which Lord Russell attaches to the proposal of a tripartite convention, in a proper way, and with a degree of moderation induced probably by his peculiar position. The people of the United States should be deeply impressed with the truth of this single sentence :

"The proposal to which I was returning an answer, jointly made by two of the leading powers of Europe, related to the most important subject in the circle of our foreign relations." It is a significant circumstance, that the proposition deemed so important by Mr. Everett, should be regarded by Lord Russell as "a question of a simple nature." The people of this country, if they have not yet discovered it, will soon perceive that this same "simple" question is not only the most important in the circle of our foreign, but, may be, of our *domestic* relations also.

The "melancholy avowal for the chief of a free State" is happily retorted, and the "utility" of the law of nations no less so. But the parts of Mr. Everett's letter to which par-

ticular attention should be had, as not only rendering ridiculous the idea of the treaty, but confirming the suspicion of a hidden motive on the part of the British and French governments, are the two following paragraphs :

“Consider, too, the recent antecedents of the powers that *invite* us to disable ourselves, to the end of time, from the acquisition, in any way, of this natural appendage to our continent. France within the present century, to say nothing of the acquisition of Louisiana, has wrested a moiety of Europe from its native sovereigns ; has possessed herself by force of arms, and at the time greatly to the discontent of England, of six hundred miles of the northern coast of Africa, with an indefinite extension into the interior ; and has appropriated to herself one of the most important insular groups of the Pacific. England, not to mention her other numerous acquisitions in every part of the globe, has, even since your despatch of the 16th February was written, annexed half of the Burman empire to her overgrown Indian possessions—on grounds, if the statements in Mr. Cobden’s pamphlet are to be relied upon—compared with which the reasons assigned by Russia for invading Turkey are respectable.”

And at the conclusion of the letter :

“When I cast my thoughts back upon our brief history as a nation, I certainly am not led to think that the United States have reached the final limits of their growth, or what comes to very much the same thing, that representative government, religious equality, the trial by jury, the freedom of the press, and the other great attributes of our Anglo-Norman civilization, are never to gain a further extension on this continent. I regard the inquiry under what political organization this extension is to take place, as a vain attempt to penetrate the inscrutable mysteries of the future. It will, if we are wise, be under the guidance of our example ; I hope it will be in virtue of the peaceful arts, by which well-governed states extend themselves over unsettled or partially settled continents. My voice was heard at the first opportunity, in the senate of the United States, in favour of developing the utmost boundless resources of the territory already in our possession, rather than seeking to enlarge it by aggressive wars. Still, I cannot think it reasonable—hardly respectful—on the part of England and France, while they are daily extending themselves on every shore and in every sea, and pushing their dominions, by new conquests, to the uttermost ends of the earth, to call upon the United States to bind themselves by a perpetual

compact, never, under any circumstances, to admit into the Union an island which lies at their doors, and commands the entrance into the interior of their continent."

It is indeed "hardly respectful" in these powers to make such a proposal; and it would be ridiculous were it not for the foothold which the British government already has in Cuba. According to the principle propounded by Lord John Russell, there is not a quarter of the globe from which his government could be excluded in determining questions of a similar "simple nature." British colonies are to be found all over the earth, and she has not *one* but a hundred Jamaicas. Let the government of the United States once sanction Lord Russell's claim and approve his principle, and the British government at once becomes the domineering arbiter in every sea, upon every shore, and on every continent. To this it is plain the American government can never submit. And this is the upshot of the correspondence between Mr. Everett and Lord Russell.

But there are other and more important views of this "simple" question; and it seems a matter of regret that they have not been promptly taken by the government at Washington. Probably they have been discussed in Cabinet council, and if so, we have every confidence in the result.

In a military point of view, this island is the strategic point of the United States on the Atlantic side. This surely has not escaped the notice either of the people or government of the United States. Invaluable to us on this account, if no other, what would it be in the hands of such a nation as Great Britain? General Jackson in 1844, when the annexation of Texas was pending, lifted up his warning voice in these words: "Texas, therefore, in hostile hands, could feed and sustain an army that could act not only against Oregon, but, at the same time, against Louisiana and Arkansas, and by conjunction with the Indians could make inroads on every western state to the lakes. An army thus employed, seconded by a proper organization of force on the lakes, would put the whole West in a blaze, and cause us more injury in blood and money, in six months, than years of peace could

atone for. The sagacious statesmen of England understand much better than we do the force of the military considerations I am here suggesting; and hence you will find that no pecuniary obligation will be deemed by them too great to prevent the annexation to this country. Every mind conversant with the operations of war, and with the causes which give military ascendancy, must see, from a glance at our map, that such a genius as Wellington's, or Napoleon's, sustained by naval armaments on the Gulf of Mexico and on the lakes, and in possession of Texas, with a very small force on land, could, in one campaign, paralyze one half of the Union, deprive us of Oregon, and produce scenes of servile insurrection and massacre that humanity would shudder to describe. This is no fancy sketch—it is the natural operation of cause and effect, inevitable and irresistible." What would he say of the possession of *Cuba* by Great Britain? What would he say of such a genius as *Nelson's*, flanked by Canada at the north, a strong foothold on Central America at the south, and sustained in the rear by the rest of the West India Islands, to say nothing of the support of European allies? What would the people of the United States say and feel to see an army of ten thousand African troops landed at St. Augustine, Mobile, New Orleans, Savannah or Charleston, upon the very first outbreak of hostilities between this country and Great Britain? The mere mention of these things is sufficient; but they are not all. In one sense, and that a very important one, Cuba is to the Gulf of Mexico what Gibraltar is to the Mediterranean. This island is in fact the Gibraltar of America. The British government has long experienced the advantage of holding that barren rock, and we may rest fully assured it will not be without a struggle that this lovely island is rescued from the same possession and use. In this view of the "simple" question, then, the proposition before the people and government of the United States is: shall the strategic point of this republic, the Gibraltar of this continent, change hands and not fall into our own '

In a commercial point of view this island is the key which unlocks the floodgate that gives vent to the Gulf of Mexico.

The exports and imports of no less than *fourteen* states, to say nothing of others hereafter to be organized and settled, pass under her shores, and could with ease be suspended by a hostile power having not only this island but Jamaica and the bulk of the West India Islands in possession, as also a portion of Central America. It is a question, then, of grave import to the people, at least of these fourteen states, whether this immense commercial interest shall quietly be left to the mercy of such European power as may be successful in jockeying Spain out of Cuba, and subsequently picking a quarrel with the government of the United States upon some unimportant question of salvage to our Key West wreckers, or, may be, the elopement of a Florida slave.

But it is in a political sense that the Cuba question is most seriously and, we may well add, *anxiously* to be viewed. The principles of geographical proximity, military importance, and commercial interest, each, in itself, pressing heavily upon the public mind, are all merged in the one all-important consideration of the political results to be expected in consequence of the alienation of Cuba from Spain, either in name or in fact, and the possession of the island in that event by any other power than the United States. This, after all, is the true ground upon which the people of this country must base their action, if they would secure the approbation, or, at least, avoid the censure of disinterested parties. This is the field which our statesmen must thoroughly explore ere they make up their decision, and before the world is called to witness an event which, sooner or later, must transpire: the absorption of Cuba either by the United States or Great Britain!

Some doubt may indeed exist whether the British government would desire to hold Cuba as one of her colonies, or whether it would not be preferable merely to have it under British *protection*. In either case the consequence would be the same; Cuba would become another Hayti, if not in form, at least in point of fact. The ultimate question, then, to be laid before the American people is, are you prepared to see another Hayti spring up at your doors and command the entrance into the interior of your continent?

The evident reason why Cuba could not fail to become another Hayti—a very different spectacle from Jamaica—and the fair presumption why Great Britain seeks to bring this state of things about, are clearly set down in Mr. Calhoun's letter; a paper written, it is true, in relation to Texas, but in every particular applicable to Cuba.

After proving it to be adverse to the continental powers of Europe to forward the designs of England against our American institution of slavery, in hopes of some day obtaining a monopoly of the tropical products of the earth, and after citing the great cost of the British experiment of emancipation, its utter failure, and the terrible depreciation of property in consequence of it—all of which is contrasted with the “vast increase of the capital and production on the part of those nations who have continued their former policy towards the negro race”—Mr. Calhoun observes :

“This is seen and felt by British statesmen, and has opened their eyes to the errors which they have committed. The question now with them is, how shall it be counteracted? What has been done cannot be undone. The question is, by what means can Great Britain regain and keep a superiority in tropical cultivation, commerce, and influence? Or shall that be abandoned, and other nations be suffered to acquire the supremacy, even to the extent of supplying British markets, to the obstruction of the capital already vested in their production? These are the questions which now profoundly occupy the attention of her statesmen, and have the greatest influence over her councils.

“In order to regain her superiority, she not only seeks to revive and increase her own capacity to produce tropical productions, but to diminish and destroy the capacity of those who have so far outstripped her in consequence of her error. In the pursuit of the former she has cast her eyes to her East India possessions, to Central and Eastern Africa, with the view of establishing colonies there, and even to restore, substantially, the slave trade itself, under the specious name of transporting free laborers from Africa to her West India possessions, in order, if possible, to compete successfully with those who have refused to follow her suicidal policy. But these all afford but uncertain and distant hopes of recovering her lost superiority. Her main reliance is on the other alternative—to cripple or destroy the productions of her more successful rivals. There is but one way by which it can be done, and that is by

abolishing African slavery throughout this continent; and that she openly avows to be the constant object of her policy and exertions. It matters not how or from what motive it may be done; whether it be by diplomacy, influence or force; by secret or open means; and whether the motive be humane or selfish, without regard to manner, means or motive. The thing itself, should it be accomplished, would put down all rivalry, and give her the undisputed supremacy in supplying her own wants and those of the rest of the world, and thereby more than fully retrieve what she has lost by her errors. It would give her the monopoly of tropical productions, which I shall next proceed to show.

“What would be the consequence if this object of her unceasing solicitude and exertions should be effected by the abolition of negro slavery throughout this continent, some idea may be formed from the immense diminution of productions, as has been shown, which has followed abolition in her West India possessions. But, as great as that has been, it is nothing compared to what would be the effect if she should succeed in abolishing slavery in the United States, Cuba, Brazil, and throughout this continent. The experiment in her own colonies was made under the most favourable circumstances. It was brought about gradually and peaceably, by the steady and firm operation of the parent country, armed with complete power to prevent or crush at once all insurrectionary movements on the part of the negroes, and able and disposed to maintain to the full, the political and social ascendancy of the former masters over their former slaves. It is not at all wonderful that the change of the relation between master and slave took place, under such circumstances, without violence and bloodshed, and that order and peace should have been since preserved. Very different would be the result of abolition should it be effected by her influence and exertions in the possessions of other countries on this continent, and especially in the United States, Cuba, and Brazil, the great cultivators of the principal tropical products of America. To form a correct conception of what would be the result with them, we must look, not to Jamaica, but to St. Domingo, for example. The change would be followed by unforgiving hate between the two races, and end in a bloody and deadly struggle between them for the superiority. One or the other would have to be subjugated, extirpated, or expelled; and desolation would overspread their territories, as in St. Domingo, from which it would take centuries to recover. The end would be, that the superiority in cultivating the great tropical staples would be transferred from them to the British tropical possessions.”

Here we must pause for a season. With these views has-

tily and imperfectly thrown together, we leave the subject with the reader for his own mature judgment. Let us remind him, however, that the question is not so much one of the annexation of Cuba, as the prevention of emancipation on that island. To prevent another Hayti from springing up on our coast is the *end*; the purchase of the island may become the *means*. And this leads to the enquiry, *can* this end be attained by these means?

One thing is certain, the object would forever be frustrated by the tripartite convention. Another fact is equally true: if *money* can purchase the island, the United States are able to pay more than either Great Britain or France. Their immense debts and their heavy annual expenditures preclude the idea of *their* ever becoming *purchasers*. Our debt is literally nothing; our income may be suited to any occasion.

But on another score we must beg not to be misunderstood. Lord John Russell cannot more honestly and sincerely condemn filibustering than we do, nor than, as we believe, the mass of the American people do. Those rules, known in Europe as the law of nations, are probably even more venerated here than there. Another thing we deprecate: it is intervention in European affairs; and, for this good and sufficient reason, we highly deprecate, on the part of European powers, any intervention in American affairs. We—at the south at least—are not political propagandists, and we hope there are many like us at the north. We cannot but lay much of the excitement and sympathy there, with foreign adventurers, to the same door with the hearty welcome afforded to southern fugitives from labour. And, even were the people disposed, the government of the United States has but limited means of taking part in European politics. *But* when two of the leading nations of Europe take the pains to cross the Atlantic and put their protest on record against so “simple” a matter as the acquisition of Cuba by the United States; when, not content with this, either one or both of them, beset a weak and declining nation—using no doubt a species of persuasion which it would be dangerous to resist—undertake, through the inevitable and unavoidable means of

servile war, and the almost certain destruction of the white race, to set up a barbarous negro government on the very suburbs of our slave territory and at the most critical point on the coast of the whole continent—this too in compliance with no pressing exigency of state, nor in keeping with any principle of national amity, but rather with the apparent motive of injuring, embarrassing, and perhaps destroying our institutions and government—it becomes the people of this free country to see that they have nothing but their trouble for their pains, even though the consequence be an appeal to those great first principles of national existence which have stood us in stead since the fourth day of July, 1776.

E. B. B.

ART. II.—"MY NOVEL," BY BULWER.

My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life; by Sir E. BULWER LYTTON, author of "The Caxtons," "Pelham," "Harold," &c. New-York: Harper & Brothers, 329 and 331 Pearl-street, Franklin Square. 1852.

WHEN books were published at long intervals, and sold at high prices, it was the office of the reviewer to examine their contents, and anticipate the judgment of the public; but since Solomon's declaration has become fully realized, that "of making many books there is no end," and their general diffusion, by the cheapness and rapidity of their publication, has put all classes of readers on the same footing with the reviewer, his office has materially changed. If, sometimes, as before, he has a foretaste of a new publication, and prepares the public mind for its examination, he often uses it but as the text for an independent essay, and not unfrequently, by a sober second-thought, sums up the result of conflicting opinions, reverses a judgment too hastily formed, or qualifies praise when too indiscriminately bestowed. In

the present article, we propose to discharge this last duty of the reviewer. We do not intend to call in question the high commendation which "My Novel" has deservedly received; but, in our opinion, the author has committed faults—some trivial, some grave—which we cannot pass over in silence. If he belonged to that numerous class of writers, whose ephemeral publications serve only to gratify a morbid taste, which can digest no other literary food, and when read, are condemned forever to the shelf or the fire, we might well have spared ourselves this trouble; but when an author, so distinguished as Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, unsuccessfully attacks dogmas which have stood the test of centuries, and follows the vulgar and beaten track in casting reproach on the memory of a great and wise man, such transgressions, if passed over, become precedents, which he and others may commit with impunity, *et judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*.

In the first place, though it may be a matter simply of taste, we do not like the title. It is arrogant and awkward. "My Novel!" Is it *The Novel par excellence*, or is it only *My Novel*, as compared by the author with his other productions? Subjected to that test, it will fail in either case. But you send to a friend to borrow *My Novel*. "Your novel," he replies, "I have not got your novel." "Not my novel," you send word back, "but 'My Novel'—that is, Bulwer's *My Novel*. Nor could we find, in the "Initial Chapter," devoted to that subject, any sufficient reason for thus naming it. Mr. Caxton has settled the matter very arbitrarily, we think, but his argument would apply equally as well to any of the thousand and one novels that are annually issued from the press.

"Mr. Caxton, clapping his hands gently, 'excellent, capital! Nothing can be better; simple, natural, pertinent, concise—*My Novel*.' It is your novel; people will know it is your novel. Turn and twist the English language as you will, be as allegorical as Hebrew, Greek, Roman—Fabulist or Puritan—still, after all, it is your novel, and nothing more nor less than your novel,'" Initial Chapter, book III.

But the author has another title: "*Varieties in English*

Life." Has that title been in every respect well selected from the work itself? Of variety of incident there is enough, and of variety of character there is more than enough; but is it English life? With the exception of a few incidents, such as Squire Hazeldean's stocks, and the hustings, drawn from the peculiar institutions and usages of England, does the novel present a picture of English life, and would not the incidents be as applicable to many other states of society? But is it a picture of life at all? Do we sympathize with the actors? Do we enter into their feelings, link ourselves with their destiny, and anticipate the author in the result? We admit great ability and a high degree of art in the author: but the art is too apparent. Some of his characters upon whom he has expended the most pains, are overwrought. They are not drawn from life. After reading nearly half through the novel, with occasional glimpses at some of the other actors, we could not help asking the question, if Lenny Fairfield, the intuitive Baconian philosopher, and the author's favourite, is to be the principal character of the work, one who had gained the summit of learning without treading the slow and toilsome ascent, which all others are necessarily compelled to pursue, who reach that high eminence.

We are first introduced to Leonard Fairfield at the age of sixteen, and we find him holding the following conversation with his excellent tutor, Parson Dale.

"*Parson.*—'That's right, Lenny. Let me see! Why you must be nearly a man. How old are you?'"

"*Lenny*, twirling his hat and in great perplexity, 'Well, and there is Flop, neighbour Dutton's old sheep-dog. He be very old now.'"

"*Parson.*—'I am not asking Flop's age, but your own.'"

"*Lenny.*—'Deed, sir, I have heard say as how Flop and I were pups together. That is, I—I—.'"

"*Parson.*—'Never mind, it is not so badly answered after all. And how old is Flop?'"

"*Lenny.*—'Why he must be fifteen year and more.'"

"*Parson.*—'How old, then, are you?'"

Lenny, looking up with a beam of intelligence—'Fifteen year and more.'"

" 'That's what we call putting two and two together,' said the Parson; 'or, in other words—thanks to his love for his book—simple as he stands here, Lenny Fairfield has shown himself capable of *Inductive Ratiocination*.'" Book I, chap. iv.

Lenny Fairfield does not appear to have profited much by the subsequent teaching of the worthy parson, for we find him not long after, when he had gotten a sound drubbing for manfully defending the Squire's stocks, which he had been placed to guard, and gotten himself unjustly put into them for his pains—replying to a kind word from the Parson, as follows: "Sir, I don't want to be forgiven—I ain't done no wrong. And, I've been disgraced, and I won't go to school, never no more." Lenny did not, it appears, go to school any more, for he gave up his tenancy on the Squire's land, and became a garden-boy in the employment of the Italian Doctor, Riccabocca, where, in a short time, by the aid of a few books borrowed from his master, and certain revolutionary and Socialist pamphlets from Sprott, the tinker's bag, he was enabled to write a prize essay, on the maxim of Bacon, "knowledge is power."

It may be that we have taken a sort of prejudice against Lenny, for we have little sympathy with him. He is a creation of the imagination, not of nature. He is too grave, too wise, too learned, for his age and his means of becoming so. Far be it from us ever to hint, that the humble man of genius may not, by his unassisted efforts, rise to the greatest eminence in any pursuit; but it must be after long years of toil, and by slow and gradual accumulation; for genius, like a rich soil, without careful and assiduous culture, is likely to produce useless and luxuriant weeds, rather than sound and wholesome fruit.

The character of John Burley, is one of the best drawn to be found in the novel. With him we do sympathize, and his death scene is drawn with great dramatic effect; but the whole character is marred by the author's description, upon first presenting him to his readers, on the banks of the little rivulet, fishing for the one-eyed perch, when he must have appeared to Lenny Fairfield and Helen, if not a monomaniac,

to be, at least, very drunk. He there gravely tells Leonard that, when he was about his age, he came to that stream to fish; that, on that fatal day, about 3 P. M., he hooked up a fish, such a big one, it must have weighed a pound and a half, and just when he had it nearly ashore, the line broke and the fish twisted himself among the roots and ran off, hook and all—that the fish haunted him; never before had he seen such a fish. Minnows he had caught in the Thames and elsewhere; but a fish like that, a perch, all his fins up like a man-of-war; that he could not sleep, till he had returned, and again he caught it; that this time he pulled him fairly out of the water, and he escaped, but he left his eye behind him on the hook. Long years had passed since then; that he had been offered a situation in Jamaica, but could not go, with that perch left behind in triumph; that he might have had an appointment in India, but he could not put the ocean between himself and that perch; that he had frittered away his existence in the fatal metropolis of his native land, and once a week, from February to December, he had gone thither; and that, if he should catch that perch, the occupation of his existence would be gone! This incident seems to us entirely overdrawn, if not ridiculous.

We have before referred to Lenny Fairfield's prize essay, with the Baconian aphorism for a motto, "*Knowledge is power.*" Our author has taken no little pains, in giving to his readers two elaborate chapters to prove that Lord Bacon said no such thing, and the discussion goes on smoothly enough between the chief speakers, who soon overwhelm poor Lenny with their sophisms and learned illustrations. Hear them:

"*Parson.*—'You take for your motto this aphorism, *Knowledge is power.*—Bacon.'

"*Riccabocca.*—'Bacon make such an aphorism! The last man in the world to have said anything so pert and shallow.'

"*Leonard*, (astonished).—'Do you mean to say, sir, that that aphorism is not in Lord Bacon? Why, I have seen it quoted as his in almost every newspaper, and in almost every speech in favour of popular education.'

"*Riccabocca*.—'Then that should be a warning to you never again to fall into the error of the would-be scholar, viz., quote second-hand. Lord Bacon wrote a great book to show in what knowledge is power, how that power should be defined; in what it might be mistaken. And pray, do you think so sensible a man would ever have taken the trouble to write a great book upon the subject, if he could have packed up all he had to say into the portable dogma, *Knowledge is power*? Pooh! no such aphorism is to be found in Bacon from the first page of his writings to the last.'

"*Parson*, (candidly).—'Well, I supposed it was Lord Bacon's, and I am very glad to hear that the aphorism has not the sanction of his authority.' " Book IV, chap. XIX.

No one, we presume, will affirm that Lord Bacon used those very words, the discovery of which fact seems to have "astonished" Lenny Fairfield so much—or deny that they were used by the maker of the index to his works, in giving a summary of the author's views on the advantages of learning;* but it is somewhat surprising to see Sir Edward Bulwer gravely contest the propriety of using those words as expressing Lord Bacon's meaning in the passages to which they refer. They certainly mean that, or they mean nothing.

"From moral virtue," observes Lord Bacon, "let us pass on to matter of power and commandment, and consider whether in right reason, there be any comparable with that wherewith knowledge investeth and crowneth man's nature." (And after certain illustrations to show what he means by commandment over the will, he continues,) "But the commandment of knowledge is yet higher than the commandment over the will, for it is a commandment over the reason, belief and understanding of men, which is the highest part of the mind, and giveth law to the mind itself; for there is no power on earth which setteth up a throne or chair of state in the spirits and souls of men, and in their cogitations, imaginations, opinions, and beliefs, but knowledge and learning;" (and further on he adds,) "So the just and lawful sove-

* The author of the "Analysis" to the "Advancement of Learning," uses for the same passages, an equivalent expression, "Learning is power."

reignty over men's understandings, is that which appeareth nearest to the similitude of the divine rule."* (In a different essay he observes): "The sovereignty of man lieth hid in knowledge"† (and in still another essay he says,) "And therefore, it is not the pleasure of curiosity, nor the quiet of resolution, nor the raising of the spirit, nor the victory of wit, nor faculty of speech, nor lucre of profession, nor ambition of honour or fame, or inablement for business, that are the true ends of knowledge; some of these being more worthy than others, though all inferior and degenerate; but it is a restitution and reinvesting, in great part, of man to the sovereignty and power."‡

Can it be seriously contended, that when Lord Bacon uses such language as this—let us consider whether in right reason there be any comparable with that power wherewith knowledge investeth and crowneth man's nature—that the commandment of knowledge, is a commandment over the reason, belief and understanding of men; that there is no power on earth which setteth up a throne in the spirits and souls of men, but knowledge and learning; that the just and lawful sovereignty over men's understandings, is that which approacheth nearest to the similitude of the divine rule; that the sovereignty of man lieth hid in knowledge; and that the true end of knowledge is a restitution and reinvesting, in great part, of man to the sovereignty and power; can it be contended, we repeat, that Lord Bacon could have meant anything else than that "knowledge is power?" We have some reason to suspect that Sir Edward Bulwer did not examine these passages for himself, and in this instance, fell into "the error of the would-be scholar," which he so gravely rebukes, and quoted himself "second-hand," or, at least, finding, or being informed, that Lord Bacon did not use the specified words, which he regarded as an important discovery, he hastened, without due examination, to a conclusion, against the plainest import of very plain English words,

* "Advancement of Learning." Book I, Vol. I, pp. 182, Am. edition of A. Hail.

† *Miscellaneous Tracts upon Human Philosophy—Praise of Knowledge.*

‡ "The Interpretation of Nature." Chap. I, vol. I, Am. ed., p. 83.

as they appear to us. Our author seems to be in earnest in this matter. He is not willing to trust the discussion to Dr. Ricabocca and the parson alone. He adds to the text the following note.

"This aphorism has been probably assigned to Lord Bacon upon the authority of the index to his works. It is the aphorism of the index maker, certainly not of the great author of inductive philosophy. Bacon has, it is true, repeatedly dwelt on the power of knowledge, but with so many explanations and distinctions, that nothing could be more unjust to his general meaning than to attempt to cramp into a sentence what it cost him a volume to define. Thus, if in one page he appears to confound knowledge with power, in another he sets them in the strongest antithesis to each other, as follows: '*Adeo, signanter Deus opera potentiae et sapientiae discriminavit.*' But it would be as unfair to Bacon to convert into an aphorism the sentence that discriminates between knowledge and power, as it is to convert into an aphorism any sentence that confounds them." Book IV, chap. XIX.

We do not perceive why Sir Edward Bulwer quotes, in the above note, a Latin passage from the treatise on "Advancement of Learning," when that treatise was written, not in Latin, but in English. He gives no note of reference to the passage, but it is evidently the same which we found with some difficulty, and which most clearly has a meaning far different from that which it might appear to have, when torn from the context, and in a Latin dress.* In the passage referred to, it is most evident that Lord Bacon did not intend either to confound power and knowledge, or to place them in opposition to each other. He first attempted to show the difference between human learning and "sapience," or divine wisdom. He then draws a distinction, in the works of the creation, between those which he refers to power, and those to wisdom, and concludes, as stated in Bulwer's Latin quotation: "Such a note of difference it pleased God to put

† The word *sapientiae*, in the quotation in the note, does not mean "knowledge," as he supposes, but "wisdom." We have no means at hand of referring to a Latin translation of the *Advancement of Learning*, but if there is any other passage than the one we have supposed, it has escaped our recollection and our closest scrutiny.

upon the works of power and the works of wisdom." But we give the passage.

"First, therefore," says Lord Bacon, "let us seek the dignity of knowledge in the archetype or first platform, which is in the attributes and acts of God, wherein we may not seek it by the name of learning; for all learning is knowledge acquired, and all knowledge in God is original, and therefore, we must look for it by another name, that of wisdom or sapience, as the scriptures call it.

"It is so, then, that in the work of the creation we see a double emanation of virtue from God; the one referring more properly to power, the other to wisdom. This being supposed, it is to be observed that for any thing which appeareth in the history of the creation, the confused mass of matter of heaven and earth was made in a moment, and the order and disposition of that chaos or mass, was the work of six days; *such a note of difference it pleased God to put upon the works of power, and the works of wisdom.*"*

It is not our object to continue the discussion of this subject any further. We think we have accomplished our design, by observing that our author, in correcting the mistakes of other people, has committed one himself.

We have been constantly offended, while reading this novel, to find in almost every chapter, where Dr. Riccabocca is introduced, some unworthy sneer at a great name—at one who has received at the hands of his fellows the cruellest and most unmerited fate, that has fallen to any man whom history records. We allude to the author's constant attack on the memory of Macchiavelli, such as the following: "In spite of all his Macchiavellian wisdom, Dr. Riccabocca had been foiled in his attempt to seduce Leonard Fairfield into his service." "Mr. Dale had profited much by his companionship with that Macchiavellian intellect;" and "*Anima mia*,' said the pupil of Macchiavel, disguising in the tenderest words, the cruellest intention," as if the great statesman, who had written an admirable work to show how republics were governed, and how sovereignties were acquired, preserved and lost, had also written a petty treatise on the art

* Advancement of Learning. Book I. Vol. I. pp. 174, Am. Edition.

of teaching how servants may be cheated and women may be fooled. It is a melancholy reflection that a man, who had spent his life in promoting the happiness, the well-being and the good government of his fellow-men, by a strange malignity of fortune, should have his language perverted, his motives misunderstood, his whole life belied, and his name converted into a proverb for everything that is false, treacherous and base. As so much has been said of a man, of whom so little is generally known, it may not be uninteresting to take a rapid glance at the principal incidents of his life which have been preserved.

Niccolo Macchiavelli, was born at Florence, the third of May, 1469, and was descended from a noble but decayed Tuscan family. His father, who was a lawyer, and who died poor, intrusted him to the care of the celebrated professor Marcello di Virgilio, about the year 1494. Five years after, at the age of twenty-nine, he was elected to the post of Chancellor of the *Seigneurie*. On the 14th of July following, he was chosen secretary to the *office of the Ten Magistrates of Liberty and Peace*, which constituted at that time the republican government at Florence, and he filled this charge for fourteen years. His duties embraced all foreign and domestic correspondence, the registration of the deliberations and the compilation of treaties with foreign states.

The talents of Macchiavelli procured him the appointment to twenty-three embassies to other states, and frequent missions to the towns which depended on the Florentine republic. In the year 1500, he was sent as an ambassador to the court of Louis XII of France; in 1502 he was sent in the same capacity to Cæsar Borgia, duke of Valentinois; afterwards to Rome; a second time to France, and to Sienna, Piombino and Perousia. In 1507 he was sent to the court of Maximilian, emperor of Germany, and in the years 1510 and 1511, we find him at the court of Louis XII, for the third and fourth time.

The object of all these missions was to defend the interests of his country, and if they did not meet with full success it was because Macchiavelli only wanted the full confi-

dence of his countrymen, on account of the unhappy factions which prevailed at home, and more peaceable times. Afrighted at the miseries which threatened Florence, he examined into the causes of her decline, and he perceived that one of the greatest perils that menaced her existence, was the necessity of abandoning her safety to mercenary hands, who inspired fear while they offered protection. It was to his exertions that Florence was indebted for the establishment of a national militia, to replace her mercenary troops; but the fury of the factions constantly increased, and all his efforts proved abortive. The Pope and Maximilian, emperor of Germany, wished to restore the Medici; Florence was then governed by the Goufalonier Soderini, a man of an unstable and pusillanimous character; and in 1512 the Pope and Maximilian imposed on that city a tribute of one hundred thousand florins. Macchiavelli immediately ran over the territory of the republic to examine into the condition of the forces, and to organize resistance; but Florence, distracted by parties, opened her gates to the Medici, and Macchiavelli was exiled for a year by a decree of the 10th November, 1512. This condemnation was mitigated by subsequent decrees, which limited his disgrace to exclusion from public office; but his enemies soon implicated him in a conspiracy formed against the Cardinal de Medicis. Macchiavelli was thrown into prison, and even put to the torture, and was only indebted for his deliverance to an amnesty proclaimed by the Cardinal on his accession to the papacy under the name of Leo X.

He afterwards retired to San-Casciano, where, in undisturbed obscurity, he wrote the treatise of *the Republic*—the treatise of *the Prince*—the *Discourse on the Art of War*, and some comedies. He wrote also the life of Castruccio Castracani. His subsequent life, as far as is known, offers nothing remarkable, and he died poor, June 22, 1527, at the age of fifty-eight.*

It was not from the incidents of such a life that those monstrous charges of impiety and wickedness were drawn by

* See *Essai sur l'Esprit Révolutionnaire*, prefixed to the French translation of the political works of Macchiavelli, by P. Christian, Paris, 1843.

his traducers, and which a very large portion of the civilized world has, without either doubt or inquiry, believed to be true. It must have been then from his writings; and of these, his historical, scientific and dramatic works furnish no charges against him. It was from his political works—his two treatises, *of the Republic*, and, especially, *of the Prince*, that the fierce outcry was raised against him, which is not yet hushed, after a lapse of more than three centuries. Let us briefly examine those works, well remembering that we are only reviewing Bulwer's "My Novel." It should not be forgotten that Macchiavelli wrote at a period when the Italian states had nearly run their brief career of liberty and glory, and when Italy, to use a simile of Guizot, seemed like a beautiful flower just about to open, and which a cold and rude hand was compressing on all sides. It was not then his object to write a work on moral or even political philosophy. He was attached himself to the republican or popular party, and in writing his treatise on the republic he laid down a series of rigid maxims—illustrated by a profound knowledge of ancient history and the most intimate acquaintance with all the confused and intricate incidents of the history of his own times—to show how, in such troubled times, a popular government might preserve its power and liberty. It was no part of his design to give a model of the best government, but to show how such as were in existence could be maintained.

In like manner, but with a different motive, we think, he wrote his better-known and most-abused treatise, *the Prince*. He therein sets forth the same inflexible maxims for those who had acquired sovereignty, and, when acquired, how it could be preserved. He did not stop to inquire if the maxim or principle was right in itself; it was sufficient for his purpose to prove that it would accomplish the end in view. He does not, therefore, propose Cæsar Borgia as an example of probity, but simply of success. He is neither his apologist nor his traducer. After exposing the means he employed in raising himself, with the aid of his father, Alexander VI., from the condition of a subject to that of a sovereign—his craft, bad faith and cruelty—he simply proposes him as a

model for such men as, for the same object, could employ similar means.

"Whosoever, then," he observes, "judges it necessary, in a sovereignty newly acquired, to secure himself against his enemies and to make himself friends; to conquer by force or fraud; to be loved and feared by others; to be followed and respected by his soldiers; to destroy all those who can or might hurt him; to substitute new laws for old ones; to be at the same time severe and polite, magnanimous and liberal; to get rid of a militia which he cannot trust, and organize another body; to preserve in such a manner the friendship of kings and princes, that they would delight to do him a favour, and dread to have him for an enemy, he, I say, will find no examples more recent than those presented by Borgia."*

Take the view, that Macchiavelli, himself attached to the popular party, had written this treatise, not so much as a guide to princes, as to their people, could he have accomplished this object more effectually than he has done, in exposing the follies, vices and crimes, the duplicity, treachery and cruelty of kingly government in his own times? But could it be expected that such truths, which he had the boldness to utter, would find favour at a time when democracy was crushed for long years—when Italy was crouching and in chains—when Charles V. was on the thrones of Germany and Spain—when Francis I. was the ruler of France, and Henry VIII. of England? Princes, at that time, might tacitly approve them, because they practised them and knew them to be true, but the people themselves dared not avow them as containing the legitimate maxims of monarchical policy. From the acknowledged political principles of Macchiavelli, "the Prince" may be regarded as a bitter satire on the government of kings. There are not wanting men, during the same century when he wrote that treatise, who so esteemed it, and who thought that "it was not his purpose to instruct kings, but, by openly exposing their secret actions, to exhibit them, naked and conspicuous, to their

* Œuvres Politiques de Macchiavel—Traité du Prince, ch. v., p. 292.

wretched subjects."* In that light may be regarded the counsel which he gives to princes in his 12th chapter, which has been the subject of so many fierce attacks, and which so greatly excited the ire of Frederick the Great in his "Anti-Macchiavelli," written when he was crown-prince, a work, notwithstanding the extravagant praise of Voltaire, that is only remarkable for its coarse, tedious and vapid declamation. No one, we think, standing on the point we now occupy, with the incidents of the life of Macchiavelli before him, and his writings examined with that fair justice which should characterize every impartial criticism, can reasonably come to any other conclusion. We cite the passage :

"The animals with whose forms the prince should know how to clothe himself, are the fox and the lion. The first defends himself with difficulty against the attacks of the wolf; and the latter falls easily into the snares laid for him. The prince should learn from the one to be adroit, and from the other to be strong. They who disdain the character of the fox do not understand their business; or, in other words, a prudent prince cannot and ought not to keep his word, but when he can do it without injury to himself, and when the circumstances still subsist under which he contracted the engagement.

"I would not have given such a precept if all men were good; but as they are all wicked and ready to break their word, the prince should not be careful to keep his own; and this breach of faith is always easy to justify. I might give ten proofs for one, and show how many engagements and treaties have been broken by the faithlessness of princes, the most fortunate of whom is always he who knows best how to cover himself with the skin of the fox. The point is, to act well his part, and to know when to feign and dissemble; and men are so simple and weak that he who would deceive them can easily find dupes.

"To cite but one example, taken from the history of our times: Pope Alexander VI., throughout his whole life, made a sport of deceiving men, and, in spite of his well-known faithlessness, succeeded in all his artifices. He valued neither protestations nor oaths; and no prince ever violated his word so often, or respected his engagements less. It

* *Sui propositi non est Tyrannum instruere, sed arcanis ejus palam factis, ipsum miseris populis nudum et conspicuum exhibere.* Albericus gentilis, De Legationibus. Lib. iii., c. 9. See "some anecdotes relating to the life and writings of Machiavel" prefixed to an old English translation of the Prince. 4to. Lond. 1762.

was because he perfectly understood this part of the science of government." *

Some stress has been laid on a letter, stated to have been written by Macchiavelli, which has been brought to light at a comparatively recent period, and it has been used, by those who are ready to acquiesce in the general verdict against him, "to thicken other proofs that do demonstrate thinly." It has served with us, to deepen our sympathy for a man whose last years were clouded by that mysterious fate which has ever since covered his name with obloquy. In a letter written to a friend, Francesco Veltori, which was found in the Barberini Library at Rome, and published for the first time in 1810, he touchingly alludes to his extreme poverty and abasement, in his exile at San-Casciano, and expresses a desire that the Medici would give him some employment, were it only, at first, to roll a stone. He also refers to his treatise, *the Prince*, and obscurely hints that it might be turned to profitable account. We have grave doubts whether this letter was ever written by Macchiavelli; published, as it was, for the first time, three centuries after his death, and coming from a quarter where all his works have been, and, we believe, still are, a sealed volume. But admit it to be genuine, and let the worst construction be put upon it which it is capable of receiving, Macchiavelli—broken in spirit by his sad experience with the affairs of men, expelled from his country and in hopeless poverty, ready to perish—only did what most other men, if not all other men, in like circumstances, would have done. "Skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life."

With these impressions of the character and writings of Macchiavelli, we regretted to see an author so distinguished as Sir Edward Bulwer give way to a vulgar abuse of that great name. If the true estimate which Lord Bacon placed on his writings had escaped him, "that we are much beholden to Macchiavel and others, that write what men do, and not what they ought to do,"† he should have been restrained by the noble vindication of him by Lord Clarendon,

* Œuvres de Macchi. ; *Traité du Prince*, p. 322.

† *Advancement of Learning*. Book ii., pp. 222.

and comprised in this single sentence : "Macchiavel was as great an enemy to tyranny and injustice, in any government, as any man then was or now is, though he got an ill name with those who take what he says from the report of other men, or do not enough consider what he says and his method of speaking." *

Having adverted to what we regarded the chief faults of this admirable novel, in conclusion, we would simply call in question the propriety of the author's use of "initial chapters" to each book, as adding neither interest nor value to the work. We did not think Mr. Caxton's quotation from *Tom Jones* at all satisfactory, and after reading through some half dozen or more, and finding nothing in them, we adopted the suggestion of Mrs. Caxton, and "skipped" the others altogether. J.

ART. III.—"THE PEOPLE."

Considerations on some recent social theories. Boston : Little, Brown & Co.

WE are glad to see that "the People" are not always to be called great and good. Republicanism is not always to be trumpeted as the only government under which good can shelter itself. Liberty is not to be throned as Juggernaut, to ride over all prostrate "kingdoms, principalities, powers."

The book which is our provocation to this article is a word spoken in good time ; its object is to put us on our guard against many pernicious doctrines that, by dint of familiarity, are growing into acceptance among us. It makes us pause upon many words which are working harm in the minds of men : for instance, "liberty" loses its rightful meaning, and breeds infection instead of sound sentiment ; "the people" acquires a dangerous signification, and is used for evil purposes by designing men, or innocently affects the

* History of the Rebellion, p. 2221. Oxford ed.

thought of others. Words which were of good name once give currency to ideas that have become wrongfully attached to them, and work harm in proportion to the good they represented before. This tyranny of words, if it goes on unchecked, misleads the mind of a whole nation. It is a dangerous enemy to correct thought, because it is subtle, insidious; it is of very slow growth, and none can trace its daily progress. But when the quiet, ceaseless drift is detected, men find themselves far away from their true course, perhaps without the means of regaining it.

We, therefore, hail with great pleasure the appearance of such a book as this; it is excellently well written, and excellently well timed. The author has evidently been in Europe, and watched, with an intelligent mind, the current of events, which have been crowded in the last few years of revolution and reaction. He has detected in this country symptoms of disease kindred to the fatal maladies which have infected Europe. Perhaps he feels more strongly than he could have done if he had been only in this country; if he had seen only the slowly rising tide, and not met the tempest; he deserves all the more attention for this. He shudders at the doctrines of Louis Blanc and Cabet, as if Icarie, that speck in the horizon, were threatening our whole heaven. We thank him for the careful hand with which he destroys the germs which every eastern wind has been casting upon our shores. Our people have thought themselves out of the reach of the pernicious doctrines that were afloat in the Continental air in 1847 and 1848, and have incautiously kept no guard against them—a contrast, in that respect, to the English, who trembled at their vicinity to the infected region, and held themselves so well guarded that for some time, Toryism seemed to gather strength on the Island from the progress of license on the Continent—as had been the case under Pitt.

The theories of which our author treats are not all of European origin. Some of them are the growth of our own soil, the natural result of our political institutions. But he speaks of them chiefly under their European forms, as they have been transcendentalized by the Red Republican talent

of Europe—a process of sublimation which, by no means, disguises the leaven that here and there threatens our own political mass, but a sublimation which presents the poison to our lips in its most alluring shape. There is just enough of truth in the captivating declamation of these French, German and Italian theorists to give currency to the evil of their doctrines, and to make them very powerful with the masses. Hence the value of these "Considerations," a modest title, which covers a clear, able, and often elegant exposure of the fallacy of these "social theories."

In the chapter upon "the People," our author dismisses, in a few happy pages, the extravagant pretensions in favour of the masses, which have been set up by demagogues, clamouring of "the inspiration of the People," calling them "Prophets," glorifying their perceptions and their utterances, torturing the old phrase "*Vox Populi, Vox Dei*," and its kindred watchwords, until the element of truth is lost amidst extravagance and absurdity. This popular cant, which grows out of a new traffic in the good will of the people, becomes almost impious in the reaches of its zeal. Our author replies to it thus: "What is this people which is declared to be the Prophet of God—this people that studies and interprets God's will? What is this people whose intuitive impulses are wiser than the thoughts of the wise; whose passions are nobler than the principles of the virtuous? What is this people of which each man is a king and each man a priest? Is it a chosen nation of God, enlightened by His spirit and guided by His will? 'The people' of these writers is simply the mass of mankind. The absurdity and impiety of such expressions as have been quoted, when reduced to simple words, is too manifest for exposure. Is there any one who will assert that 'the people' in any country is so wise that it can know, or so calm that it can choose what is best for itself? Does it not everywhere need counsel, restraint and education? Is the wisdom which is to advance the world to be found in any multitude? Is evil no longer in possession of any heart? Is misery that knows no care and foresight forever banished; and ignorance that knows no choice between right and wrong forever

defeated? Is God's will so plain that all the world can read it, and so enforced that all the world will obey it?"

Under the head of "Liberty," the author exposes the abuses of the term, and sketches very vividly some of the extravagances of opinion to which such abuses have led.

"The name of Liberty is one of the disguises of Tyranny," he says, "and many a government has been overthrown, to give place to a worse, by those who fought under a banner upon which Liberty was inscribed, but who, unknowingly to themselves, were serving in the army of oppression." p. 35.

"Her name has been profaned in all ages. Popular despotisms and single tyrants have alike abused it."

"But her true apostles are not the hot leaders of contending factions: not those who excite a dull and suffering people, to mad violence and war: not those who claim subsidies from foreign nations, for the expenses of the struggle: not those who pronounce the wild doctrines of excited fancies: not those who would overthrow all existing institutions, hoping to find her form beneath their ruins: but they who are the true and faithful preachers of God's word, teaching it by the example of their lives: they who are engaged in spreading knowledge among the ignorant, in giving succour to the oppressed, in comforting the miserable, in reducing the inequalities of man's condition, in forwarding every work of benevolence and charity. It is these men who are bringing Liberty to earth, and weakening the power of oppressors. And with these are joined the statesmen and the leaders, who know how to temper passion with judgment: who despise flattery and selfishness: who feel neither extravagant hope nor faithless despair: who seek for power, not to gratify a personal ambition, but to possess the ability of doing good: who, out of defeat as out of victory, gain fresh strength: who know the toil that is in the world, and neither disregard it nor rely upon it, in their counsels. Such are the apostles of Liberty.' pp. 36, 38.

Here is a truth worth pondering on. We wish that all its legitimate deductions were recognised.

"The truth is a sad one: but Liberty, to be permanent, must be founded on material abundance, sufficient to secure a people against slavery to material want." p. 33.

We commend this little sentence to the great panacea-mongers of the day, who would legislate all evil away with a flourish of sentiment. We commend it, too, especially to that very atmosphere whence it proceeds. Will abolitionists and fanatics not hearken to the wisdom that is of their own latitude and longitude?

The Universal Republic is another of our author's topics. We shall content ourselves with the following extracts, which will give some idea of his opinions.

"In different ages, and in different portions of the world, men exist under different degrees of development: and their good is not always to be promoted in the same manner. One form of government is not, in itself, necessarily better than another, and the form which is best for one nation, may be the worst for another." * * *
 "An absolute monarchy, with piety, is better for a people, than a republic, without it."

"The reason of this is very plain. The progress of Liberty does not depend on any form: it may be impeded, or, it may be helped, by any government whatsoever. The spirit of Liberty may grow in spite of a bad government, or it may become extinct under a good one." * * * "This argument is no defence of tyranny. Tyranny is equally bad and equally possible, under a republic, as under a monarchy."

"There can be no doubt a republican form of government, such as we enjoy, is the most productive of happiness to our people: but this depends, alone, on the fact of their general moral and intellectual education. If we become, as a nation, corrupt and ignorant, no worse form of government can be imagined, than ours must then become: for it would be the irresistible despotism of a majority of corrupt and ignorant men." pp. 42, 43.

Such is the simple, forcible style and thoughtful manner, with which the author of this little book combats many, too prevalent, heresies. His articles upon "Liberty," and the "Universal Republic," wherever they are read, will effectually dispel "tout ce mirage de liberté, d'égalité, d'institutions républicaines," which confuses the vision of many misguided men. The course of thought he has fallen into, suggests to us some remarks of Dr. Arnold's, upon the attainment of

Truth, which are so far above the miserable sophistry and shallow declamations of most of the modern theorists, that we cannot refrain from quoting them here. They will put our French reformers beneath contempt. "There is the great question, whether the truth of any opinion be only eternal or temporary : for it may be, that a doctrine may be very true, as applied to one time or place, which would be very false, as applied to another. * * * * To know whether an opinion is true, generally or partially, requires, in-itself, no slight acquaintance, both with the distinguishing characteristics of eternal and partial truth, and with the circumstances of different times and countries, and the bearings of those circumstances upon the truth in question." * * * "Further, the comparison of truth renders it necessary, that, our standard of duty and good should be clearly settled : that, knowing what is the highest truth, and what the subordinate and inferior, we may never follow that lower good which, when opposed to the higher, becomes evil."*

Our author gives a very interesting sketch of "Co-operative Associations," drawing his materials chiefly from those which sprung up in France, during the revolution of 1848. His account of the practical working of those associations, and his criticism of the principle involved in them, are very valuable, and will be read, with pleasure, by those who would profit by the teachings of the present eventful times. We recommend, too, his analysis of the Socialist doctrines, that have taken so permanent a place in the popular mind. He displays a very unusual acquaintance with the literature of these modern teachers, but it has done him no harm. It has rather given him healthy and moderate opinions, with a very clear perception of the fallacies and absurdities of the authors he has studied. We take pleasure in contrasting, with the headlong, impatient spirit of the tribe of reformers, the following eloquent passage :

"The durability of a reform is, generally, in inverse proportion to its rapidity. The progress which is permanent, is made step by

* "Divisions and Mutual Relations of Knowledge."

step, and not stride by stride. The great moral changes among men, are like the great physical changes of the earth. Quiet, slow, unobserved, through age after age, a continent is built up, a mountain washed away, and rocks crumbled into dust. Nature takes her own time. Age after age passed, before the world assumed its present form; age after age will pass, and, gradually, all will change. No one generation will see it, no one will be able to discern the particular and special alterations during its time: but the change goes steadily on. Nor is the analogy, between the change in the physical world and that in the social world, a mere fanciful one. In the one case it is, indeed, only change; in the other, we believe it to be improvement. But, in both, the periods in which it operates are indefinitely long, and, in both, the processes are unobtrusive, often invisible, but directed by Him, to whom a thousand years are but as a day, to produce, at last, the complete result.'

We have now allowed our author to speak for himself, sufficiently, we hope, to give some idea of the character of his work. Our object has been, to express our sense of the value of a quiet, anonymous little book, which deserves to be generally read. We have quoted a few characteristic passages, under the conviction, that they would meet with a hearty approval in our atmosphere. We have refrained from the usual resource of critics, objections and fault-finding. Because the points, wherein we should differ, are such, as have come under frequent discussion between the two parts of the Country, and are, besides, such as have very little to do with the main purpose of the book, with which we most cordially sympathize.

We shall now give to ourselves utterance upon some of these topics. We propose, however, merely to develop a few of the thoughts suggested by the chapter upon the "People," which, like all his chapters, indeed, contains much that stimulates the reflection of the reader.

When Mr. Thackeray, in lecturing to an American audience, spoke, with pride, of our common language, and, in a happy allusion to the political condition of the two countries, said, that it was the only language in which men can now venture to speak out their thoughts, he was alluding to the absence of that despotism, which has closed over nearly al

the countries of Europe. He did not advert to the presence, in this country at least, of a popular element, which has a decided tendency to interfere with freedom of speech. For the people, in democratic countries, must hear only praise. Those who would stand well, in popular estimation, must vie with each other in praises of the "source of power."—Hence the spread of many extravagant doctrines, about what our author happily calls "the divine right of the people." The flattery, that was at first mere extravagance, is soon accepted as truth. And nothing is heard in opposition to this, so appointed, truth.

Give free course to this abuse of speech and confusion of thought, and socialism or red-republicanism is the result.—Correct it, by pointing out the true position of the people, as dependent upon their education, and democracy becomes safe and honourable, the happiest social condition, and leading to the highest civilization. In this latter, then, lies the true service to democracy, the most honest labor in the cause of the people.

If "the people," "sovereigns," "source of all power," "prophets," "inspired," were, in any unguarded moment, to admit a doubt of these titles of nobility, which are served out to them with generous hands, by myriad "friends of the people," and, in obedience to a venerable old precept, "know thyself," were to look beyond the charmed circle of their adorers, they would meet with most unwelcome shocks to their "nobility." Imagine a harmonious circle, happy with the delicious incense of one elaborate portraiture, to turn from Kossuth and Louis Blanc, to a companion picture.—Shall it be to Matthus, with his bitter "Let them alone." "They come unbidden to the banquet of life. There is no place for them there." "If let alone, nature will execute her decrees, and send them out of the way?" Shall it be to Carlyle, with his stormy despair, "Thirty thousand outcast needle-women, working themselves swiftly to death: three million paupers rotting, in forced idleness, *helping* said needle-women to die: these are but items in the sad ledger of despair." Shall it be to the Statist, who writes down 70,000 persons, in one city, who know no place to lay their heads at

night? Shall it be to Gov. Seabrook's message, which tells us of 20,000 men, in South-Carolina, who cannot read and write? Shall it be to the Athenian populace, wise enough to fear themselves, and to establish by law that no decree shall affect a citizen, unless 6,000 votes be cast in favour of it, and yet, mad enough to banish Aristides? Shall it be to the Hebrew worshippers of the calf? To the Mormons? or to their passionate persecutors in Illinois? To that convention, lately held at Hartford, of philosophers "without distinction of sex or colour," who gravely listened to the assertion, by their chairman, that, "the Bible contains the strangest, the wildest, the most childish, and the most blasphemous representations of God, that ever entered into the mind of man?"* To the same convention, madly boasting that "reason, reason is the sovereign of the soul, and truth is the sovereign of reason?" To that assembly of madmen who murdered Louis XVI., wildly applauding the boast of Thuriot, "our principles rest solely upon the eternal basis of reason?" Or, perhaps, to those free African tribes, of the highest type on the continent, among whom a mother will sell her child for a piece of cloth, worth two shillings?†

Is this picture more extravagant than that? Shall we believe with Kossuth, that the people are, everywhere, "highly honorable, noble and good," or shall we side with Carlyle, who says: "I tell you the ignoble intellect cannot think the *truth*, even within its own limits, and when it seriously tries!"

We would not have the people turn away from Kossuth, or from Carlyle. Let them listen to Kossuth, guardedly, with the hope of reaching to his standard, at some distant day. Let them look to Carlyle, and to history, for what they, for the most part, now are. If they are wise, they will see more true love for them in the strong, almost sublime, feeling of the Englishman, than in the fluent flattery of the Magyar. If they would realize the Utopia of the latter, it can only be through a thorough acceptance of the hard truths of the former. If they yearn after "inspiration," they

* New York Herald, June 3, 1853.

† Johnston's travels in Southern Abyssinia, vol. 1, p. 311.

must learn that the only path, to "inspiration," is through rough and hard training; that the only "inspiration" which men can attain now, is that which waits upon such training; that, perhaps, the only "inspiration" for them, that is, the mass of them, is, to know themselves; that that "inspiration," if duly learned, will point out to them many spheres of duty, teaching them intelligently to accept their own position and circumstances, and to recognise the honor that is in them; teaching them, perhaps, in the self-restraint which is the duty of humble paths, a sublimer duty than is anywhere held out to them, in the exalted ravings of their self-constituted friends. If they aspire to be "prophets," to teach the word of God, they must beware the frenzy of the Grecian Pythoness: no word of God will come to them through passion, but only after patient watchfulness and striving.

Let us not be thought to ignore the element of truth there is in all these extravagant pretensions that are set up for the people; we know that it is this element of truth which alone has enabled such monstrous fabrics to have any honour among men. We hold in great reverence the truthful instincts of humanity; we turn with pleasure from the extravagancies, that are raised by impious hands, to the germ of truth that is at the bottom of them. In religion, as in politics, it is only because "the people" have noble capacities and endowments that any one ventures to call them "prophets" and "inspired;" it is because in their lowest degradation there is still a divine spark unextinguished, that men call them God-like. In religion, we say, as in politics, this innate good is always visible; no one does justice to humanity who looks upon even the lowest forms of religion without some recognition of the true feeling that underlies them all. The fire-worshipper who greets the rising sun as a new birth of God is doing homage to a great creative spirit; let us not judge him harshly if he sees a life-giving spirit in that beneficent light and heat that seem to call myriad forms into being; if his grateful praise follows the sun in its course, and rejoices over the new life that springs up everywhere to hail its coming, he has attained to a faint conception of a great attribute of God, and in his rude way he

is a true worshipper. And so he who seems to bow down to forms of nature, to rivers, mountains, trees or rocks, is offering his tribute of praise for the blessings of which they are the visible means. The Greek, of quick perception and fine fancy, has clothed different attributes of God in different shapes, and called them Júpiter, and Neptune, and Venus. He seems to worship the memories of great men whose lives have filled him with reverence. Is he not paying an instinctive homage to the goodness which seems to him to be of God? We turn with loathing from the idolatry of the Egyptian, bowing even to birds and beasts; but who can tell how much true reverence there is for goodness and wisdom in the real, which prostrates him before forms that imagination or association teaches him to regard as manifestations of the spirit of God? How many enlightened men may have risen to a conception of divine wisdom through the worship of the ser pentemblem! How many, to us unworthy, forms of power appeal with irresistible might to a spirit of reverence in men which sees in them exertions of God's majesty? How often are we, through familiarity, insensible to manifestations of infinite goodness or mercy, which are forms of God to untutored men! Even the worship of the crocodile, emblem of power to the Egyptians, and of the Ibis, associated with the blessings attending the rising of his Nile, is not unredeemed idolatry; for there is some recognition, very obscure perhaps, and smothered under grosser superstition of god-like qualities, and a devotion which excuses much. Herodotus calls the Egyptians the most religious people of the earth; have we only contempt for that reverence for life under any development, which makes the Hindoo and the Buddhist abstain from animal food, and leads the Egyptians carefully to rescue from decay the body which has once been animated by the mysterious vital principle? Even in the worst degradation of Fetiche worship there is a homage to God that superstition does not altogether blot out. The belief that the fetiche, which may be a hideous image, or a piece of gold, or a trinket, knows the secret thoughts of men, and rewards or punishes them for their unuttered feelings is absurd in one point of view, but it surely betokens

some conception of the nature of God, and the insensible stone, when thus invested by the instinctive faith of men with divine attributes, has an influence as from God over the life of the worshipper. In the groups of islanders that gather together on the sea-shore, singing loud choruses and offering prayers to the spirit of the storm, there is a trace of absolute reliance upon him "that guideth the storm;" and in all, even the worst idolatries, shall we take no account of the self-inflicted torments, the martyrdoms, the self-denial which bear witness to sincere convictions and thorough religious feeling?

We are very far from supposing that there is a clear perception of the true grounds of religious feeling in the confused worship of the various images and objects, which are by different people regarded as manifestations of God. We have pointed only to those great instincts, which, in the midst of confusion and the grossest superstition, still redeem the character of "the people," and assert their claim to be called the sons of God. But in acknowledging these instinctive aspirations after God as the particle of truth which gives currency to the sad ravings of many who misuse the phrase "vox populi, vox Dei," we recognize how imperfect and clouded is this "inspiration of the people," a mere indistinct echo, almost as feeble as the murmur of the shell upon the sea-shore, which seems to repeat the roar of the ocean.

In morals and politics, we see the same instinctive feeling teaching all men moral obligation, and a duty of obedience higher than the law's compulsion, without which no society could hold together. But here, too, if the instinct of the people is right, how imperfect and uncertain is its development, its utterance how feeble! As for the "inspiration," that is claimed for them, we can understand indeed a *covert* meaning in the phrase. For if there be any perception of truth in those whose cultivation depends upon the precarious advantages that the demagogue and the stump afford, an education which has the whiskey barrel in its train, the education where rival teachers vie with each other in praising the intellect they unite to confuse, it must come by an inspiration that is independent of the exertion of the faculties. Some

heathen nations are said to worship beasts, because they are the unconscious recipients of an instinct that is from God, a wonderful faculty, a more direct emanation from God than reason is, because it exhibits itself through a passive, unconscious instrument. We take it for granted this is not the "inspiration of which the modern reformers make their boast ; and yet when there is not sound education this is the only perception of truth which can go by the name of "inspiration," however far we may carry metaphor to interpret the word. Indeed this inspiration which is before education, is a much safer reliance than any so-called faculty which we find among the masses, as they for the most part actually exist, for we never find them uneducated ; they are victims most frequently to an education whose only effect is to obscure and degrade the natural capacity that would recognize the truth. They are blinded by passion, misguided by prejudice, corrupted by temptation, dazzled by chimeras, until they not only fail of attaining that higher inspiration which is the result of faculties carefully cultivated, but they fall far below that inspiration, which, if unclouded, would lead them to accept the great truths which the untutored intellect should comprehend in its easy grasp. To the masses of the people thus falsely educated truth is of rare and difficult attainment.

We remember that Lord Bacon, in his "Advancement of Learning," has quaintly classified the different impediments in the minds of men to the perception of truth under three heads—phantoms of the race, phantoms of the den, and phantoms of the market-place. These deceive men, he says, "from a corrupt predisposition or bad complexion of the mind, which distorts and infects all the anticipations of the understanding." He calls phantoms of the race, those tendencies of the mind natural to the whole race, which mislead men and confuse the judgment, as premature conclusions, false analogies, narrow views of God, &c. Phantoms of the den are the errors which affect individuals or societies through defect of education, from custom, from limited observation. Phantoms of the market place grow up in the intercourse between men from, inaccuracy of language and

expression. Under Bacon's second head would naturally fall the influences that peculiarly affect the masses; we mean the sad results of ignorance and poverty, those great undying enemies which the world has been so long vainly striving to conquer; and under his third head, phantoms of the market place, we might rank those fatal results of misguidance, for which the terms "liberty," "republicanism," &c., will have to answer. But we pass these things by to give especial attention to some particular influences which seem, in their effect upon the people, to be the most legitimate phantoms of the den. We allude to those errors in the popular mind which arise from the peculiar position of each people; we mean the thousand prejudices which have a latitude and longitude, the passions developed by peculiar circumstances, the contracted views that are the growth of the soil, the delusions of a vicious local education. Divided as the people are into different societies, each confined to a narrow sphere of life, and to one routine of thought, influenced by local circumstances, beyond which the vision does not easily extend, we may well conceive that every society should be liable to peculiar errors of thought and feeling not likely to be influenced by any counteracting causes. The circumstances that surround them, all growing up within the same narrow compass, will give the same complexion to all minds within their reach. And then comes sympathy to aggravate the evil, giving intensity to local feelings, confirming men in the opinions that have arisen through the influence of a common position, generating a morbid public opinion, shutting out every influence beyond the "den;" hence the difficulty of opposing the opinions which are developed in particular districts; they cling to the soil and are an integral part of the character of its people; hence, too, the danger that every subject will take a peculiar hue from the prevailing habits of thought of each people, and therefore almost a certainty of error in particular situations. These things make the people for the most part most unreliable "prophets," for where there is no education to lead one beyond the knowledge in his immediate circle, he is led astray by these prevalent errors of his neighbourhood.

Against such local influences the education of each district should array itself. The education that should combat these tendencies to error is not the mere teaching of books, which is of very little power unless it go very far beyond what is usually considered within reach of the people. The education that shapes the public mind consists of a thousand influences, humbler, apparently, than the spelling book and the primer, but in reality much more powerful than these feeble efforts at literary cultivation, which usually satisfy the official distributees of public instruction. Those who are leaders of thought, from the press or the stump, instead of pandering to the popular taste, should correct it where it is an unnatural growth of prejudice or passion. The flattery that persuades the people of its unerring judgments, should give place to perfect freedom of speech that would lead them to look to the grounds of their opinions, and would, above all things, warn them of the dangers to be apprehended from peculiar position or circumstance. Some of the time that is fitfully given to the so-called intellectual culture of children, might be with much propriety appropriated to the inculcation of fundamental, moral and political truths, suited to the position of a people and the requirements of their peculiar circumstances; and a due regard to opinions abroad, would have a tendency to correct whatever is the fruit of accident or prejudice.

These views have no claim to novelty, but they cannot, we think, be too often repeated. In seeking to apply them to the people of our own country, we shall find that to a certain extent, our people have been trained by the duties of their respective situations to a proper appreciation of what is required of them. A popular government furnishes so many opportunities of instruction, that the people of America have received a very unusual political education. The jury system is itself of incalculable influence in regulating opinion, and preserving a healthy state of public feeling. The juror's duty is so important that he must weigh his opinions well, and separate them, as far as may be, from whatever is the fruit of undue excitement or narrow-mindedness. He is watched by a public who feels interested in

his decisions, and will not pardon his transgressions. It is true that, on this very account, he is apt to lean to popular prejudices, and thus to corrupt opinion, instead of correcting it. But this tendency is, as far as possible, corrected by the qualifications of the juror; for, while universal suffrage has opened the gates of government to all classes of men, property is more cautiously dealt with, and the people do by no means consent to entrust the settlement of their claims and disputes to jurors who have not some stake in the community. Beside the jury system, there is the management of municipal and district affairs, which give an habitual training to men; and that general discussion of public matters which makes every American feel himself a part of the government.

But, on the other hand, we can be at no loss for instances among the American people of mind acting perniciously upon mind—one leading another into false doctrine—their passions excited, their common weaknesses exaggerated. There is grandiloquent Young America, breathing nothing but the mission of America, spread of republicanism, glorious country, etc. Extension of territory, in like manner, is a doctrine whose growth is natural among us—the result of unexampled prosperity and facility of communication, and of the philanthropic desire to spread, far and wide, the panacea of republicanism. So, too, the superficial knowledge and make-shift propensity that characterises the American mind, arises naturally from the "fast" life of the country, which leaves no time for the slow process of thorough preparation. And the striving after money and position is a most unfortunate result of that otherwise admirable state of society in which all avenues are open to all. This has given dignity to labour, and has opened great rewards to honourable exertion; but it has made "success" a too absorbing thought; the prizes are so brilliant that men do not pause upon the means; and a restless activity is not sure to win the highest kind of civilization.

We have said that in the education of a people, regard should be had to any circumstances peculiar to its position, which would tend to induce errors of thought. And so,

where a peculiar position involves peculiar duties, no education is complete which does not have especial reference to the performance of such duties. We wish to make the application to the people of our Southern States, who are responsible for their conduct and opinions in a relation in which they stand almost alone. Holding the position of masters, they are brought into a relation with labor which is unknown and unappreciated by other civilized nations. And upon their fulfilment of the duties cast upon them, by this relation, depends the issue of the great question which they are upholding, single-handed. For there is no doubt that the whole question of slavery depends upon the view which the slaveholder takes of his position, and how he meets his responsibilities. To this point, then, all education should be mainly directed. A nation of masters should grow up with a full appreciation of the whole meaning of that frequent phrase. They tell us, in South Carolina, of 20,000 men who cannot read and write; we do not care for reading and writing as first of all things. If our 20,000 untaught men are daily imbibing a public opinion which teaches them, intelligently and mercifully, to perform the duties which any man in South Carolina may be called upon to perform; if the education they pick up in the thousand high places of instruction for the people, leads them to a thorough comprehension of the position they occupy, then reading and writing may come at any time thereafter. And for those above the illiterate, who make public opinion, and execute the law, the duty is not the less binding to take a large view of what is required of them, looking carefully to any circumstances that may lead them into error, and taking counsel boldly of their own sense of right. We all need careful education in this respect. The government of men is too difficult and serious a thing to be left to mere intuition. Among equals, necessity and emulation sharpen the faculties, and every day of practical life gives some instruction in what is called knowledge of the world. But the case is very different with those below us, who have no protection against us. The government of such men calls very different faculties into play from those developed in the struggle with the

world. And there is no necessity pressing upon us, no ambition or emulation urging us on. Every intelligent owner of slaves knows that the possession of a number of slaves dependent upon his absolute will, calls for more knowledge of human nature, and more self-restraint than many positions in the world which are attained only after long self-cultivation. And yet how many around us are trusting to blind instinct, or are pursuing false theories ! We must not boast of our treatment of slaves until our whole people have a distinct idea of what the government of slaves should be, and turn their minds to it intelligently, with a full appreciation of its importance and its difficulty. We hear of model prisons, and model houses of correction, for which the best talent of the country is sought ; and a man is said to be an "artist," and "scientific," who makes a judicious governor of one of these institutions. An education in the army or navy is thought to give him a great advantage ; but this must be aided by a humane disposition, and great perception of character. Travellers go to visit such institutions, and volumes are written upon the system of such a man. And shall we hold our negroes cheaper than the outcasts of society in other places ? Shall we not raise the management and treatment of our industrial classes into the dignity of a "science," in the pursuit of which time and labour, and self-sacrifice, shall be thought to be nobly bestowed ? When this great duty is recognized by the popular mind, no abuses will dare to show themselves. The protection that we owe to the slave will be a familiar obligation to every one, familiar as are now those first lessons in politics, which our republican institutions have taught every voter among us. General rules of treatment, whose value has been ascertained, will become axioms that no man will be allowed to disregard. The public mind will be keenly sensitive to any infractions of these laws, because there will grow up everywhere a pride in their successful operation. The people will grow up to a clear appreciation of them, through the teachings of the press, the jury box, the hustings. Nay ! popular prejudice will be enlisted on the side of the slave, animating all classes of men to a vindica-

tion of a misjudged institution. Those sectional feelings, that pride of opinion, that local bigotry, which, in all nations, may lead to dangerous error, will, if guided by this popular education, throw their whole weight into the scale of the slave. It may seem an anomaly thus to harness our passions for the performance of a great moral duty, but self-restraint is often attained through passion.

We know that all thinking men among us have thought these things; but we want the public mind to be filled with them as a pervading animating thought. Too many are apt to point to honourable individual instances, to model masters. Certainly there are everywhere at the South thousands of centres of good, individuals who, in their own spheres, are unexceptionable. But all this good wants organization, that its influence may be more felt; it should be brought out from its secret places, where it exists only in quiet, serious thought, and should grow into a system. If public opinion were to marshal itself in favour of practical measures for the slave, and leave off abstract theorizing in favour of the relation, the immediate effect would be that, as we now find, even in the most ignorant slaveholder, a familiarity with the favourite arguments with which the South sustains her position, for so much undoubtedly has her popular education done, we shall find added thereto a practical familiarity with the most humane, and the most judicious methods of treatment. Where abstract reasoning now finds universal enlistment in favour of our "peculiar views," a wise fulfilment of our practical duties will develope itself into a universal system, which shall, in the end, be a stronger acquirement than our reasoning could desire. We boast of a better understanding of this question of slavery than other nations possess; a prouder boast will be such an understanding of the relation as shall silence the opposition of the world, and shall justify the speculations of theory.

There are many points as regards the condition of the slave, on which the popular mind may profitably dwell for education, and the attainment of clear views of duty; we shall allude to some of them, under the impression that any discussion of the subject may produce good.

In the punishment of slaves, nothing but a universal and careful self-restraint can keep us right. To restrain the undue severity of punishment, there must be watchfulness of each man over his own nature, and ceaseless vigilance by the law over those whose natures are low and degraded beyond any reliable self-control. We know that it is in vain to talk of the laws in our country except so far as they are the expression of public sentiment. To the hands of the jury the spirit of the law is entrusted, and the law will be a powerful weapon for the protection of the slave, if the people from whom the jury proceeds are imbued with a right feeling upon the subject. We are, therefore, not so much concerned about the provisions of the statute book as about the opinion out of which the statute grows. A statute is but one form of expression for public opinion; there are many others more direct, and more to be feared. There are many points of opinion, indeed, which cannot find their way to the statute book; they depend upon conduct and character, which cannot be submitted to legal tests. Public opinion has quicker perception than the detective police; is a sterner judge than the state. But we would, by no means, have the statute book behind the march of opinion; it must be a ready and easy instrument, or it will tend to check the progress of the sentiment it should instinctively express. We think that, in South Carolina, the law is behind public opinion, as regards the cruel punishment of his slave by his master. There is no provision to protect the slave from the abuse of his master's authority, except an old act of 1740, which provides that "in case any person or persons shall wilfully cut out the tongue, put out the eye, castrate, or cruelly scald, burn, or deprive any slave of any limb or member, or shall inflict any other cruel punishment other than by whipping or beating with a horse-whip, cow-skin, switch or small stick, or by putting irons on, or confining or imprisoning such slave, every such person shall, for every such offence, forfeit the sum of one hundred pounds, current money." In the first place, this punishment is ridiculously small—one hundred pounds, current money, being equal to only \$61 23—and the act contains no punishment at all for

the master who, with "a horse-whip, cow-skin, switch, or small stick," shall whip a slave almost to death; there is surely need of reform here. The public opinion, which is relied on to protect the slave from the abuse of his master's authority, should be armed with a ready punishment for those cases where the momentary passion of the master overcomes his sense of right, his self-interest, and his fear of public detestation. There are brutal men entrusted with power everywhere; and the many instances which occur of power shamefully abused, should make us careful to throw every restraint around him whose position makes him liable to temptation. In taking from the negro all power of resistance, we leave the master a prey to unbridled passions that may some times betray him into excess. In taking from him, then, the check which, in other cases, is provided in the power of resistance, society should add, for his own sake, as well as for hers, and that of the slave, a strong restraint in the shape of certain and severe punishment. The objection that is sometimes urged against such a restraint upon the master is, that it might interfere with his authority over the slave, which must necessarily be absolute. But surely there can be absolute authority within the bounds of what humanity permits. If slavery can only be upheld by punishments which outrage humanity, then, for heaven's sake, let's have done with it; such is not the system which we uphold and argue for. Besides, the jury are a very safe reliance in this matter—a jury of slaveholders will be alive to the interests of the owner, and we may be sure that no verdict of theirs will tend to impair this authority. Let them be the judges of the necessity and severity of the punishment, and there will be no reason to fear on the master's account. But the negro will always be complaining of the master's treatment—will be disaffected and insubordinate!! On the contrary, he will be under too much fear of the authority of the master, exerted within reasonable limits; and he will place no undue confidence in the verdict of a jury of slaveholders, who will be warned by the very possibility of groundless complaints. Let us proceed to such reform as humanity seems to call for, without fear of results that are merely the

suggestions of ingenuity, or undue caution. Such a reform in our laws would elevate the character of the master as well as the slave; for it would provide an additional barrier against the abuse which is most likely to degrade both. It would stay the hand of the master in his worst passion; it would secure some feeling of responsibility for those who are beneath the ordinary sense of responsibility to which men are obedient.

The great evil of the separation of families has been much diminished among us by the efforts of all honest men; but public opinion must yet be brought to bear with sterner condemnation upon those traders whose conscience is still callous in this respect. The nature that is below the common feelings of humanity, is beyond the reach of public opinion, unless it comes in such a shape as to make its disgrace amount to outlawry; and legislation should add its provisions, that nothing may be left undone. Let no execution for debt separate a family; let any man who wantonly separates children of tender years from their parents be disqualified from holding slaves; he is certainly no fit person to be a slaveholder. Such a punishment seems to be the most natural one for so heartless an abuse of power, and it would carry with it a disgrace that would add great bitterness to the sentence. Indeed, there are many cases for which the disqualification from holding slaves would seem an appropriate remedy. No man, who has mournfully failed in the common duties required of a master, should be entrusted with any share in upholding an institution which involves such peculiar duties. The standard of justice and humanity is lowered by every slaveholder who is notoriously incapable of average human feeling. Degrade such men to the level of their capacities, and the popular mind will be familiar with the idea of duty, as necessarily connected with the power of the slaveholder. A law to disqualify any man of notoriously brutal character from holding slaves would be the best proof a slaveholding community could give of its right appreciation of the relation. It would do us honour in the eyes of the world, and it would be a constant admonition to ourselves, like the "remember you are mortal," which Cyrus

decreed should be uttered daily to himself. The rights of citizenship, so much prized in Athens, were withheld from those who were guilty of certain offences against the state; a temporary or perpetual disfranchisement dishonoured the offender and upheld the dignity of those privileges of which he was deprived. The position of the citizen was increased in estimation by the jealousy with which it was guarded; and thus, among us, the punishment of the slaveholder should be made to assert the duties and responsibilities of his position. In Mexico, citizenship is honoured by a constitutional provision that an habitual drunkard shall lose the enjoyment of his political rights. Let the possession of power in our community be honoured by the same law of forfeiture in case of its habitual abuse.

Perhaps the duty that is most imperative upon us, in our treatment of slaves, is to make some effort to render the marriage relation more sacred among them. Nothing is so great a civilizer as the family education which results from a strict observance of the marriage tie. But it is still a very difficult problem among us how a due regard to the conjugal relation is to be made compatible with the necessarily uncertain life of the negro. And it seems equally hard to devise a means of instilling into the nature of the negro any conception of the character of vows which society regards as inviolable. His easy philosophy makes him submit with indifference to any change of circumstance; to a change of wife as easily as to any other; he lays the blame upon necessity with a Mahomedan's resignation to fate, and quietly consoles himself with a Mahomedan's privileges. Undoubtedly the necessity of his position goes far to excuse him, but it by no means justifies his easy philosophy, and his ready resource. Much might be done in this matter by the providence of the master, and by the education of the slave. How many separations might be saved by a little foresight on the master's part; let them refuse permission to marry where separation seems likely, for that is decidedly the lesser evil; and, we think, if the religious ceremony were insisted upon on all occasions, the negro would be less disposed to treat the obligation lightly. The awe that the ceremonies of

the church inspire might well add its influence in a matter of such vital moment, even if the spirit of religion is absent. We know that many persons who have given much thought to this subject, pursue a different course. They shrink from adding the sanction of the church to vows which they know "are but in sand;" they fear to destroy the authority, and to impair the sanctity of the church, by subjecting it to repeated indignity. This seems to us to be setting the church above the end which it was appointed to attain. Considering the church as only a means to human improvement, we think that her aid should decidedly be invoked in a case of such great need. An effect would be produced upon the morality of the slave that would more than counterbalance any injury to her; and the injury that might be done to her, in the first instance, would be more than paid in the reaction that would follow, from an improved state of morality, and higher cultivation. A solemn form of marriage would induce reflection, and prevent many unions that might otherwise be rashly entered into, only to be broken; and a very certain effect of the religious ceremony would be to generate among the negroes a public opinion, which would hold the conjugal estate in much higher honour. There is nothing which would give the negro such an immense advantage, in his social condition, over the peasants of other countries as a little attention on the part of the master to his marriage relations. He has not before him that great restraint of marriage, among most labourers, and great inducement to vice, the difficulty and uncertainty of providing for a family. With him, there is no fear of "surplus population," consuming all means of subsistence. His own position, and his master's interest and feeling, combine to give encouragement to matrimony; and those hindrances which come from the uncertainty of his life, may be much diminished by the ordinary prudence which men in all other spheres of life are obliged to exercise. The sins of the negro, in this regard, grow out of that almost childish want of thought which his nature partly, and partly the absence of any habitual care, induces in every act of his life. His master's thought may correct this, or may induce such thought in himself as necessity forces upon

other men. Each master's reflection will suggest to him methods of instruction, and systems of reward and punishment, which shall dignify the relation of marriage, and enforce its obligations.

We want trustworthy information about the methods of building houses for the negroes, plans, generally distributed, to combine cheapness with healthfulness and convenience. General regulations, too, would be valuable about food, and the manner of preparing it; the food that would best promote health and strength, within the limits of reasonable expenditure. We want information generally diffused upon a thousand minor points, the regulation of which is highly important to the health and comfort of the slave, and which should not be left to the unaided experiments of the master; and, above all, we want a class of men as overseers in the planting districts, whose thought shall be raised above the soil they plant, and who shall recognize a duty beyond the raising of the seed. The practical knowledge which cultivates good cotton and corn, is not incompatible with such a knowledge of the negro's character, and such a regard for his moral welfare, as we are called upon universally to require of those to whom our slaves are committed. Nay! a humane and enlightened man, though he may cost more, is a cheaper article, (even if we adopt the most vulgar standard of value,) than the ignorant man of expedients. Education to our overseers is the first step to improvement of our negroes.

Our subject has led us far away from the book which it was our purpose to introduce; we have followed out one of the trains of thought suggested by our author's valuable matter. In touching upon the subject of the people, we have naturally been led to that development of the character of our people which grows out of their peculiar position. The possession of slaves is so large an element in our national education, that it becomes us to look anxiously to its effect upon the popular mind. It may lead to the growth of great virtue; to the attainment of a noble national character, or it may fatally corrupt the public mind. Its effect will depend upon our own recognition of its existence, and of its great

power for good or evil. Let it, then, take its place as an important element among the circumstances which form the character of our people. Let education see in it one of its chief instruments; let it rank among those primary subjects which are to be carefully shaped for acceptance into the groundwork of familiar instruction, until it stands in the very horn-book of our schools. P.

ART. IV.—AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

1. *Roswell C. Smith*; his Grammar of the English Language, on the Productive System.
2. *Keightley's History of England*; edited by J. Toulmin Smith.
3. *Maunder's Treasury of History*.
4. *Anthon's Classical School Publication*.
5. *Fowler's Grammar of the English Language*.
6. *Mills' Literature and Literary Men of Great Britain, &c.*

THAT the press teems with new books is a mere truism, certainly not worth inserting here, but for the purpose of proposing the question, of what sort of books is the press, our American press especially, so prolific?

A glance at the advertising sheet of our principal publishers, discovers such a vast amount of school books, and others designed for purposes of instruction, that one would naturally suppose that we are the best instructed people on earth; and yet a doubt may be excited in a reflecting mind, whether some radical defect may not lie at the basis of this monstrous productiveness; whether it is not a series of efforts to meet an urgent want, and whether each addition to the stock does not tend to increase the difficulty, and to make the educational prospects of our children a matter of utter hopelessness.

We propose in this paper to select, almost at random, a few examples of books, prepared for learners in their seve-

ral stages of development and capacity, and to inquire how far they are capable of answering the purpose for which they are intended.

In the first place, the objects of primary schools appear to be entirely misconceived ; children are sent to them to learn to read and write, and to be prepared for the higher course of culture contemplated by the grammar school. If these necessary elements are taught, a foundation is laid ; but the vanity of parents must be flattered, and the poor teacher must appear to be doing something to earn her bread ; she, therefore aspires to initiate her young charge into the mysteries of grammar and geography, of history and perhaps of philosophy, and men are at hand who can bend their minds to the composition of treatises on all these topics, suited to infant minds. Thus we have a grammar of the English language, on the productive system ; a geography on the productive system, and histories almost without number. We propose to say a few words of the first of these books—English Grammar, on the productive system, designed for schools and academies, uttered by one Roswell C. Smith ; and to ascertain from a candid examination of it, whether it can be productive of any thing but error. Before we begin, however, we would, in all earnestness, ask of all intelligent teachers and parents whether anything intelligible can be taught a child by any system of English grammar. The ordinary mode of teaching a child a foreign tongue, particularly the classics, is to begin by putting in his hand a grammar, as it is called, of that language ; and this is, perhaps, the true method. A Latin grammar, for example, unfolds the analogies which exist between that language and the English ; and, more important still, it points out their numerous points of difference, and is so necessary, that without a tolerable knowledge of the grammar, one would be unable to read a single Latin sentence. We teach a boy the Latin grammar, therefore, in order that he may learn to read, and, perhaps, to speak the language. Now does any one pretend that this is the end proposed in teaching a boy English grammar ? The great end proposed by teaching Latin grammar, must, as far as English is concerned, be attained before you

can teach a child his grammar. *He must already have learned to read.* The only other end then must be to teach the child to write; but if one can speak he can write, and the very few errors which an ignorant man can commit, will rarely, if ever, be found to sully either the speech, or the writings of a boy brought up in an intelligent family and accustomed to the perusal of well written books.

But our children are taught grammar, and Mr. Roswell C. Smith furnishes a popular grammar on the productive system, and at the outset he commences with his definitions. The unhappy boy is first required to tell his own name and that of his home, and is then initiated into the mystery of nouns, and he is taught that a "noun is the name of any person, place or thing." Will this definition to an infant mind cover an abstraction? Next, we are told that "gender means sex," an assertion totally inconsistent with truth. Then we are told that nouns have three cases; another falsehood. "Adjectives, too, are said to be words joined to nouns to describe or qualify them." Is it the noun which is described or qualified, or the object which it represents? If we admit this definition, even after it has been made intelligible, we must include not only the articles and demonstrative pronouns, but adopt Wallis' theory, and include the whole category of possessive cases.

But, apart from erroneous and insufficient definitions, (and we will not quarrel with them since they have the merit of being short,) this expounder of the productive system produces error wherever it is possible for him to do so. Thus, in his table of personal pronouns, he supposes *you* to be the second person singular, and in all his paradigms of verbs he commits the same blunder. As well might a Frenchman suppose *vous* to be the second person singular, or an Italian (she) *ella*, the third person feminine singular, or a German *sie* (they,) the third person plural. Conventional forms of speech have sanctioned the use of the *prænomen reverentiæ* in conversation, and even in writing, but in our prayers we invariably use the true singular form, and nothing but gross ignorance can account for a blunder so palpable. If our children are taught to consider the language of religion obso-

lete, the transition is easy to consider religion itself an obsoletism.

Again, this learned author and astute grammarian tells us, that verbs are active, and neuter, transitive and intransitive. If a writer chos^es to use the words transitive and intransitive, to express the different kinds of verbs, let him do so, though it appears to us a piece of affectation ; but if he uses other words, he must not qualify them. A transitive verb is an active verb, and, vice versa ; the words active and neuter, are used in a technical sense ; and a verb is active, even though its meaning is very obscurely connected with action of any sort ; e. g., Mr. Roswell C. Smith receives a castigation. This may be a case of suffering, certainly not of action ; yet, *receive* is an active verb. Verbs are active, not because they express action, but because they require to be followed by an object, upon which the agent or subject operates. *Walk*, he tells us, is an active verb, because it expresses an action ; but, to *rest*, to *sleep*, &c., are neuter verbs, because they do not imply action. The degree of activity, implied by the meaning of the verb, has nothing to do with its grammatical or syntactical character. It would be as reasonable to assign a class of sedentary verbs for such verbs as *sit*, &c., and of reposing verbs for such as to *lie*, to *sleep*, &c.

It is wearisome to dwell upon such crudities, absurdities and puerilities, as are offered by this writer, and nothing but an earnest desire to save our children from their infliction, can encourage us to proceed in the disgusting task.

In the chapter on verbs, we are regaled with the old dish of modes and tenses. When we reflect that conjugation means the manner of varying words to express the sound relating to person, time and manner, and that our verbs, at the utmost, have but six or seven inflections, it must be apparent to any but an ignorant fellow, that English verbs have but a fragmentary specimen of either person, tense or mode. To make out a case by means of auxiliary verbs, is but to follow, in a blundering way, an analogy with other languages, and our best grammarians have very judiciously declined filling their pages with such stuff. We are told that the present tense is used to express what is now taking place.

Now, it is a notorious fact that, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, the present tense, of an English verb, never does express present action. It is aorist in signification, and indicates habitual action. Present action is always denoted by an auxiliary verb—we say, *he walks on stilts*, to denote the custom; *he is walking on stilts*, to denote the present action. And yet this productive grammarian, though he gives us eight tenses in the indicative mode, has perversely omitted this middle or extended present, as Harris calls it, the only form in which really present action can be exhibited. But even supposing he had given us the whole of the twelve phases of an indicative mode, suggested by Harris, what more does he do than point out the names of the so-called tenses. No boy ever errs in their use; and he will never acquire, from Mr. Roswell C. Smith's book on the subject, any explanation of the different modes of using them. He omits to explain the different usages of shall and will, and, by foisting a potential mode into the language, he teaches us that may, can, and must, on the one hand, and might, could, would, and should, on the other, are equivalent expressions. Again, for the subjunctive mode, of which we have a fragmentary specimen, he gives us two forms, one of which he calls the common form, but which has nothing to do with the subjunctive mode. His directions, for using the different forms, are correct, but to call the common form a subjunctive mode, is gross ignorance. If our children must be tortured, by being made to learn such stuff, in heaven's name, let them be taught the truth.

Mr. Roswell C. Smith gives us twenty-two rules for the government, agreement, and construction of words, which, being not more than seventeen or eighteen more than is necessary, or consistent with common sense, exhibits a commendable degree of moderation on his part. Wallis, who probably knew a little about the language, gives none. The poor child who is made to learn grammar, on the productive system, is thoroughly drilled in what is called parsing by the verbs. English parsing! can any parrot be so utterly unconscious of the nonsense he is taught to utter, as our poor children are, of their principles of agreement and government?

The same word is now a nominative, now, an objective case. The same word is now in this person, now, in that! How different from the praxis, given by Wallis, for the instruction of foreigners, which utterly ignores all notions of case, concord, and government whatsoever. Let us have Mr. Roswell C. Smith's last rule: "*home, and nouns signifying which way, how far, how long, or time when, &c., are in the objective case; a preposition being understood,*" as, "*he came home.*" Illiterate yankees supply the proposition and say, at length, he came to home; and our yankee friend is quite correct in his expression, if the rule is allowed, because ellipses, though convenient forms of speech, may always, with propriety, be filled up with the words understood. We object to the whole system of supposing, in the first place, the existence of a case which is not true, and the assigning, for it, a word only understood. If these words were in an oblique case, and the meaning or construction understood thereby, obscure, then we might suppose some such way of resolving the difficulty. But here is no difficulty of construction, whatsoever, the expressions are all idiomatic, fully justified, nay, demanded by the habit of the language, and yet, this pernicious writer chuses to assign them an apparently wrong position, and then applies a rule, which has no truth in history, to excuse and account for their apparent erroneousness. But such absurdities and flatulencies must always characterize a grammar of the English language, based on the analogy of a classical language. We shall return to the subject of English grammar, before we close this paper.

Having thus, unequivocally, condemned Mr. Roswell C. Smith's Grammar, as false, founded on false analogies, and mischievous, we think it but sheer justice to declare that, we think his Geography, perhaps, the best that has been issued from the American press. We think the whole system of teaching geography, wrong; a treatise on the whole science is composed, in a duodecimo, of three hundred pages. Too much is taught from maps, not that we object to maps, but the mere finding of places on the maps, without anything else to impress them on the memory, is a process as dull and

tedious, as to commit to memory the formula of the binomial theorem, without mastering the principle which it symbolizes. We repeat what we have said before, the model of geography, for schools, is Guthrie's Grammar, or old Jedediah Morse, to be used as a reading book in the schools, with exercises on the globe and maps, at the end of every recitation. In this way, only, can geography be made a living science. But, on what authority does Mr. Roswell C. Smith exclude Spain and Portugal, from the community of enlightened nations? Why should our children be taught that two people, who have contributed, at least as much as any others, to the development of European civilization and refinement, have no longer any claim to an equal rank with their neighbors? It is important that our children be taught truth, and not falsehood. Better live in ignorance, than grow up under the influence of error. The clouds of the former may be dispelled, but the prejudices occasioned by the latter, are very nearly ineradicable.

Leaving, however, those books, which are designed for children at primary schools, let us examine some of those which are designed for a higher course of instruction.

And here the first thing which strikes us, is the disposition which American writers show for making improvements on books from other countries, particularly from England. If a work of merit issues from the English press, it is straightway pounced upon by an American editor, who either re-publishes it under his own name, or, giving the author credit for the work, undertakes to revise it by notes, additions, emendations, &c. It is not often that original essays are undertaken, but, our editors possess a wonderful aptitude at improving original works, and adapting them to the American mind; and how is this done? Sometimes portions, not interesting or important to Americans, are omitted. Cannot these dolts understand that no author's book is complete unless his whole mind appears in it? And if one who has carefully studied a subject, conceives any chapter or section necessary to its full elucidation, is it likely that another, who probably knows no more of it than is contained in the book which he undertakes to mar, (improve we mean,)

can be a proper judge of the relative importance of the several parts which constitute the whole? Z publishes an essay on a given topic, and Y in New-York undertakes to re-publish it with alterations and amendments adapted to American intelligence. The last expression escaped us unguardedly, but we cannot erase it; we fear it is too true. The books are adapted to American intelligence—mutilated, marred, emasculated. But the book may have errors; then point them out, and correct them in a note, but for heaven's sake let the author speak for himself.

A most ridiculous instance of this sensitiveness about the publication of error, is to be found in the American edition of Keightley's History of England, published with a copy-right in this country, by one Mr. J. Toulmin Smith. On the subject of the murder of Darnly, the expression of the author's opinion of the participation of Mary in Bothwell's crime, is scrupulously erased, because, says the conscientious editor, "on a question so difficult to determine, the expression of an opinion when the means of the reader's forming an opinion for himself are not given, can only be productive of prejudice, instead of promotive of candid truth." Most sapient editor! Does not the whole drift of your note teach us that Keightley believes the queen guilty? and would it not have been just as well to let him tell us so himself, instead of arriving at it through your blundering and impertinent scrupulosity! Of the twenty and odd notes to the first volume, which have entitled this editor to the benefit of a copy-right, this is the only one that deserves a passing remark, and even of this, the platitude is relieved only by the intolerable impudence which it reveals.

Some time during the last winter, we became acquainted with the pretensions of another American editor, who calls himself Charles Inman. A Connecticut book agent called to solicit our subscription to the re-publication of Maunder's Treasury of History, improved, revised and adapted, of course, by Mr. Inman. It is not an easy matter to get rid of the importunities of a book agent, and we defended ourselves for some time by expressing doubts of the propriety of American editors appropriating the works of living English

writers. Our visitor endeavoured to sooth us by offering the works on our own terms, being pleased to say, that he hoped our name would be the means of procuring more. To this we replied, that if such a use was expected to be made of the name, we must positively decline any subscription without some knowledge of the work itself—that Maun-der had a certain reputation, but that of his editor we were utterly ignorant—and that we would not be held responsible for the merits of a work of which we knew absolutely nothing. The book was then left for our inspection. Here was a situation for an unwilling witness—we opened the book, a very gross octavo, and naturally expecting that the editor would show himself in his own portion, turned to the chapters confessedly his own; chance led us to the chapter on the Florida war and there we read something to this effect: “General Clinch, satisfied with his laurels, now desired to go into *retiracy*.” This was quite enough. We could not endorse the amendments of an editor who does not use English words; and we returned the book to our importunate guest with a peremptory *no*.

We once thought the practice of tampering with an author’s text an Americanism, but we find that it is now practiced in England. In Bohn’s edition of Mallet’s Northern Antiquities, the original tenth chapter is omitted, because forsooth modern research has added to the subject a mass of light unknown to the author. The light is given, we must acknowledge, but why curtail Mallet’s book? Why not let us ascertain by actual comparison, the amount of progress which has really been made? So too the philological errors into which George Ellis has fallen in his “History of the Rise and Progress of Romantic Composition in France and England,” have been *silently* amended? Why this secrecy? Is Ellis an authority of so little weight, that his errors may be silently amended by any creature of Bohn’s establishment? Or, is his authority so powerful that error from his pen must be carefully weeded out, and the unconscious reader not permitted to know from how great a peril he has been saved? Grant that you have improved Ellis’ book. Still you have introduced a danger-

ous principle. If you are permitted to erase and amend without notice, we have no guarantee that we are purchasing what you pretend to sell us.

We know of nothing which so thoroughly damps our satisfaction after purchasing a neat and cheap copy of a standard work, as to find, on opening it, that an impudent editor has taken the liberty of improving it. A revulsion instantly takes place in our feelings, and we then throw aside the book with a sense of disgust. We have heard of the Roman Expurgatory Index—a catalogue of books which no Christian Catholic must hazard his salvation by reading. This system of silent and secret emendations is the very system of the papal court. Bohn and Harper, in their zeal for the propagation of truth, will not permit their readers' minds to be soiled by the least breath of error. Under their auspices, knowledge springs from the press completely developed; and the student who has no resources but in their editions, will labor in vain to discover what progress time and research have made in the elucidation of the subject of his study.

Foremost among the sinners of the class of improvers and revisors, in America, we are constrained to place Charles Anthon, LL. D. No man in this country occupies a more prominent position as an author of school books, and perhaps no one has expended so little brain work as he has done upon the numerous publications which pass under his name. His first work of note, the Classical Dictionary was so palpably a plagiarism from the Penny Cyclopaedia, that Mr. Knight, the proprietor of that miscellany, gave notice throughout the British dominions, that he would prosecute for infringement of his copyright, any one who would dare to sell it in the British Empire. And yet, in a pompous catalogue, covering seven double-columned, closely printed octavo pages, of the books consulted in the compilation of the Dictionary, this unpretending performance finds no place. *Dr. Anthon had not used it.* Then Mr. Wm. Smith published the first of his classical series, a Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities. Forthwith, our American Leviathan of classical learning seizes upon the unhappy work, finds

that it is sadly deficient, by no means adapted to the American mind, wants revision, and he accordingly publishes an American edition, in the title page of which the name of the English editor appears indeed, but, evidently as subordinate to that of the great revisor, which stands forth in the largest and handsomest type of the printing establishment. And what do these revisions amount to? Why forsooth, in the London edition, the references are embodied in the text, whereas they ought to appear as foot notes. The doctor's taste has improved since the publication of his Classical Dictionary. In the second place, the London edition appends to each article the name of the author, which is manifestly wrong. A catalogue raisonné of author's and subjects at the end of the volume is infinitely more convenient. Additions, of course, as well as improvements must be made by our editor; accordingly, he has given us articles on Botany, Mineralogy, and Zoology. Can these be called classical antiquities? Can any one doubt that plants grew, stones existed and were used, and animals lived and died in the olden time just as they do now? Any dictionary or word book might furnish these words. But, Dr. Anthon does not supply us with some information on these topics which would be highly curious and interesting, and which fully comes within the purview of a dictionary of antiquities. Take amber, for an example; we know the immense value at which it was held among the ancients, but what were its uses, and why was it so valuable? He tells us that in Pliny's time its use was confined to women, but what gave it its great value long before the time of Pliny, and tempted the Phenicians and Carthagenians to brave the stormy waters of the Baltic, for the sake of procuring this apparently useless drug? On this point, Dr. Anthon deigns not to inform us; but, we venture to predict, that if in his day, any English or German scholar should enlighten the world on this curious and interesting subject, the American public will instantly have a revised edition of the work with numerous additions and improvements, embellished with the best type and paper of the Harpers.

Of the numerous school and college text books uttered

by this veteran book maker, we want experience in the elements necessary to form an opinion. Doubtless, much of the student's course hitherto has been made unnecessarily difficult. Dr. Anthon goes to the other extreme, and makes it too easy. Boys should not be relieved from the labor of thinking; if they were made to read and study the copious notes with which he supplies them, much good would be done, but, we fear they use his translations, and carefully pass over the rest of his multitudinous notes.

A most unblushing and impudent book maker, is a man who calls himself Abraham Mills. We really feel that a sort of apology is due Dr. Anthon, who is really a clever man, and a learned man, for putting him in such company, but the fault is his, and we act under a sorrowful constraint. This Mr. Abraham Mills, A.M., who once called himself a teacher of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, but who, we see, has since become a lecturer on these departments, is a veteran at the trade, but until lately he has not aspired to any effort beyond soiling standard works by his useless questions, and by his so-called translations of the classical illustrations which they contain. Thus, more than twenty years ago, he adapted Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful to popular use. Burke has suffered some mutilations at this editor's hands. Blair's Lectures, Alison's Essay on Taste, and some other works have also passed under his heavy hand without apparently exercising any influence on his torpid brain. At last Chambers published the Cyclopaedia of English Literature, and lo! it appears that Mr. Abraham Mills has been lecturing on this subject for more than twenty years. These lectures he published in 1851, under the title of Literature and Literary Men of Great Britain and Ireland. As Mr. Abraham Mills has been repeating these lectures annually for more than twenty years, the conclusion is irresistible that Chambers' editor must have been one of his hearers, for the correspondence of his texts is very remarkable, except indeed that the lecturer goes more largely into biographical detail. The specimens quoted, too, are wonderfully alike. Mills indeed gives that rare old poem Chevy Chase, which Chambers neglects, but on the other hand, we

must give the latter credit for having given us, not only every extract quoted by Mills, but several others which, of course, were not given by Mills, as his own platitudes are better adapted to the American mind, than voluminous antiquated specimens of old English literature.

We have one more criminal to place in our dock, and shall then have finished with this disgusting subject. In 1850, the Harpers published the *English Language*, in its elements and forms, with a history of its origin and development, etc., by William C. Fowler, late Professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College. In the preface to this grammar, after mentioning the names of Webster, Latham, Guest, Harrison, Wallis, Whately, Lowth, Sir John Stoddart, and others, whose works the compiler has consulted, he acknowledges his obligations to Latham in a particular manner; says that he has read his works with advantage, and used them largely. What advantage he has derived from reading Latham's works we may hereafter see; the extent to which he has used them may appear from the following synopsis. Of the first part, viz: the origin and history of the English language, of two chapters; nearly the whole of the second is copied, verbatim, from Latham; of the second part, viz: the phonology of the English language, seven chapters out of nine are Latham's; of the part devoted to orthography, nearly five chapters out of six are Latham's. On the subject of etymology it is clear that he does not understand Latham's principles, and he makes a ludicrous attempt to combine the old system of classical analogy with the true system adopted by his English leader. Thinking he is on safe ground here, with Murray and Lowth as his predecessors and guides, he skakes off Latham, and sets up for himself; but, attracted by the display of learning which the latter exhibits, and anxious to enrich his pages with the same, he returns to him, and never seems to suspect that he is floundering in a maze which he can by no means unravel; thus, in the article gender, Latham shows that, save a fragmentary specimen in the pronouns, the English language is destitute of gender. But this will not do for Fowler; he blunders at the outset—defines gender a distinction expressing the natural distinction

of sex—a blunder which no classical, no Anglo-Saxon, no French scholar could make, and actually gives, as specimens of gender, words which Latham contends are not to be so regarded; and then, having floundered about until he is completely lost, he creeps again under the shelter of Latham's wing, and eases himself by quoting verbatim several pages, which, as he has inserted them, may seem to be a corroboration by Latham of a principle which Fowler recognizes, but which Latham denies. We do not impute to Mr. Fowler any moral guilt in this matter; his only fault was in the adoption of a master whom he does not understand. He repeats all that he had ever learned from Murray respecting the cases of nouns, and then comes back to Latham and tells us that nouns have strictly but one case, viz, the possessive. In the chapters on the verb he follows the old plan of following the analogy with the classical tongues, thus betraying his ignorance of Latham's principles, whilst, at the same time, he so convulsively grasps at him. He is as vulgar as Roswell C. Smith, in supposing *you* to be the second person singular, and yet, strange as it may appear, he devotes two whole pages of his book to explain the substitution of plurality for unity in the use of the pronouns. He errs with Smith in giving two subjunctive forms, and he adopts Murray's confusion of *might*, *could*, *would* and *should*; and he actually gives us a paradigm of conjugation of the passive voice. Why did he not give a middle voice, and a dual number? A passive voice in English, and this, too, sanctioned by a work published in 1850! Verily there is no measuring the presumption of ignorance.

But a signal proof of the little profit which the author has derived from the perusal of Latham's book is to be found in the fact that he has blindly copied his errors. Thus, Latham says, "the second classification of weak verbs contains those which shorten the vowels on the preterite as *leave*, *left*. This class also contains those words which end in *d* or *t*, and, at the same time, have a short vowel in the *preterite*." Now it is evident that this is (probably) a (typographical) error, and that the word *present* was intended for *preterite*; but our author, capable of seeing no error, blindly

follows his leader, perfectly regardless of the absurdity which he utters. We insist upon this point : one may err in copying another, without the presumption of ignorance ; satisfied of the correctness of the original, we are not very rigid in attending to the copy. Thus, though in another portion of the work, adjectives and nouns are called *variable*, and pronouns invariable names ; we regard this mistake as proving nothing ; we give the credit of it to the devil to whom it is due. But we contend that if the American author had truly understood his subject, he would have discovered the error, from whatever cause proceeding, and would have carefully corrected it. The error of Latham is carefully repeated, and we charge ignorance home upon the Amherst professor. Mr. Fowler's rules for English syntax amount to fifty-two ; Wallis gives none.

It is not many years since Latham's work on the English Language was published, and, for some time, the high price at which the London edition was sold prevented its introduction into our schools. When, therefore, Fowler's grammar appeared, in 1850, the very large share which Latham had in the work, together with the excellent contributions of Mr. Josiah Gibbs, of New Haven, induced some of our colleges to lay it before their students. It was adopted in the College of Charleston, where, however, it was soon superseded by Latham's abridgment of his great work, and it is still, we believe, in use in the South Carolina College.

There are two modes of studying English grammar, and they are inconsistent with each other. Any attempt to reconcile them must result in failure, and this is the case with Mr. Fowler's book. One may assume Murray as his standard, and he may dabble in parts of speech, declensions and conjugations to his heart's content. If he is a classical scholar he must smile at the vain repetition of an oft told tale ; but if he is not, he must be amazed at the unmeaning and unnecessary formulas and rules which he is compelled to learn. He will be taught that the same word which is in the nominative case before a verb, is in the objective after it ; (as if there is such a thing as *case*, *casus*, a falling from or *declension* of a noun from its proper form, except for the

possessive;) that the same word, love for example, may be in the first person singular, the first, second or third person plural, according to the word which precedes it; that the construction of principal words, with auxiliary verbs, form integral portions of the conjugations of the verbs. He will be taught the rules of concord, and the rules of government. Here we ask, will any one or all of those teachings increase his knowledge of the language? Let us take a homely Latin sentence—by it illustrate the importance of the rules of concordance; let it be *Mala dulcia amant pueri parvuli*—Little boys love sweet apples. You may arrange these five Latin words in as many different ways as you can, and they can have no other but the meaning given above. Let us give the English according to the order in which we have purposely written the Latin; apples sweet love boys little, or we may say, little sweet apples love boys. Now, we ask if either of those two latter propositions are given to a reader, of what use would the rules of government and concord be in elucidating the mystery? Suppose the proposition to be, Little apples love sweet boys; there is a perfectly constructed sentence, complying, in every respect with the most rigid rules of grammar, absolutely faultless, and yet containing an impossible proposition. The grammatical structure of the Latin tongue demands a knowledge of the rules of concord and government; in English the meanings of words, and their relations to each other, depend upon their places in the proposition. If they are improperly placed they mean nothing, and no grammatical rules can be brought to aid you; if they are properly placed, you have followed the English idiom, and you are independent of rules borrowed from a foreign tongue. This method of studying English grammar, therefore, teaches nothing which is not ridiculous to the classical scholar, and utterly unmeaning to him who has not that accomplishment.

The other mode of studying English grammar is to go to the elements of the language, trace its origin, progress and history; to investigate unusual forms and apparent anomalies. This necessarily takes us to the Anglo-Saxon and Norman French tongues, opens the door of philological and etymolo-

gical research, taxes our acquaintance with history, both political and literary, and never for a moment departs from the simplicity of common sense. In this spirit, Dr. Latham has written his admirable book, and, we are happy to add, that his compendium, the Handbook of the English Language, has been re-published by the Appletons, who have had the modesty, or humility, to print it without any revision or emendation whatever. Of course we leave out of view the subject of general grammar; this can be successfully pursued only by those who are familiar with several languages. Of works of this class we may barely mention Harris' *Hermes*, the grammar of the Port Royal, and Sir John Stoddart's essay in the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*.

But to return and to conclude. The character of our American publishers and editors is, to say the least, unprincipled. It reflects, too, upon the whole American people, for frauds of the kind we have described can succeed only with a very dishonest or a very ignorant people; and whichever alternative we adopt, we must descend from the high position which we complacently assume for ourselves. The pretext of revision, improvement and emendation, is too palpable not to be seen through at once as a cloak for ignorance and incapacity, and the notion of adaptation to American youth is an insult to the whole nation. This evil has increased, is increasing, and ought to be abated. How is this to be effected? Simply by acting the part of an honest people; by giving to labour and genius a right to the profit of its production; in a word, by international copyright. This is desirable on every ground; it is demanded by common honesty, which teaches us that we have no right to that which fairly belongs to another. Decency demands it, for we are becoming a reproach among our neighbors for our unscrupulous appropriation of the rightful property of others. Self-interest demands it, for, until this act of justice be done, we shall be forever at the mercy of such men as have figured in this paper; and when this act of justice shall have been rendered, and safe from the impositions such as we have described, a truer and a purer light of knowledge is shed upon us—then shall we feel and acknowledge that honesty is the best policy.

F. A. P.

ART. V.—THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

Considerations with regard to the Hygiene, and Sanatory Economy of Cities. Charleston : 1853.

The progressive characteristics of the age we live in, are in nothing more strongly exemplified, than in the efforts which are being made to ameliorate the sanatory condition of communities. Nor are the remarkable effects which, almost in every department of human exertion, result from well-directed action, more beneficially felt by the entire mass of the human family, than they are in the one we are about to consider. If it can be shown that well directed efforts have, in every instance, resulted in the most decided improvement in the health of communities: that, with this amelioration of the health, there has followed an equal improvement in all the comforts and enjoyments of life: that better education, improved morals, a higher tone of character and an elevated social rank, have invariably come along with an increased average duration of life, and a decreased average mortality in a population, what other argument can the philanthropist need to stimulate his efforts? And if to this, it can be shown that we may add the promise of a material addition to the wealth of the community, with all that follows in the train of pecuniary ease—abundant food, comfortable clothing and good lodgings for the operatives, with adequate returns for commercial and manufacturing investments, for the capitalists; in what stronger terms can we appeal to every class for a patient hearing, while we point out how these important results may be brought about?

The discussion of these questions should not be left to scientific men. These may be called upon to show how the efforts, to be made, may be best directed; but to others belong the duty of bringing into use the results which scientific research may point out. Nor is this question to be viewed in one aspect alone. It is not a matter affecting the comfort, nor even the material interests of single communities. Viewed in its broadest extent, it will be seen to have the most intimate relation to all that is calculated to improve the phy-

sical, moral, and social relations of man. From calculations, based upon the most accurate and extensive observations, made in England, for a series of years, it was determined that a mortality of two per cent. per annum might be assumed, as a fair average rate of deaths, in a population where sanatory measures were properly attended to: whereas, the actual sacrifice of human life, for a series of seven years, from 1838 to 1844, from causes easily to be averted, and therefore unnecessary, was 30,000 per annum, for England and Wales, and 50,000 for the whole United Kingdom. While the number of cases of unnecessary sickness has been estimated, by Dr. Lyon Playfair, at 28 to each death, or 980,000 for England and Wales, and 1,708,000 for the United Kingdom. And if the amount of mortality, which can be averted from a population by attention to sanatory measures, easily instituted, be so great in England, where the comforts of life abound, what may we not assume it to be, in countries where the merest wants of man are but meagerly supplied? Could such investigations be carried on in Russia, Turkey, or even in Spain, the figures given for England would doubtless be quadrupled or more, and the philanthropist would soon be brought to understand, that the best way to elevate his fellow being in the grade of life, would be, by invigorating and prolonging his physical existence, as the first step towards raising him in intelligence and virtue.*

Viewed as a moral, and also, as an economical question, the same sources of information, to which we have just alluded, will prove that, wherever the comforts of life and the prospects of increased health have improved, the whole tone of society has been ameliorated. Let the lowest classes of

* The average mortality in America is just about the same as that in England, it being one in 44.55 for the former, and one in 44.60 for the latter. But the average age at death is 29 in England, while it is only 20 in this country—a difference not to be attributed to any advantages in the sanatory condition of the English population, but to the greater age of the English. This is seen by a comparison of the number of children, to a given number of adults, in each country. Thus, in England, there were 5,025 persons, between the ages of 15 and 50, who had 3,610 children under 15 years of age—while, in America, 4,789 of the first had 4,371 of the last, dependent on them. Again, in England, in every 10,000 persons, 1,365 are beyond 50, while, in America, there are only 830.

a population find that they may look for something more than just enough to keep life within their emaciated forms, and they will, with wonderful instinct, learn the value of longevity and health. Let the heads of families, in those classes, understand that the public authorities are removing, from among them, the causes which are introducing into their homes wasting sickness and premature death: the causes which, along with sickness, are entailing on them all the expenses of lost time and increased wants—which are increasing their expenses at the same time that they are cutting off their sources of supply: let them understand that the public authorities are labouring hard, and in the right way, to bestow upon them lengthened days and increased strength, so that they may fairly hope, by exertion on their own part, to do something more than live; and there is that instinct within them, which prompts them at once to elevate their aims and aspirations.

The calculations, which have been made with a view to show the equivalent in money, for the annual waste of life and sacrifice of health, under the heads of sickness, funerals, lost time and labour, &c., set this down at the enormous sum, for the United Kingdom, of a fraction less than £15,000,000. Let this sum be saved from these melancholy and disheartening uses, and thrown into the amount dispensed in the purchase of comforts, and in the education, &c., of the poorer classes, and we fearlessly pause to ask, what will be the nature and extent of the change, in the physical, moral, and social relations of those classes?

Man and his mind are essentially the same in every sphere of life. As he, who has education and wealth, is incessantly striving to attain to something beyond his present condition: pleasing himself with fancy sketches of something better which he may attain by exertion, and reveling in dreams of ambition, or in visions of countless wealth; so he, who is humble and takes his start from a lower region, ever looks up and hopes he may attain some good, which appears desirable to him in the distance. He begins to accumulate; surrounds himself with comforts; is pleased to see his family better housed, better dressed and better fed, and soon looks forward to the education of his children.

These are the beginnings of an improved moral and economical position, and they spring directly from ameliorations in the sanatory condition of a community. The following calculations will show how greatly the comforts and the ease of life add to its duration : the age, at death, among the gentry of England, is 44 : among the tradesmen 25 ! while artizans, &c., only attain 22 !! and the average of all who die at 21 and upwards is, for these three classes respectively, 60, 51, 49. Now, though we have not the Utopian idea of bringing all classes of the community to an equality, by sanatory or any other means, yet, we may fairly assume, without fear of contradiction, that the results already obtained by sanatory reforms, promise still greater benefits in the course of time. A committee of the Royal College of Physicians, of Edinburgh, holds the following prudent, yet hopeful language :

“ But if the public expectation, as to the effect of these measures, be not raised above a reasonable height—if it be only affirmed that the health of all towns may be gradually, but materially improved ; the extension of epidemics in them be restrained ; the probability of life, even in large and ill situated towns, be very considerably increased ; and the comfort and happiness of all classes of the inhabitants materially promoted :—the committee have the greatest pleasure in saying, that they think all these benefits may be confidently anticipated from these measures.”

Let us now leave this general view of our subject, and, taking up, separately, a few of the more important points, give them such detailed consideration as our limits may permit. Two of the most important of these are drainage and cleanliness. The first, as we shall show, by the authorities cited, is of the utmost importance everywhere. But to us it is doubly so. Our situation is so low and level with the surface of the sea, our soil so porous and prone to become sobbed with water to its very surface, and our climate carries on so extensive an evaporation from the soil-water, that all these combine to render this one of the most important and interesting subjects for reflection. The city of Birmingham, in England, is notoriously one of the most healthy in the Kingdom, and this enviable distinction is owing to its ex-

cellent drainage, dry soil, absence of cellars, open streets, and separate houses for families. Whilst Liverpool, the most unhealthy of the English cities, is the worst drained, most crowded, and has the most insufficient provision for its poor. In 1832, Birmingham totally escaped the cholera, whilst Bilston, only eight miles off and in hourly communication, suffered more than any other town in England. In St. Margaret's, Leicester, the average age at death, in 1840, in the streets that were drained, was $23\frac{1}{2}$ years: in those partially drained, $17\frac{1}{2}$: in those entirely undrained, $13\frac{1}{2}$ years. These instances are striking; but they are not more so than many others. Thus, the high rate of mortality in Calcutta, so notorious for its inhospitable climate, is attributed to the nature of its site, the deficiency of drainage, crowding of the population, bad construction of the houses inhabited by the lower classes, want of a good supply of water, filth of the public markets, and the miserable habits of the population. And in Gibraltar, where yellow fever has so often decimated the population, and where it has been a common opinion that its rocky soil and isolated position ought to have insured it immunity from this scourge, the existence of yellow fever has been attributed, on the very best authority, to bad drainage and ventilation, and to crowding. It has been proved to the satisfaction of all parties, says Hennen, that yellow fever was not imported into Gibraltar in 1828, and into other places in other years, but that abundant causes existed in the place.

The laws regulating the spread of all epidemics, are essentially the same. This is so well established, in all the writings of medical men on these subjects, that we shall assume it as granted, and, therefore, in citing our proofs of the importance of drainage and cleanliness, we will use, promiscuously, such examples as come to hand, of the efficiency of moisture and filth in exciting disease, without regard to the particular form of epidemic to which they have reference. In this view, the remarks of a committee for inquiring into the means of improving the health of London, are quite to our purpose. They say, speaking of cholera:

"Under proper circumstances of cleanliness and ventilation, this disease seldom spreads in families, and rarely passes to those

about the sick, under such favourable circumstances, unless they happen to be particularly predisposed. It will not, therefore, be necessary where there is space, and where attention is paid to *cleanliness and purity of air*, to separate members of families actually afflicted with the disease."

And, speaking of the invasion of the cholera, the same committee say:

"It has almost always made its first appearance in the *lowest and dampest* portion of the city attacked. This statement may be verified by reference to St. Petersburg, Dantzic, Berlin, Moscow, Breslau, Warsaw, Paris, Sunderland, Carlisle, Manchester, London, and England generally. It is the combination of *humidity* with *impurity* of the atmosphere, which so powerfully predisposes to cholera: cleanliness seems to be capable of counteracting the effects of mere humidity. The scrupulous cleanliness of the inhabitants of Holland, was probably the cause of the comparative exemption, from cholera, which that country enjoyed."

This conclusion is fully borne out by the evidence collected by the best writers on the cholera, particularly Orton and Jameson.

A writer in the British and Foreign Quarterly Review, discussing the subject, though without attempting to elucidate the obscure points in the history of the introduction of cholera into any place, says:

"We can, with tolerable certainty, foretell both the locality and the class of people which will be chiefly affected. The locality will be that in which, from situation, or from the habits of the inhabitants, the air is damp from the exhalations from rivers or marshes, and is at the same time rendered impure by animal and vegetable exhalations, which stream up from a crowd of people, ignorant or careless of sanitary precautions; and the class of people will be those who are subject to these influences. These simple principles—so simple that it appears almost unnecessary thus formally to announce them—have been proved by a multitude of observations, both in this country and in India."

The commissioners on the improvement of the health of the metropolis, in their first report, write :

"It is now universally known that in the metropolis, as in every town and city, the places in which typhus is to be found, from which it is rarely, if ever, absent, and which it occasionally decimates, are the neglected and filthy parts of it; the parts unvisited by the scavenger, the parts which are without sewers, or which, if provided with sewers, are without house drains into them: or which, if they have both sewers and house-drains, are without a due and regulated supply of water for washing away their filth, and for the purposes of surface cleaning and domestic use. The evidence that the track of typhus is everywhere marked by the extent of this domain of filth, has been so often adduced that it is needless to repeat it: but the evidence that, during the prevalence of cholera, this was also everywhere, the precise track of this pestilence, is not so well known."

Here we have proof of the very highest kind, from a source entirely above question, and in language as precise and strong as it can be made, with regard to two of the most fatal diseases to which the human frame is liable. But our authorities do not terminate here, nor are these the only diseases to which such remarks are applicable. Before leaving them, however, we will fortify our position by an extract or two, more, in relation to these. The committee, above quoted, in its second report holds the following language :

"The districts we have cited, as being those chiefly afflicted with typhus and cholera are, it is needless to say, disgracefully distinguished by a total disregard of sanatory regulations. Thus, the streets of St. Olave and St. Thomas, a district which stands first on the list of unhealthy places in the table referred to, are stated, by the medical officer, 'to be a disgrace to the civilized world.' In Whitechapel, we are informed, 'that the great majority of its confined and crowded streets, courts and alleys remain without air, water, or any arrangements for the removal of its accumulated filth.' The whole district of Bermondsey is reported 'to be intersected by open ditches of the most offensive character, and abounding, in several parts, with fever nests..' In Lambeth, where cholera also prevailed severely, it is stated that 'there are numerous open ditches of the most

horrible description ;' and, in general, the cleansing, paving and water supply, and, consequently, the internal cleanliness is either totally wanting or grievously defective."

A writer, in the *British and Foreign Quarterly Review*, speaking of the probabilities of yellow fever ever being introduced into England, especially with reference to the necessity or the use of quarantine laws, says :

"Quarantines may be abandoned as useless, in all cases where we feel certain that the poison will not meet with its conditions of existence. These conditions are a certain heat, a certain moisture, and certain effluvia from animals or vegetables. Thus we consider that in this climate, the yellow fever poison would be incapable of development, during the greater part of the year, in consequence of the cold; and perhaps, through the whole year, in consequence of our habits of cleanliness and ventilation, which, if not yet so perfect as they will be, have yet so greatly improved, as to have kept at bay all pestilences during the last century. We consider that the proposition to receive the sick of the *Eclaire* into Haslar hospital, was perfectly justifiable, and we entertain no fear but that, from the ventilation and cleanliness of the hospital, the disease would have lost its contagious property, or in other words, that its self-re-producing property would have become inappreciable."

Such are the effects attributed to carefully instituted hygienic measures, that the highest medical authority of England ventures to advocate the introduction, into a large and well filled hospital, of patients labouring under a most virulent disease, to which contagious properties were attributed, basing the opinion of the safety of such a step, on the carefully enforced hygienic measures, which experience has shown are sufficient for arresting the spread of such diseases. We consider this carefully weighed opinion, coming as it does from the very highest source known to scientific and practical investigation, as fraught with instruction for the candid searcher after truth. The reviewer has been engaged in sifting all the recent information on the subject of epidemic and contagious diseases, with the very object we now have in view ; to discover by what means the community may be

protected from their ravages, and he comes deliberately to the conclusion that this is to be done, not by quarantine or nonintercourse; not by cutting off the sufferers from the comforts of a well ordered hospital, but by placing the hospital and its inmates in such a condition of hygienic soundness, as will enable them to resist the encroachments of any foreign disease, even though its nature may seem to be highly contagious. If sanatory measures can justify the admission of diseased and dying men, into the wards of a large and amply fitted hospital, without risk to the inmates even when this disease and death results from an epidemic of generally supposed contagious qualities, is there any less wonderful effect that we may not confidently look for from their judicious and general adoption? Let us remember that the arrival of the ill-fated *Eclair* spread consternation on all sides. The survivors of her decimated crew were believed to carry about their bodies and their clothes the seeds of a subtle contagion, ready to propagate, in all who were brought into intercourse with them, its own fatal disease; yet an enlightened and a well-weighed medical opinion decided that these contaminated individuals might be safely introduced into the midst of others, even though the dread of contagion was acting upon the imaginations of these to such a degree as to render them doubly fit for the reception of the infection.

The immense importance of this opinion to the subject we are discussing, tempts us to dwell upon it still further. It is the view of the subject which, when fully elaborated and fairly brought before the public, is to decide upon the exact place which quarantine restrictions are to hold among the means employed for excluding diseases from communities; and the absolute value of hygienic measures, habitually kept in view, for the same all-important object. If yellow fever, which by many of the best English authorities is considered contagious, and which the writers in the able journal from which this opinion has been quoted, a journal the ablest of its kind, have powerfully contributed to prove is so under certain circumstances—if yellow fever can be robbed of this quality by sanatory measures properly devised and enforced,

is it not the part of a sound discretion in the public authorities to turn their attention chiefly to these measures, instead of trusting alone to a quarantine law which no power or foresight on earth can ever effectually execute? We have noticed already the well-established fact, that the laws regulating the origin and spread of most epidemics are the same or nearly so; hence, if the opinion given in relation to the *Eclaire* be sound, it would be equally so in regard to any other disease of this class. We have only, then, to picture to ourselves the inestimable benefits which would accrue to a community from the exclusion of yellow fever, typhus, cholera, and even, to a very great extent, influenza, (as we shall see hereafter,) and many other diseases from which populous communities now suffer deeply, in order to judge of the value of measures fraught with so much importance. To these truths, which, to the honour of the medical profession it may be said, are becoming known through the unpaid and, until recently, unaided labours of that enlightened and philanthropic body, governments cannot remain indifferent. In all civilized countries protection to the lives and properties of all, rich and poor, educated and ignorant, together with a due care for the morals, religion and education of the entire community are the true and, we may say, the only objects of government. How is this great function to be exercised by the constituted authorities? Surely it must be by a due consideration of the best means of ensuring the accomplishment of the end in view. It is no longer possible for us to view the occurrence of pestilence, war and famine as the beneficent means instituted by a wise Providence, and proper to be encouraged by a prudent government, for reducing an over-grown and redundant population. We can no longer view the extermination of the poor and ignorant classes of a community as the best means of adding to the wealth and comfort of the rich. Though these barbarous ideas were at one time put forth by the erudite writers on political economy, wiser and less savage views are now entertained, and the poor man is deemed worthy of at least as much consideration in the eyes of his fellow man as he enjoys in those of the great Being who made him; while

sanatory investigations have shown that the rich and prosperous can, in no way, more effectually ensure the preservation, among themselves, of that blessing of health so dearly prized by all, and without which wealth and grandeur can have no more earthly duration than poverty and famine enjoy, than by contributing to the healthfulness of the very lowest classes; for, if these are left so destitute and degraded as to generate disease and death in their dark and dismal dwellings, it will not be long before the wings of the free air will give motion and direction to the deadly emanations, and waft them into the downy apartments of the gay and happy.

Perhaps no stronger testimony can be adduced in favour of the view which attributes the mortality of communities to their hygienic conditions than that furnished by Copland in his dictionary of practical medicine. In his article on Plague, paragraph 106, after gathering, with all the tact he possesses to so eminent a degree, and all the earnestness of a most devoted contagionist, every proof he can find in favour of the exclusively contagious nature of that disease; its uniform introduction into any given place from abroad; and after supporting this opinion, with all his acknowledged ability, in direct opposition to the view sustained by others, that it is capable, under propitious circumstances, of spontaneous generation, he is forced to the following admission:

“There are many circumstances which favour the opinion,” (spontaneous origin) “and many which militate against it: first of the former,

“Of all cities or places, Cairo furnishes the most numerous circumstances conducive to the production of this pestilence *de novo*; a crowded population in dirty, close and ill ventilated chambers, especially in the Coptic quarters, narrow streets with open sewers in many places, and abounding in filth, the accumulation of decomposing animal excretions and exuvæ; a rich, deep soil, saturated with animal matter; low, close, dirty, and ill-ventilated habitations; the burial of the dead within the walls of most of the Coptic habitations; contaminated and unwholesome water; adjoining inundations; great humidity of the air during part of the year, and a temperature from 50° to 60° Fahr., are a combination of conditions *sufficient to generate a pestilential malaria*, or, at least, a putro-adyamic form

of fever, especially when they exist in marked grades, or are aided by a scarcity of food, by great humidity and stillness of the air, and, probably, also, by a negative state of the electro-motive agency in the atmosphere, and on the earth's surface. If these do not actually give rise to the pestilence, without any pre-existing germ or seminium they may be inferred, at least, to be most influential in developing, propagating, and even in perpetuating such a germ; and in giving rise to a susceptibility or predisposition of the population to be infected by it, as far as these favourable circumstances extend, and among all who are not protected by a previous attack, or by other causes."

Nothing can be stronger than this. We have here the admission, qualified it is true, of the stoutest, and, perhaps, the most powerful champion of contagion in many of the diseases which are far from being given up by the advocates of the epidemic origin of these forms of disease, that certain circumstances in combination are sufficient for the effect. This is virtually abandoning the point. If the disease in question may be generated by the malaria, and if, as elsewhere admitted, in the same article, introduction alone cannot do it, since plague does not spread when brought into well-ordered cities, and into cities situated beyond the required thermometric range, it follows, as a logical deduction, that it is the local and not the adventitious cause which is acting. We suppose that few advocates of the spontaneous side of the question will deny that the introduction of diseased bodies, and of all the exuvæ secretion and excrement which these bodies throw out into an atmosphere already charged with the proper elements of disease, may give the impetus, and set the machinery in operation. We are even ready to admit that the super-added element may be capable of giving the final form to the pestilence which is to commence. But all this does not change the current of our reasoning, or lessen the importance of placing communities, by means which may readily be carried out, into such hygienic condition as will render them safe from the introduction of pestilence,

Before turning our attention to the appalling lesson of the late season in our Southern, and also a portion of our Northern

communities, we will, just for one moment longer, dwell on the sources from which we have already drawn so freely, for the purpose of exemplifying, by the history of one of our most common and least geographically circumscribed diseases, the influence of sanitary measures on the general health. The same London committee from which we have quoted in relation to cholera, yellow fever, and typhus, attributes the spread of influenza to similar causes.

"The cholera districts, the typhus districts, and the influenza districts, are the same," they say; "and the local conditions which favour the spread and increase the intensity of these, and all kindred maladies, are everywhere similar. The proof of this is found in the fact that in the districts in which we have already shown that cholera principally prevailed, and from which typhus is rarely if ever absent, influenza was twice, and in some instances four times, as fatal as in more salubrious parts of London."

The summer of 1853 will long be memorable in the annals of our country. Never have disease and death spread their fearful and desolating blight with such ruthless fury in the land. We shrink from the task of comparing the mortality of the past season, in our comparatively healthy communities, with the most awful records of the pestilences which in former times, when the comforts and even the necessities of life were but sparingly enjoyed by the miserable populations of the old countries, have swept away these poverty and panic stricken beings like mist beneath the sun. It is probable, from the cursory investigation we have made into this painfully interesting question, that the city of New Orleans, and perhaps also some of the smaller communities in the neighbouring region of country, have paid as heavy a debt of retribution for neglected hygienic precautions as was ever exacted by the plague, the black death, the typhus or the cholera in the old world, or the yellow fever in the tropical regions of either hemisphere. When the authentic history of this scourge has been compiled, and the full extent of its ravages revealed, the reader will stand aghast at the conviction that in the nineteenth century such virulence may

be assumed by diseases as shall set at naught the best directed and most untiring exertions of science and humanity, and he will, with sagacious intelligence ask himself the question, why has this been so?

In attempting a reply to this question we must, under Providence, attribute the virulence of the epidemic, and the extraordinary range it took, to the miserable hygienic condition of the populations it decimated. This is not the place to discuss the subject of contagion, infection and epidemia. But we may, without going into the subject, just draw public attention to one single fact of importance to the views we are bringing forward. If yellow fever spreads by contagion or infection, and is to be excluded by quarantine laws, why has the virulence of its type and the extent of its range taken such entirely different proportions this season from what it has ever before assumed?

To answer the question satisfactorily, we must refer to two points: 1st, the history of such diseases as are universally admitted to be contagious, or infectious; 2d, the condition of the communities in which yellow fever prevailed last summer, in regard to the sanitary measures in force within them.

Among diseases, the contagious nature of which are not to be questioned, we may, selecting only a few, name, small-pox, measles, scarlatina, syphilis, itch, and a long list of cutaneous diseases. These, it will not be contended by any, are ever to be prevented from spreading by hygienic means. The only safeguard against such is segregation of those who are liable. If the separation of the well from the sick be carefully effected these diseases cannot spread, but if such separation is not brought about the well will receive the disease from the sick; and if it be the sick that change place they will carry it from one community to another, and so enlarge the area of its prevalence. Quarantine laws, well enforced will effect the circumscription of this class of diseases within any given limit; and a properly regulated police will restrain them even in the communities where they have obtained a footing. No sanitary regulations alone will

do this. Separation of the sick, to a certain distance, from the well is the only effectual measure. While the disease exists in the community, though, its virulence in individual cases and its proneness to spread will both be increased in exact proportion to the neglect of sanatory measures. This last remark applies equally, or rather with much greater force, to epidemic diseases; for, if they are introduced into a community and find the proper nidus, they will germinate and spread; if they do not they will die out with the cases that introduced them. This has usually been the case with yellow fever in many of the places into which the sick from New Orleans went during the late season, for, on this occasion, instead of terminating, as usual with the original cases, or at most with a very limited number of cases, among those who have been rendered rife for disease by fear, fatigue, exposure, or other causes arising out of the circumstances of the sufferers, an entirely different result has followed. The disease has spread in every direction. It has mattered little whether quarantine restrictions have been put upon commerce or no. The disease has stalked in unrestrained freedom over the whole face of the country, in a large range of surface, and has slain its thousands and tens of thousands, in apparent disregard of many of the laws which have heretofore been supposed to regulate its course.

The attempt to account for this deviation from the ordinary history of yellow fever will form an answer to the second point made above. In doing this, we must necessarily be brief, not attempting to spread out all the facts which have been brought to light, but only submitting a few of them, taken promiscuously. And although the advocates of a contagious, infectious, or transmissible nature for yellow fever affect to admit no force in any argument drawn from what they call *negative* proofs, including in this category all those cases in which the disease has failed to spread, after introduction into a community, and attributing this failure to a want of susceptibility in the inhabitants, or a condition of the atmosphere unfavourable to its spread, an argument which, in our opinion, only strengthens the position we take,

(viz :) that the communication is through the air; we will first cite the well-known facts immediately about us, and then proceed to others which have occurred further off.

During the summer of 1852 yellow fever originated *spontaneously* in Charleston, in the midst of an atmosphere contaminated to the utmost by causes which have been already laid before the public. This season our city has been unusually free from the sources of malaria, (filth, moisture, etc.) and it has, in consequence, enjoyed an exemption from disease which would be remarkable anywhere at any season of the year. But beyond this, six cases of yellow fever *were actually brought into the City*, three in a vessel from Baltimore, one from Philadelphia, one from Havana, and one from New Orleans. Two of these, after running their course in the City, were conveyed to the lazaretto, where they died, which accounts for their not appearing on the city bill of mortality; the others recovered. Yet no other cases followed. The disease did not take root though the heavy rains of September, and the low dew point and point of condensation had caused some of our observers to announce that the city was rife for disease. An active police had done its duty, and we see the result. Are these *negative* facts?

In the September number of the New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal the editor holds the following language:

“About the 26th of May last, the first case of yellow fever entered the Charity Hospital, and, after death, black vomit was found in the stomach. The first fever cases originated among the shipping, along the levee, in the Fourth district. A large population of unacclimated persons, living in wooden huts, with floors and timbers soaked in water, and half decayed, were seized with the disease in the most malignant form. For some time previously, rain had fallen almost daily, and this, added to a hot burning sun, seemed to give strength to the poison, and lent intensity to the disease. The streets in the vicinity, for the most part, were unpaved, or planked, and the culverts, gutters, etc., were filled with water, saturated with filth and decaying vegetable and animal matter. The crowded state of these huts and low wooden tenements, with thin floors steeped in mud and

water, is admirably calculated to generate and propagate the germ of a disease which had already been sown in their midst.

"The habits of these people, (being chiefly Irish and German labourers) notoriously negligent and filthy, and utterly indifferent to all those precautionary measures which a limited knowledge of the laws of hygiene should suggest, seemed only to add fuel to the conflagration which was destined to extend its ravages to every portion of our devoted city. Hence, for some time, the yellow fever confined its work of death within peculiar localities—but by and by, gaining strength by what it fed upon, it began to travel to other and more distant points—to extend its arms, so to speak, in every direction, until it grasped the four districts within its deadly embrace. For some time the hope was entertained that those who paid proper regard to personal comfort and cleanliness, who dwelt in high, airy and well-ventilated apartments might escape the disease; but this proved a delusion—it soon became apparent that, as heretofore, the epidemic was no respecter of persons—the master was stricken down with the servant—the mistress with the maid—the proud and wealthy were brought to a level with the humble and needy. All who had not passed through some one of our epidemic seasons were exposed to attacks from the disease."

Here we have a graphical picture of the way in which an epidemic spreads. As the atmosphere becomes more and more contaminated the disease spreads further and further from its focus: the diameter enlarges, the circumference spreads. The poor in their hovels, constructed in the least eligible situations, and in the cheapest and least healthy way, are the first victims, because the disease takes its start from such locations. The rich in their airy places and well constructed habitations at last receive it, not because they go to seek it by putting themselves in contact with the poor in their infected district; this they most scrupulously avoid, even shutting up their houses and imprisoning themselves within doors in hopes thus to keep out the subtle enemy; but they take it, because the whole atmosphere has become deteriorated. They cannot exclude the air of heaven, and therefore they must admit the deadly plague, because it has seated itself on the wings of the wind and flies along with it to its ultimate destination.

Some remarks of the London Commission are so confirmatory of these views, that we cannot refrain from giving them to our readers. They say at page 28 of their first Report :

“Difference of social grade less exempts the individual from the attacks of cholera than of fever ; and cholera more often and apparently more capriciously, bursts its usual boundaries, and attacks the inhabitants of comparatively healthier districts, amongst whom it there proves little less mortal than when it ravages its accustomed haunts. If, as is justly remarked by the Registrar General, in the present social condition of the civilized world, the vast populations of different and distinct nations are intimately united—if it be true, that were the health of India sound, Europe might be safe, and bear no more of the epidemic which is now traversing Russia—if the lives of thousands depend on the condition of the Pariahs of Jessore, much more in one town and city must the health of the wealthiest portion of the inhabitants depend on the salubrity of the poorest.”

We cannot, on such an occasion as the present, follow the same course of investigation, with regard to the concomitants of the epidemic, in all the situations in which it appeared along the Mississippi and in its neighbourhood, as it would fill more space than we have at our disposal. But we may refer to the universal remark, that moisture, heat and filth have been traced as its precursors. And further, to the no less important fact, that along most of these places the great father of rivers flows with his immense and far pervading influences extending on all sides. How much these influences have to do with the generation and spread of the epidemic, we are not yet prepared to say. But they are, on all hands, admitted to be great. Passing by, therefore, the other places, with this single, but important remark, that, though patients who have sickened in New Orleans have passed through their illness and died, perhaps, in every one of them in other epidemic years, without the disease spreading beyond the single cases, this year it was reserved for us to behold these places decimated by the scourge, (proving to

our mind their unhealthy condition,) we will pass on to one or two examples from other quarters, after giving one more extract from a New Orleans authority.

Dr. Axson, editor of the New Orleans Medical Register, writes thus in describing the manner in which the authorities of that city reclaim land :

“A viler compost—one more abounding in disgusting, offensive nuisances, cannot be found anywhere. Standing, on an evening after sunset, on any portion of our levee, one might realize something of the disgust of Coleridge at Cologne :

‘He might count two-and-seventy stenches
All well defined and genuine stinks,’

so thick and reeking are the odors escaping from these foul spots. They are the burial places of all dead animals, from a mouse to a horse, the common receptacle of the offals from every cook shop and kitchen, of the refuse vegetables, bones and garbage of our market houses, and the sweepings of our streets. If the art of man could contrive anything worse than this, we should like to see it. Yet we breathe this foul air, worse than the abattoirs of Paris, and wonder that we sicken and die. Rouse up we must, and set our household in order, if the future is to be spanned with brighter hopes and stronger assurances. We will have to look more intently at home, and more closely into our domestic habits, more narrowly into our social vices, more determinedly on the negligence of our laws, if we are to be anything besides the immense lazaret-house the late pestilence has made us.”

We ask if this is not a true picture of what we have but recently seen amidst and around us? If the process here described was not going on in 1852, even while the pestilence was upon us! And if the disease took root and grew among us then, whereas it has altogether failed to do so the past season, when a very different state of things has existed, though it has been brought into the city, what is the reasonable inference? We disclaim again the intention of discussing the question of contagion or of putting forth views intended to sustain the negative side of the argument. We are seek-

ing for the best means of banishing yellow fever from our city, and the facts we adduce are brought forward for the purpose of elucidating that point. We wish to show how much may be done towards this end by Hygienic measures which we *can* carry out, while, though offering no opposition to the enforcement of quarantine as far as it can be done, we shrink not from the responsibility of maintaining that these laws, without the other measures, are utterly unavailing. Unavailing for two reasons: first, because they are insufficient in themselves: second, because they can never be enforced.

This has been the state of things at the South, let us now hear what the North has to say. It is well known that yellow fever has appeared the past season in New-York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. We have not at hand the authentic reports from the first and last of these places, but will readily admit the correctness of the newspaper statements that it was owing to importation. Let us just pause to ask of the candid reader the question, why it has spread this season, whereas it has always died out for so long a series of years preceding, unless there is something more, this year, than importation to account for it. May we not fairly receive the other statements, which come to us from the same sources, that less attention than usual has been paid to the cleanliness of those cities during a season of unprecedented heat, while they were crowded beyond their utmost capacities by travellers?

From Philadelphia we have the statement of Drs. Biddle and Smith, editors of the Medical Examiner. They say:

"Thus far the fever has been confined to a very limited district, embracing an area of not more than six hundred yards in length by two hundred in breadth, bounded by Union street on the north, Second street on the west, Almond street on the south, and Delaware front on the east, a neighbourhood by no means densely peopled; but in many places the houses are confined and filthy, the Delaware avenue defective in surface drainage, the cellars in the vicinity damp and subject to an overflow during the flood and ebb of the tide

waters of the Delaware, rendering the neighbourhood insalubrious from excessive moisture, and the exhalation of noxious vapours, the product of animal and vegetable decomposition.

"The origin of the fever may be involved in some doubt and obscurity. Whether from a specific germ imported in the bark Mandarin, or the product of her putrid bilge water, or of spontaneous birth in that particular locality where the irruption first manifested itself, still remains a perplexing question to solve. One circumstance connected with its history is clear, viz: that no yellow or malignant fever, or any epidemic, pervaded our city prior to the arrival of the bark Mandarin. This unfortunate vessel arrived here, all well, from Cienfuegos, Cuba, after a passage of seventeen days, on the 13th July last, and hauled to a wharf between Lombard and South streets. Six days after, the first outbreak of fever of a malignant type showed itself in that immediate vicinity. From this point it spread itself in about one month over the district above named.

"It may be proper here to state that the Mandarin came from a port in the West Indies, where 'a few cases of small pox and fever' prevailed; that she lost two of her crew from 'fever' on the passage; that her bilge water was in a very foul condition, and, notwithstanding she was detained at the lazaretto for cleansing purposes, yet, after opening her hatches and discharging her cargo, consisting of sugar and molasses, the bilge water was exceedingly offensive, and before she was removed by the Board of Health, the stench became intolerable.

"During the two weeks that this vessel remained in the vicinity of South street wharf, the mean of the thermometer was $79\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$.

"As already hinted, the first case of suspicious fever happened on the 19th July, six days after the arrival of the Mandarin, in the person of Joseph Sharp, a young and healthy carman, at South street ferry. On the next day, the 20th, five cases were reported, on the 21st, four cases, etc., up to thirty-eight cases.

"The 21st case, of John Haslett, the drayman, cannot be traced to any portion of the infected district, although he stood on Chesnut street wharf, and was engaged daily in hauling goods along the eastern front of the city, and may perchance have been within the range of infection.

"In enumerating all the facts in connexion with the appearance of this fever it must not be overlooked that at the dock fronting South

street there is the open mouth of one of the sewers of the city, belching forth at all times its decomposing compounds of filth, which, when the tide is low, being exposed, must contaminate the immediate atmosphere with foul and unwholesome exhalations."

What agency the two cases of fever which occurred on board the *Mandarin*, at a date which is not given, during a passage of seventeen days, had in the outbreak of yellow fever in Philadelphia twenty-three days after she had left a port in which "a few cases of small-pox and fever" were reported to be prevailing, we will not attempt to determine. But will just remark that since 1820, the date of the last yellow fever epidemic in Philadelphia, many vessels must have arrived in that port from places where a similar state of things prevailed without spreading the disease, while it has probably never happened that in such a neglected state of the cleanliness, drainage and sewerage of a particular quarter of the city, a vessel has come into that very vicinity and added to the existing causes of malaria such foul, offensive material, while the thermometer was showing such an extraordinary degree of heat. Let it be borne in mind that the *Mandarin* had been at the quarantine, and was allowed to pass up to the city. In this instance, at least, therefore, no good was effected by that measure; and so it will ever be if quarantine alone is relied upon. But if the main object we keep in view be the most rigid enforcement of such regulations as will ensure cleanliness, ventilation, drainage, etc.; if all the efforts of a thoroughly disciplined police be bent towards the execution of a well devised system of laws having those objects in view; and that quarantine restrictions be made part of that system, and entirely subservient to it; then there will be a reasonable hope of effecting our object. The *Mandarin* should have been examined at the quarantine ground, not with a view to learn whether she had fever cases on board, but whether her hold and cargo were in a cleanly and healthy condition. The public authorities of Philadelphia are fully aware of the importance of this precaution, and we consequently find that the quarantine officers who passed this ship without inquiring into the state

of her hold have been subjected to a legal process, on an accusation of neglect of duty. Something of this nature was to be expected, for the remarkable exemption of that proverbially clean city from yellow fever for the space of thirty-three years can only be accounted for as a result of ceaseless and untiring vigilance. If ships are made to undergo restrictions lest they should introduce disease into the ports they visit, they and their crews should be guaranteed from the consequences likely to accrue to them from entering filthy and unwholesome ports. The vicinity of South street should not have been allowed to present the unwholesome state of things which existed there. Who shall decide the question whether, under a better sanatory condition, the same result would not have taken place last season that has so often happened before, (*viz.*) that the trade of the city with tropical ports might have been carried on throughout the summer with impunity? It is well known that the exemption which Philadelphia has so long enjoyed from yellow fever, after having been as severely scourged by it as any other Atlantic city in the Union, is attributed to her better paved, drained and cleaned streets, and to her magnificent water works. The district visited by the fever this summer has been shown to have enjoyed none of the benefits of those improvements. The inference is irresistible.

The reports we have from New York and Baltimore in no respect differ from that from Philadelphia, but as at the moment of writing we have not those reports from authentic sources, we will not dwell on them. One thing we remark, though, is that the intense heat of the summer has been matter of too common notoriety for us to entertain any doubt about it, or have any hesitation in using it for our purpose. We will therefore say that, in this respect, the tendency has been to the production of fever in those places, and the usually filthy condition of the streets in New York is too well known to leave us in any uncertainty as to their situation during the past season.

Heat moisture, filth and crowding, then, we assume to be the most obvious causes of epidemics. That many other causes concur with these we do not doubt; as the electric

condition of the atmosphere, course of the winds, dew point, point of condensation, etc., as well as many other circumstances relating to the condition of the population, and their habitations, etc. But those first named are of the most general and pervading influence, and are, at the same time, most within the power of the public authorities for correction. To the consideration of these, then, we now address ourselves.

Drainage offers us the only means of diminishing atmospheric moisture, which we may control and direct. The meteorological changes of the air are beyond human power, so far as any *direct* agency can be set in operation for the purpose of correcting or restraining them, but, nevertheless, much may be effected by *indirect* means. If it is beyond our power to throw into the atmosphere a sufficient amount of chemical ingredients to change its composition, after this has been determined by agencies in operation on the earth's surface, we can at least act, in a large majority of cases, upon those terrestrial agencies, and so, mediately, effect changes of the utmost importance to human health. A well devised system of drainage will in this way do much towards lessening the quantity of moisture in the air, by carrying off from the surface of the earth, a large amount of the surplus water from which this moisture is derived by evaporation, while it will at the same time, if combined with judicious sanitary laws, devised with a view to the promotion of cleanliness, by causing all filth and decomposing material to be washed away by the flow of this water through well constructed drains, or to be removed by other measures set in operation by an active and well-directed police, materially affect its chemical composition.

Nor is it the chemical ingredients alone which may be thus modified. The animalcular and vegetable life, supported by the air, and wafted about by all its movements, finding entrance into the lungs, the stomach, the pores of the skin, etc., with our breath, our aliment, and the water we drink and with which we perform our customary ablutions, may be and doubtless are, greatly increased or diminished by the same agencies. So that we are fairly entitled to assume, for

the measures named, no small control over the constituents of the atmosphere. If, therefore, the course of reasoning we have pursued in the first division of our subject has had the effect of showing that under certain states of the atmosphere, the human system is prone to disease; that moisture and filth contribute mainly to the production of that state; and that, by removing these from the surface of the earth, we have it in our power to withdraw from the atmosphere the chief sources of its unwholesomeness, is it wise—is it rational for us to delay one moment the enforcement of those means which reason and experience prove to us will attain such noble results?

In devising an efficient system of city drainage, many important objects must be kept in view. In the first place, the district to be drained should be examined by a competent surveyor for the purpose of obtaining a proper level for the bottom of the drains. Situated as we are, here in Charleston, with but a slight elevation above the level of high water, this base-level should be selected, so as to obtain the greatest depression from the surface of the soil, compatible with an elevation above the half-tide mark, sufficient to give the requisite grade for running off the water. We have taken half-tide as the grade point, not because this is preferable to high-water mark, but because our elevation above the sea is so slight that we cannot take the latter. Indeed, there are portions of the surface of the city which are below spring high-water mark, and which are, consequently, submerged at every recurrence of these tides. This is particularly the case in the vicinity of the market. A considerable part of the street is here submerged at every occurrence of the equinoxial spring-tides, occasioning an admixture of the salt water with the fresh, but filthy, surface drain water, with all its offal of decayed fruit, vegetables, cook-shop refuse, etc., producing a compost of the most unwholesome kind, and, without doubt, concurring largely towards the production and spread of fever, when it occurs in the City. Upon this half-tide level then, all drains should be calculated at their mouths or points of discharge; their upper ends should have some elevation above this level, so that the water dis-

charged into them will receive the proper impetus for sending it in the right direction. The position which the City has, between two rivers, converging and finally meeting at the southern extremity, gives peculiar advantages for the construction of an efficient system of drains on a regular plan. Unfortunately the drains already constructed have been laid down without any regard to this or any other plan, so that much difficulty will now be experienced in carrying out any system whatever of drainage. Nevertheless much may yet be done, for a large part of the City is still undrained, and in this portion regularity may be introduced, whilst all repairs and improvements to the old drains might be so planned as to bring them gradually to the proper level.

Through the centre of the city along its whole length, from north to south, and equi-distant from both rivers, a large main drain should be constructed. This main might be so pitched that, at high spring tides, the river-water might be received into a reservoir of sufficient dimensions, constructed at its upper end, and retained there till low water, when it might be let on in a body, into the drain, and by rushing rapidly through, cleanse the whole system of drains, which would branch from it, much more thoroughly than this could be done by the ordinary current of the drainage-water. At proper intervals, too, along the course of this great aorta of the system, large cross-drains should be planned, taking their origin from it and going, by the shortest and straightest direction, to the rivers on each side. These main-crosses should descend regularly from their inner to their outer ends. Such a system would, if carefully laid out by a competent surveyor, afford the general outline of a plan, capable of extension to any requisite amount. Nor does it seem to us that the irregular plan, on which the city drains of Charleston have been heretofore laid down, offers any great difficulty in the way of carrying out that which we suggest. If an accurate profile of the drains, as they now exist, were made out, important advantage might be taken of the depressions which now exist in them, below the proper level, for the purpose of converting these depressions into cisterns and cesspools, where deposits would take

place, and from whence the work of cleansing might with great facility be effected.

The next object of special attention in the construction of drains, is the proper size which should be given to them. This, and the other points to which we propose to draw attention, are independent of any peculiarities in the local situation of the places specially referred to, and, therefore, our facts and reasoning may be adduced from such sources as seem least exceptionable or most trustworthy. Committees, chosen for the purpose of collecting information on these subjects have so fully performed the duty assigned them, in England, that we will quote from them. Much of the information we refer to, is published by the general board of health, for the use of the local boards and their officers, engaged in the administration of the "public health act." The report was presented to both houses of parliament, by command of her majesty, in 1850, and is entitled "Minutes of information collected with reference to works for the removal of soil-water, or drainage of dwelling houses and public edifices, and for the sewerage and cleansing of the sites of towns."

The experiments showed that it was not necessary to make an increase in the area of main drains, corresponding to an increased number of inflowing side drains, since the increased velocity attained by the water in the main was such, that an addition of eight junctions of three inches each (these small drains are the tubular drains, of which we will speak presently,) into a main of only four inches, so increased the velocity of the stream, that there was no increase of its sectional area.

Again:

"By an adaptation of the size of tubular drains, to the water which they are required to convey, with the same quantities and inclinations, a velocity of discharge more than four times greater was, in some important cases attained, and complete and rapid clearances effected, and heavy substances swept away which, previously, formed part of the accumulations of decomposing matter, polluting the air of towns."

"It was found, also, that a great reduction of the sectional area of the system of drains was generally expedient, and would effect a

constant clearance of deposit, and prevent those accumulations of decomposing matter, which made the drains and sewers of towns only systems of cesspools, the cleansing of which occasioned as great an annual expense as would be required for the substitution of an entirely new set of works."

This latter remark of the committee is peculiarly worthy of consideration by our city authorities. We are in precisely the situation described by them, as existing in the unwholesome parts of London, and the cleansing of our cesspools may, on proper examination, be found to bear the same relation to reconstruction that theirs did.

With a view of establishing something definite, as to the size proper for drains, the committee give the following calculations :

"Taking a man of ordinary size, it will be found that a height of one foot eleven inches will just allow him to squeeze through on hands and knees: and three feet three inches will admit him crouching: and four feet, stooping. To these must be added two or three inches, to allow of the rising of the body when moving forward, and there should be some additional allowance for indurated soil in the bottom of the sewer."

"Taking these data, one can scarcely allow less than from two feet four inches to two feet six inches for a man to crawl through, and three feet six inches for a man to crouch through, and four feet four inches to four feet six inches for a man to stoop through: and as few men are less than twenty-one inches across the shoulders, it will not be unreasonable to say that two feet is the least width in which a man can work effectually, although he may pass, sideways, through fourteen inches."

"Taking the limited height of twenty-six inches from the bottom of a public sewer, to the bottom of a private or side drain, as a fair and reasonable allowance for the accumulation of soil in such sewers, before the private drain can be obstructed, and the sewer be said to be foul by adding two feet six inches to that, we shall find that four feet two inches is the least height which it is advisable to give a *public sewer*, but four feet six inches is better, as allowing freer space for cleansing."

To prove the correctness of the views in relation to the advantages possessed by mains of smaller dimensions, over the

old-fashioned large ones, accurately devised and executed experiments were instituted, and the results were altogether favourable. The following is sufficiently to the point, to be quoted :

“ A drain of five feet six inches high and three feet six inches wide, was replaced by a twelve inch pipe : it sufficed for draining an area of forty-four acres. The velocity of the flow was four and-a-half times greater than in the large drain : and as the force of a stream is proportionate to the square of the velocity, the cleansing power of the concentrated stream in the pipe, would be about twenty times as great as that in the wider sewer, consequently, stones, &c., which might rest in the latter, would be swept away by the more rapid flow.”

In the construction of these drains, it was found that great accuracy in the surface was necessary. Unless the floor of the drain presented a perfectly smooth surface, paper, straw, chips, &c., were arrested and hitched on the projections, and thus formed the nucleus for the collection of all the solid matters that pass into the drains with the water, clogging and fouling them in an incredibly short space of time. In the old drains, in London, the commissioner found this evil to exist in all of them, and we may safely say that an examination into the structure of our drains, would reveal exactly the same state of things. In the construction of ours, sections of slabs or any other refuse materials are used for the flooring of drains, and in many instances not even this poor apology for a surface will be found, the earth itself, without any covering, being made to answer this purpose, shown by the London experiments to require so much accuracy and nicety.

The next point, in the construction of drains, to which we will ask attention, is the shape. The committee remark :

“ With regard to the best shape for large drains, perhaps the egg-shaped offers most advantages” (the small end downwards,) “ where the drain is very large, as you get with this shape the least frictional resistance to the flow of water, whether the quantity passing be great or small. But as the circular form presents a surface in a

great degree resembling the egg shaped, and only differing materially from it when the size of the drain is greatly augmented, so as to approximate the surface or chord of the circle over which the water flows to the flat form, it may be said that, as a general rule, the circular is the best form. And this is the case, also, in an economical point of view; less material being required to construct the circular than the uprights."

The advantages which the small circular drains possess over the old-fashioned large square or upright ones, are set forth in the following remarks of the committee. They say :

"By using small tubular drains, the advantage is obtained of having the best shape for running off a quantity of water, as less friction is offered by the sides of the drain and a deeper stream is obtained, by which means obstructions are readily removed, which would have remained in a large flat drain, impeding the flow of water and catching other impeding substances, till the drain gets entirely choked. Again, these small drains allow of a greater declivity being given to the drain, by which a more rapid flow is given to the water, which enables it still more readily to carry away obstructions. These drains should also be as short as possible. They should be free of all roughness internally. The best drains are of stoneware, manufactured at Lambeth. The principal causes of choking, in tubular drains, are from the pipes being badly laid, at wrong levels or reversed inclinations, with bad joints, irregular surfaces inside, improper, porous materials, and bad baking, &c."

Again :

"It was found that a large portion of sewers were constructed with flat bottoms, which, when there was a small discharge, spread the water, increased the friction, retarded the flow and accumulated deposit. It was ascertained that, by the substitution of circular sewers of the same width, with the same inclination and the same run of water, the amount of deposit was reduced more than one half."

Much testimony is brought forward and many experiments detailed, to show the great advantage possessed by tubular drains, manufactured of earthenware, and carefully made, so as to offer a smooth surface to the column of water running through them, and with joints skilfully construct-

ed, so as to ensure strength, smoothness, and the preservation of the level. The earthenware tubes, made of different sizes, were found to answer in all cases except for the mains. The experiments were not confined to the town districts, but were extended to suburban and even rural tracts, and were conclusive on the point. The minutes of information, after going over the whole ground and citing the results arrived at by all the different committees which have, at various times, and under the direction of various bodies in far remote parts of the United Kingdom, laboured in this and similar investigations, arrives at certain conclusions in the highest degree satisfactory. Of these conclusions, we have room for only a few. It says :

“It has been proved in 19,000 cases, and by the trial of more than 200 miles of pipe sewers, that these are better than the old brick drains.”

“That the brick sewers not only diffuse, into houses and streets, noxious products from the decomposing matter detained in them, but are more expensive for cleansing them and for repairing them.”

And from the absorbent quality of the material they become, we may remark, themselves, sources of effluvia.

The conclusions arrived at, in regard to the greater cheapness of the tubular than the brick drains are so important, and must have so much weight in determining the public authorities of the city, on the question of their introduction into use, that we will give a calculation from the minutes of information. They say :

“In the town of Rugby they are of glazed stoneware, of sizes varying from six to twenty inches, (for the trunk main,) laid at depths varying from three to twenty-eight feet, the average being ten feet six inches; the total length, converging upon a single outfall below the town, is six miles, 2,880 feet. The total cost, including all charges whatsoever, was under £3,600, being at the rate of 2s. 1d. per lineal foot, or about £550 per mile. Now, had that town been drained, with brick sewers of deposit, made sufficiently large for men to cleanse them, as arranged by the late surveyor to the city of London, in three classes, and at the contract price for such sewers, as laid down by the metropolitan commissioners of sewers, the cost

would have been £14,976, to which add £29 per annum for cleansing the brick drains and something considerable for repairs."

"At Croydon, the expense of tubular drainage was £439 per mile."

These calculations show a result in favour of the tubular over the old-fashioned brick drains of about two-thirds in cost for the Rugby works, and three-fourths for the Croydon, without taking into account the expense of cleansing, &c.

There is one point to which, as far as we know, attention has never been drawn in this country. We allude to the angle of junction. Ordinarily, the collaterals meet the mains at right angles. The result of this is, naturally, a very considerable impediment to the free flow of the current of water ; a marked diminution in its velocity ; an increase in the friction surface offered to the column of water, and a very great obstacle in the way of solid matters passing down with the current. Substances of this kind are rendered liable to arrest at these points, for two obvious reasons : first, the momentum of the moving force is very greatly diminished ; and, secondly, a mechanical obstacle is placed before them which necessarily arrests their progress, which can only be resumed in case the moving force of the water is great enough to set them a going again.

On this subject the Minutes of Information inform us :

"It was found that when equal quantities of water, with equal falls, in a sewer, were running *direct*, at a rate of ninety seconds, an equal discharge required, with a turn at *right angles*, one hundred and forty seconds ; whilst, with a turn or junction in a true *curve* the discharge was effected in one hundred seconds."

Diagrams are given, in the Minutes of Information, showing the effects of junctions at right angles on the solid matter carried in the current ; and also exhibiting the most eligible curves for use. And we also find the following important remarks :

"The smaller the flow of water to be conveyed, the more care-

fully ought the power of the flow or sweep to be economized, for the sake of preventing, or, if formed, of clearing away any deposit. Exactness of workmanship is most important for small pipes which are spread within dwelling houses; and the arrangements ought then to be most carefully considered, with reference to the entire system: whereas, in practice, they are the least so, because they are left to the most ignorant and incompetent hands. The construction of tubular pipes has been exceedingly careless," &c.

These observations are altogether applicable to ourselves. There is no kind of supervision exercised over the construction of these house drains. In many cases they are totally neglected, so that no means are afforded for clearing the premises of the refuse water and scraps, the dust and excrement of the kitchen and the house. Or if drains are laid, they are constructed without any regard to a plan, and generally by incompetent and ignorant workmen, who are selected rather because their charges are low than that their work is good. If the system of main drains is necessary, these small, domestic ones are not by any means less so. Indeed, one without the other is utterly useless. Like the arteries of the human body, these city arteries must be without impediment to the flow which they are constructed to maintain in all their parts, or their office is imperfectly performed. As an obstruction in the capillary system of the human circulating apparatus is felt in the aorta and even at the heart itself, so obstructed house drains impair the efficiency of the entire system of city drainage. Nor is this the only, or, indeed, the greatest nuisance resulting from negligence on this point: by the retention in these drains of all the refuse of the house and kitchen for days, weeks and months, beyond the reach of removal or correction, decomposition and putrefaction, in their most offensive and dangerous states, are carried on within the very houses and yards, and thus become most fruitful sources of disease and death instead of being, as they should be, the means of cleanliness and health.

In a city where a sanatory police is maintained, the whole arrangement of private yards should be amenable to the

regulations, which a judicious investigation of the whole subject, by competent persons, properly authorized may decide upon. Not only should the construction of the drains, we have been alluding to, be done under the supervision of the proper authorities, but the grading and leveling of such portions, at least, of the yards, as are in the immediate vicinity of the dwelling, the kitchen and the stable ought, likewise, to be matters of public concernment. And if, to these were added a requisition on every householder, to have his yard paved with brick or stone, we hesitate not to say that the effect on the general health would be promptly felt. If throughout the city, every private yard were thus carefully leveled, graded and paved, and properly supplied with sinks falling into well-constructed drains, which should lead underground, into street sewers built in the same careful way, the entire offal of each family would, at once, be run off, and thorough cleanliness be substituted for filth and stench, which cannot be gotten rid of in any other way that we can conceive of.

To carry out in its fullest extent, the system of domestic cleanliness and drainage, to which our observations refer, it would be necessary for us to have an abundant supply of pure water. Without this indispensable means of cleanliness, all other measures must result in but limited success. With it, and with the legal means of enforcing such a system, as we have hastily sketched, we do not fear to predict the result. It would be such as has followed similar precautionary measures every where else. At the risk of being tedious, we will cite an example or too. The Earl of Carlisle's "queries" furnish many in point :

"In the alluvial clay district of Sterlingshire and west of Perthshire, where the drainage was formerly effected by large open ditches, in the Dutch fashion, ague was periodically prevalent, and rheumatisms, fevers, and scrofulous affections were much promoted until the introduction of thorough drainage forty years ago; after which period those diseases began to disappear, or to be greatly mitigated in severity. Few cases of ague appear. Fevers are seldom known except in the usual course of fevers which prevail epidemically over

the whole country, and it is generally observed by the inhabitants that their cattle or stock are now less subject to diseases. In the undrained condition of those districts they were subject to dense fogs, especially in the autumnal months when much rain had fallen, communicating a chilly feeling to the inhabitants; but since the general introduction of thorough drainage these fogs seldom prevail, unless in a general foggy tendency of the atmosphere of the country."

"In respect of increased salubrity induced in towns and rural districts by drainage, I may instance the acknowledged disappearance of ague and other periodical maladies consequent on the great drainages effected in Cambridgeshire, as in the isle of Ely, &c., and in the Lincolnshire and other great marshes."

In Mr. Grainger's report on the present state of certain parts of the metropolis, &c., 1851, occurs the following extract from the report of the sanatory committee, 1849:

"That the obvious unwholesomeness of these places, (Church lane, &c.,) is mainly to be attributed to want of drains and sewerage."

The result of the neglected condition of these places was the appearance of "an unusual form of disease, namely, intermittent fever or ague."

"The attention of the general board of health has been called, by Dr. Pidduck, physician of the Bloomsbury dispensary, to the large amount of ague that has occurred in Church lane, St. Giles'. From the evidence of Dr. Pidduck and of Mr. Lloyd, it is evident that, in some instances, the individuals attacked had not quitted London; so that, in these cases, the disease was generated on the spot. It further appears that the number of cases has decidedly increased during the last three years.'

After giving several cases like that just quoted, the report continues:

"The general inference, from the limited instances is, that ague, when it does occur in London, arises in badly drained and damp localities, and is obviated by the removal of these causes."

Thus we see that, in the midst of London, the disease which, of all others, we look upon as a country disease; one originating in and confined to low, marshy, undrained tracts of rural district, may occur, if drainage is neglected. The general board of health, in a report, printed by order of parliament, in 1852, on drainage, cleansing, sewerage, &c., remarks :

“The testimony of such medical men as have daily observed the antecedents of disease, is now unanimous to the effect that, no population living amidst cesspool emanations, or in air rendered impure by such causes, can continue to be healthy. The strong may withstand these influences for a time, but even their general health is evidently lowered and their constitutions undermined, by continual exposure to such emanations, while the effect, especially, when concentrated upon the weakly and susceptible, is, in certain atmospheric conditions, extensively and rapidly fatal.”

Similar testimony, from authorities in our own country, might be abundantly produced, but we are compelled to pass on for the purpose of calling public attention to a point which, situated as we are in Charleston, is intimately connected with the subject of our remarks: we allude to the excavation of cellars under our houses.

It is not many years since the exertions of a public spirited member of our Legislature procured the passage, through that body, of a law prohibiting the excavation of cellars in the construction of houses. This law was called for by the acknowledged deleterious influence which those excavations had on the health of the city. Its passage was hailed with joy by all, whose attention had been called to the subject, and the only defect attributed to it was, that it did not, or could not, go farther and require the filling up of all those that already existed. The execution of this all-important law is now in the hands of our city authorities, and we regret to say, is habitually neglected. We consider this neglect as wholly unpardonable. No one doubts the unwholesome influence which these excavations exert on the health of the

city, and therefore no odium could attach to the public authorities for its enforcement, as if they were exerting unnecessary restrictions on the liberty of action of the property holders. In some of the most fatal of our yellow fever years, the origin of the disease has been directly traced to the laying open of a number of these subterranean fever-nests by fires; when the houses which acted as covers to them, being consumed, left their gases free to mingle with the atmosphere, and taint it to the point of originating the most fatal disease. This is no theoretical view. It has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the most skeptical. So thoroughly has the evidence been brought home to the comprehension of every one, that it is now the general remark, after a fire has occurred, that we shall have a sickly summer and autumn. The condition of the cellars about the city, after a rainy season, is truly deplorable. The receptacles, as they generally are, of all that is refuse and filthy, of all that is too foul and offensive to be left in sight; containing the accumulations of decaying and putrifying matters of every imaginable kind, after heavy rains, (and, in many instances, even without these,) water is added in sufficient quantities, and at the proper temperature for carrying on the work of decomposition and fermentation with the greatest activity. Few of these cellars are so constructed as to admit of any kind of ventilation, and that of the best must, necessarily, be imperfect. Many of them are so made as to be of no earthly use. Nominally, they are intended for airing and preserving the timbers of the lower floors of buildings. But this they can contribute in no way to effect, since the water they contain often rises up so high as to keep these timbers, at intervals, submerged and always moist: a condition well known to favour the decomposition of wood. It is a fact, familiar to all, that the very floors on which the inhabitants stand, sit, and sleep, in many of our houses, are laid in water, and never are dry. What must be the humidity of the air in such dwellings? Let the mouldering and discoloured walls answer this question. What earthly use can such cellars be of? We know of none.

It may be said that in some cases, where proper measures

have been taken for keeping out the water by a judicious use of cement, the state of things we have described does not exist, and useful apartments are obtained. This may be so. But there is still an objection. It is the utter impossibility of ventilating these apartments: of getting rid, at intervals, of the loaded atmosphere of these subterranean air cisterns, and introducing fresh pure air. This objection is particularly felt in seasons of epidemics. If the theory put forth by Dr. Wm. Hume, is sound, and it be true that the cellars of our city are the generators of yellow fever air, the remark we are about to make acquires additional force: but in any view of the origin of yellow fever, our observation holds good. We wish to ask particular attention to this remark, for in our view it is highly important. We say then, that the existence of a large number of these cellars, closed as they are against ventilation, effectually obviates the advantages which result from electric explosions, gales of wind and low ranges of temperature, because these influences are not felt in them. It is in vain that the surface atmosphere is changed, by these meteorological influences, when there are subterranean reservoirs filled with the same vitiated gasses, ready to pour out, afresh, their stores, till the general atmosphere is again, and in a short time, as much poisoned as ever.

It was remarked, in a preceding part of this paper, that one of the causes to which the great healthfulness of the city of Birmingham was attributed, was the absence of cellars: we might cite the well-known effect of the air of these dismal caves on human health, by reference to the dwarfed and deformed condition of the population which inhabits them in some of the towns of France, as Amiens, &c., but we need go no further than our own homes. There is proof enough at hand, in the history of yellow fever in Charleston, to sustain us in the position we assume, and we therefore leave it, satisfied that no one will attempt to controvert it. We will just remark, however, incidentally, that the dampness of these places and the abundant supply of water they constantly afford, furnish an endless nidus for the generation

of one of the greatest scourges of our climate—mosquitoes.*

The next of the sanatory measures which we proposed to discuss is cleanliness, but we have already overstepped reasonable limits, and must, therefore, desist from any attempt to go into that question. To consider it fully would involve the necessity for taking up, separately, several points specially relating to the general question, and each requiring full and extended examination. Such measures as are called for in view of the refuse accumulations about the dwellings and outhouses of human abodes, important as they are, form but one item in the grand sum of measures, which a full system of sanatory operations demand. The interior of human habitations are as liable to filthy accumulations as the exterior, and call for as careful and systematic cleansing. The whole subject of the proper construction of dwellings for that class of the population, that have not the means of planning and constructing houses for themselves, comes properly under

* While this article is going through the press, we find the following statement, which is so much to our purpose that we insert it entire.

NEWPORT, Wakulla, Fla., Wednesday, November 23d, 1853.

"To-day we perform the painful duty of recording the death of four more of our residents, from yellow fever.

"As mentioned in our last, with two exceptions, the disease has continued to confine its attacks to that portion of our population who left town just previous to, or whose houses had been closed during the greater part of the time—and who had probably not taken sufficient precaution to have their houses opened, and their beds, carpets, clothing, &c., well dried and sunned, previous to their return. Every person is aware that, in this climate, even in houses not closed, without a great deal of care, the articles mentioned are apt to gather a large quantity of mill-dew, mould, &c., which is, of itself, sufficient to render the atmosphere of a room impure, and to create sickness.

"None of those, whose houses were kept open during their absence, have been attacked. There are some ten or twelve new comers from other States, who remain healthy. And what is very unusual at this season of the year, we do not hear of a single case of sickness on shipboard.

"In regard to the two exceptions, we state that one is a young child; the other an adult, who had been for a week, day and night, constantly attending upon a sick family, in one of the houses which had been closed."

These facts bear, with convincing force, upon the statements we have made in reference to cellars, and are also applicable to the holds of ships.

consideration in viewing this part of our subject. And here we find so much matter for reflection, that it is futile to attempt to dispose of it in a few brief pages. There is no portion of the labours of the British Board of Health, which has brought to public view a more extensive field for the exercise of a humane and discriminating philanthropy than this. And if we turn our eyes to our own country, we will find that here no portion of the interest and importance with which these investigations are fraught, is lost. If we ask ourselves the question : among whom do the malignant diseases, which scourge our cities, find their victims ? The answer is, among the needy foreigners. If we enquire how these people are housed, we learn that they inhabit huts and hovels, where they are stinted for room, air and light. If we examine into the means they possess for cleansing and purifying their lodgings, and their persons, and clothing—we discover that these are so limited, that they grovel in filth, stench, and putrefaction, till we have nothing left to wonder at, except that man can approach so nearly to the brute in all his habits and not actually take on the brutal figure.

Our illustrations, in the course of these remarks, have been principally drawn from English authorities. They have been selected from those sources, because there we have found the most abundant material. Could we enter, at large, upon the deeply interesting portions of the subject which remain, it would be for the same reason, still from those sources we would in preference draw. Occasionally, we find at home, scenes similar to those which foreign authors paint ; but these are, for the most part, the very same figures, only grouped together on a different canvass. We rejoice to know that in the midst of our, so-reputed, down trodden slave population, these things are unknown. Our laws, therefore, for the correction of these evils—over-crowding, imperfect ventilation, insufficient water supplies, accumulations of ordure, &c., as well as all the measures we may plan and carry out for guarding our poorer classes from the results of the climate, and their own condition, are all to be laid with an eye to foreign emigrants. These are the sufferers here, as they were also in their own countries. It is to these our attention must be

turned. Our *Uncle Toms* do well enough, it is the *white paupers* who need our aid. It is among them that all the diseases we have been engaged in tracing to their sources of filth and negligence, arise. Unfortunately, though, it is not to them that these death-plagues are restricted. It is not alone the poor, squalid, hungry and ignorant, who find in the death which these pestilences introduce among them and their miserable offspring, a release from suffering less endurable than the pains of death itself; but soon the destroyer finds the way into the seats of luxury and ease. If the philanthropic views which have impelled good men to seek for the means of lessening the evils of poverty and disease among the poor labourers of Europe, are not to be admitted as among the motives which prompt the conduct of slave owners towards their slaves, or which actuate them in their efforts towards the comfort of a dependent class of their fellow-beings, there is at least that claim of the slave upon his master, which no other poor man possesses upon the rich—the claim of *interest*. It is the interest of the slave owner to see that the slaves are well fed, well clothed, well housed, well attended in sickness and in health, and in every way elevated above those physical wants, of all kinds, which breed disease and death in the habitations of the poor. If, then, the simple fact of our being slave owners is to make us worse than our fellow-men, and we be supposed incapable of those good and ennobling influences which prompt men to assist their more needy and helpless fellow-men, yet do the poor of our region suffer less than others, because it is our *interest* to protect them. But barbarous as we are supposed to be, and incapable of humane and generous feelings, yet we are willing to do something. We are willing to take up the poor, needy stranger who comes among us, because he can find no aid or sympathy at home, and do what we can to save him from the starvation and disease which have desolated the home of his birth, and sent him a beggar among savage slave holders. It is true that in doing so, we will be acting wisely in view of our own safety and comfort, because, by saving the poor from the diseases, which their unaided poverty would surely inflict upon them, we guard ourselves from the spread of

those pestilences to our own homes and families: and it is also true that good actions are most conformable to the high model of perfection given us in the sacred word of inspiration, when done without hope of reward: but it is also true that we are frail and erring mortals, and the slime of the serpent rests on our fairest works. If, therefore, we do as well as others, let those others be careful how they scrutinize too closely *our* motives, lest in doing so, they disclose their *own*.

W. T. W.

ART. VI.—CAREY ON THE SLAVE TRADE.

The Slave Trade, domestic and foreign; why it exists, and how it may be extinguished. By H. C. CAREY. Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart.

Oyez! oyez! oyez! Give ear, oh! ye nations! The infallible remedy for all the ills of life is found!—the monster humbug cometh. “Morrison’s pills,” “Swaim’s paanceas,” “Spanish mixtures,” “sarsaparillas,” and “ready reliefs,” hide your diminished heads. Let us hear no more of your “bad legs cured,” your fever sores, your pimples, and your ulcers; your rheumatisms and consumptions, blotches, boils and pustules. Bah! Here is that which, as the serpent formed from Moses’ rod demolished its antagonists, shall, in like manner, quickly swallow up your puny inventions. Oyez! oyez! oyez!—here is the great doctor of nations. Have ye sorrow? have ye poverty? have ye tyranny? have ye lethargy? have ye barren lands or sickly swamps; rivers inundating their banks, or sun-parched deserts?—behold your cure! Lo! the redeemer cometh; the great medicine man with his charms and his rattles! Mr. Carey has the remedy in his pocket; you may purchase the receipt for just one dollar, warranted to suit all cases. “The Slave Trade, domestic and foreign; why it exists, and how it may be ex-

tinguished," will tell you how all these evils may be cured by making the producer hold on tightly to his consumer. Don't let the fellow budge a step. "All the world's a stage," says Shakespeare; all the world, according to Mr. Carey, is a kind of contra-dance. Gentlemen, keep to your partners; you are perfectly free to dance as high as you please, but no meddling with privileges; we'll have no freedom of exchange.

Mr. Carey is the author of several works, which have procured him considerable notice as a political economist; and, in some of his mere recent productions, he has already puzzled a little the students of his theories by the peculiar species of free-trade of which he has, of late, made himself the apostle. Everybody knows what, in the ordinary acceptance of the terms, are free-trade and protection; but Mr. Carey's theory of free-trade, like Jacob's streaked and speckled lambs, seems a mysterious existence, which, not coming regularly within the laws of nature, has required some little ingenuity for its invention. It is, at least, a regular half-breed, a hybrid production, which his commentators are puzzled how to class. In his last work, which we have under notice, the writer's opinions take a more decided shape, and, although he flourishes his old standard, and mouths of free-trade and Adam Smith, as Louis Napoleon of his "*republique Francaise*," the mask is pretty fairly dropped. Louis Napoleon's "*republique*" is despotism; Mr. Carey's "free-trade" is protection, i. e. the limiting of commercial exchanges, the check upon what he considers as injurious exportation, is his panacea for every national evil.

Mr. Carey regards himself as having advanced some entirely original theories in political economy. Two letters of his, which have appeared in Putnam's Magazine, claim for himself the merit of having reorganized the science, and developed its hitherto concealed mysteries. Verily, Mr. Carey is right, at least in supposing that he has struck out a new track; he has made the marvellous discovery that protection is free-trade. While he claims to fight under the banners of free-trade, the whole substance of his book is an attack upon the liberty of foreign exchanges, and an argument in favour of forcing upon consumer and producer, by

means of protective tariffs, a local vicinage. He tells us that "the protective tariffs of all the advancing nations of Europe are but measures of resistance to a system of enormous oppression, and that it is in that direction that the people of this country are to look for *the true and only road to freedom of trade, and the freedom of man.*" (Vide Slave Trade, etc., p. 411.) They are measures of resistance to what?

A patient just roused from the nightmare, still shudders with a fearful horror at the thoughts of the monster of his dream. Mr. Carey appears to have had some restless nap, of which England has been the tormenting incubus, and almost every line of his present work shows his instinctive horror of this bugbear of his imagination. The laws and customs of England, he appears to think, enslave not only her own people and her own dependants, but her kiss is fatal as that of the vampire. Commercial intercourse with her is slavery; and friendship, moral death. *Hers* is the "system of enormous oppression," against which it has become necessary for the nations to guard themselves by "*protective tariffs*" as "*the true and only road to freedom of trade and freedom of man.*" Under *her* influence our U. States beneficently protective tariff of 1842 was replaced by the less protective one of 1846. By this latter tariff, or, rather, by the partial freedom of trade which, through it we enjoy, Mr. Carey contends that we have fallen into that class of nations which exhibit "a daily increasing tendency toward utter barbarism;" among whom "education diminishes and intellect declines." (P. 376.) "Slavery now travels north, whereas only twenty years ago freedom was travelling south. That such is the case is the natural consequence of our submission, even in part, to the system that looks to compelling the export of raw products, the exhaustion of the land, the cheapening of labour, and the export of the labourer. Wherever it is submitted to, slavery grows; wherever it is resisted, slavery dies away, and freedom grows, etc.'" (P. 375.)

Rather a marvellous piece of information this, for progressive America. We are quite willing to join issue with

Mr. Carey upon this point, for, although such reasoning does not ill accord with some of the fashionable "*isms*" of the day, and the rant about progressive slavery would better suit the style of argument of an Antoinette Brown, or her sister in the faith, Mrs. Sojourner Truth, than that of a grave political economist, we believe that not only the country generally, but the world, must decide against our increasing tendency towards barbarism, and our perishing intellect. In the palmy day of their wonderful and unexampled progress, the United States have but one shoal to fear—one danger to guard against—and that is not to be found in the centralization resulting from the institutions of England, which Mr. Carey seems to regard as a kind of ogre-power, destined to devour the vital energies of the habitable world, but in our own home centralization—a centralization which is the result of protection to our Northern manufactures, Northern coal, Northern iron and Northern shipping, excluding us, whether wholly or in part, from that very English market which Mr. Carey so much dreads, and thus building up Northern factories and Northern steam engines at the expense of our Southern agriculture, by shutting us out from our fair and natural markets. From such a system of protection, elevating Northern manufacturing privileges in fierce opposition to Southern agricultural interests, results the tendency which exhibits itself, yearly increasing, of the majority to trample upon the law. As the tiger which has tasted blood, the multitude discovers that it can with impunity deface what it hitherto has held sacred; constitutional regulations are forgotten, and "higher laws" called in to sanctify want of faith and breach of contract. From England we are safe enough could we but prove true to ourselves. English intermeddling may excite home fanaticism; but only home fanaticism, which seeks to crush one portion of our Union beneath the strongly centralizing tendency of the bloated and unjustly-grasped power of the other, can sound the death knell of our prosperity. No foreign power is destined to prostrate us; our fall will be suicidal. Linked in uncongenial brotherhood, if we of the Southern States shall ever be destined to meet our fate from Northern legislation, the wretched

twin, which is joined with us by bonds as essential to its own existence as are to the Siamese brothers those which confine them, must perish with the perishing prosperity of Southern agriculture. Blind as they seem to the fact, our Northern States prosper by us and through us. The South may prosper without the North States; the North cannot exist without the South, whether in union of government as now, or in the intercourse of friendly and independent states, as time may be destined to develope. Our agricultural produce is essential to their very being, under existing habits and institutions. From this are their store houses filled, and their ships laden; through this do their merchants grow rich, and their farmers flourish; and so much are they instinctively prompted by these facts, even while affecting unconsciousness of them, that, like the greedy boy in the fable, they too often defeat their own objects by attempting to grasp all instead of being satisfied with their natural portion. To this point tends all Mr. Carey's complex argument in favour of the necessity of vicinage between consumer and producer. We must eat our sugar and work up our cotton at home; i. e. the North States must have a monopoly of our Southern produce, and the command of our market; for it is, as we say at the South, "all talk for Buncombe," when Mr. Carey gravely argues that the South States should manufacture for themselves; that the "spindle and loom," should be "placed in and about the cotton fields;" and when he tells us that "the planters have labour *that is now wasted* that would be abundant for the conversion of half their crops, if they could but bring the machinery to the land, instead of taking the produce of the land to the machinery."—(P. 654.) This remark is made generally of "India, Egypt, Brazil, the West Indies, and our Southern States," which, however dissimilar in habits, institutions and government, he sees fit to jumble and lump together in argument. We answer for our Southern States alone, (having no room in anything less than a volume, at least as large as Mr. Carey's own, to go into an investigation of the varying institutions of each of the above named countries) that if Mr. Carey is serious in this assertion, no

six year old infant fresh from the nursery could be more ignorant than such a statement proves him to be of the condition and habits of our country. “*Waste labour*,” we have not to any important extent. We have an indulgent system of management which prevents us from forcing our negroes to an undue effort in labour; and as their capabilities for energetic action are, in general, far inferior to those of the white man, we allow them for their rest, amusement and arrangements for personal comfort an amount of leisure which may appear wasteful to the uninformed; the old, too, the feeble and the young, are frequently allowed to pass their time in a *dolce far niente*, which is the negro’s paradise. Perhaps Mr. Carey may think this *wasteful*. He would have the decrepit grandmother forced to throw aside her crutch, and her grand child of six or eight called from its nursery pleasures to drudge beside her in the labours of a cotton mill, while the feeble invalid whose only comfort for the hard treatment received from nature, is that sickness gives, under our indulgent system, the almost invariable privilege of rest, must at least half resign that prerogative to give every moment of comparative ease to the whirl of the spindle and the clank of the loom. Is it waste of labour to endeavour to leave the remnant of life a holyday of rest to the infirm, or the first bloom of it a holyday of joy to the young? Is it waste of labour to leave to the toil-driven husbandman his afternoon lounge, or his evening frolic? Is it waste of labour to give him time for his harvest dinner, or his Christmas week of visiting and feasting? If these form the waste of labour to which Mr. Carey refers, we can only say that we more than doubt whether there would be any amelioration in the condition of the slave by the abridgment of it. It is a common remark among us, of the slaveholding States, that foreigners and residents, from our Northern States, are the most exacting masters. Not that these are, we presume, naturally at all inferior in heart or conscience to the Southern-born owner; but that, ignorant at once of the nature both of our tillage and our labourers, they expect of the negro such effort as is by the brawny foreigner easily accomplished. The poor negro whose life is wretched, unless a

large portion of it be basked away in his congenial sunshine, sinks under such unaccustomed push of labour, broken in health, or heart, or both.

The physician called in to prescribe to a patient, looks at the tongue, feels the pulse, and makes every effort to discover, by attentive observation, the condition of the sufferer, before indicating his remedies. It is only the charlatan who pretends by clairvoyance, electro-biology, spiritual manifestations, or, other short-cut tracks to the mysteries of science, to prescribe by instinctive or super-natural knowledge. Mr. Carey has, unfortunately for his reputation as a patient student of statistics, jumped to his conclusions in a very clairvoyant style. We were amused some time since at a scene in "Blackwood." "A patient is brought into the presence of the *clairvoyant*, who, forthwith, proceeds to give a diagnosis of the complaint, and a description of its seat in terms which are certainly oracular—the interlocutors being the operator and the possessed one." "D'ye see that man?" "Ay, I see him." "Is he weel?" "Far frae it!" "What's the matter wi' him?" "The matter wi' him! d'ye no see yon?" "No, but what is't ye see?" "It's that, ye ken—the thing there! Lord save us, how it's louping! It's a red thing, and a'wrang thegither." "Ay, is't a red thing?" "Just that." "Will it get better?" "I dinna ken, there's something coming out o't that's no right. The man's no weel ava!" "Can ye tell onything to mak him better?" "Ay, there's a thing he might tak, but I dinna mind the name o't." "What is it, Davie man? Think again!" "O'o it's a pouter!" "A powder is it? and what's the colour o't?" "It's whiles a' coulour and whiles anither; ye can pit it in your mouth, gin ye like it! "What kind o'a taste has it?" "It's no nice." "If he were to take it wad it cure him?" "If it did him nae gude, it wad do him nae harm!" So it is with Mr. Carey. He sees the "red thing louping, and a'wrang thegither," and *notens volens* would have us swallow his "pouter" (dinna mind the name o't, Free trade or Protection, he is not quite sure which,) while we, feeling by no means safe in his assurance that it shall do us *nae harm*, are disposed to consult a little

our own reason upon the subject. Here is an evil, he determines, and "how it may be extinguished" is the question with him. He may be surprised at our response. "Do not extinguish it at all?" We are by no means convinced that the red thing *louping* is not rather a blessing, and no evil. The great heart perchance of our system, to stop whose *louping* will be death.

As we cannot find the waste labour which is a large part of the *wrang a'thegither* of which Mr. Carey complains, let us see further what he understands of the making of a cotton-crop. In his *beau ideal* sketch of a government for the nascent republic of Liberia, he proposes, as usual, for all evils, his *pouther*, i. e., protective tariffs to force home consumption of home produce. In the progress of such a system, machinery, &c. being brought into the country, it should be announced, "that at one time, cotton was to be picked, and at another it was to be converted into cloth—that in the summer the cane was to be cultivated, in the autumn the sugar was to be gathered,* and in the winter it was to be refined—that at one time, houses and mills were to be built, and at another, roads to be made," &c. &c., (p. 300.) Now Mr. Carey is well "posted up," no doubt upon the subject of building roads and houses, as they do such things considerably in Pennsylvania; and we see, in the nature of things, no possible objection to building a house one month, and working roads the next. Houses and roads are articles which can wait the convenience of the labourer and artificer. If they are not completed in January, they will do as well perhaps in June; at least there is no dead loss of the article by delay. Not so with cotton and sugar. If the laborer is called to convert his cotton into cloth, or, to refine his sugar, when he should be saving his provision harvest, preparing his lands for the next crop, scattering his manures, repairing his fences, or putting in his seed, the turn out at the end of

* By the way, what does Mr. Carey mean by "*gathering sugar*?" We have been accustomed to hear of gathering cane and boiling sugar, but never before imagined the possibility of sugar growing ripe to the hand, like well-filled corn. Perhaps it does so in Pennsylvania, as the old nurses tell us young babies are gathered in the cabbage bed.

the year, would indeed be "*wrang a'thegither.*" What is left undone in January, we may needlessly rue in June. The arrangement and nature of our crops allow but little waste time to the labourer. A constant succession of needful duties follow each other from New Year to New Year, and any manufacturing of cotton goods or refining of sugar, could be only effected by planters, without the ruin of their entire crops, by depriving the poor negro of the rest and comfort so necessary to his existence. He would have to work like, or perhaps even harder than, a northern or English factory operative. Mr. Carey's plan could have no other good effect than the depriving the fashionable philanthropic humbug of the day (*negrophilism*) of all pabulum for its existence. The negro race would, under his improved system, die out with us, as rapidly as they do in Mr. Carey's native State. Besides, even supposing us prepared for this wholesale and very facile method of extermination, how could the planter's pocket bear the heavy cost of establishing the extremely expensive machinery of cotton mills and sugar refineries, only for his negroes to work at them on spare afternoons and broken holidays? This stuff, of the spindle and the loom being "placed in and about cotton-fields," converting planters into semi-manufacturers, is as preposterously ridiculous as though we should insist upon it that Wall-street merchants must devote their spare time to medicine and tailoring—that, at one time, goods should be sold, and at another, converted into clothes—that, in the summer, accounts might be collected, and in the autumn, soothing doses of chloroform administered to the unlucky owners of empty purses.

No doubt, strong protective tariffs, such as Mr. Carey recommends, might, if forced upon us by violent legislation, induce a large portion of our community to abandon, what, in the natural arrangement of things, proves itself to be our most profitable labour, and to adopt another which nature condemns, but which government might prop up into an artificial value at the expense of nature; and thus, half the population of cotton-planting countries might be forced into manufacturing; and the spindle and the loom be thus intro-

duced in and about our cotton-fields. But what does this prove? That manufacturing could thus be made more profitable than agriculture? Not at all. It only proves that our natural means of existence, agriculture, being ruined by insane legislation, we would be thus forced from the natural, and consequently better pursuit, to the false and unnatural expedient of manufacture for a subsistence. It would be no difficult matter, by local legislation, under a sufficiently tyrannical government, to make it absolutely necessary to the comparative comfort, and even existence of Mr. Carey, that he should take up the pavement in front of his dwelling, to plant potatoes and turnips. Digging and hoeing would scarcely be as agreeable, nor perhaps as profitable, to the accomplished gentleman, as his literary studies; but drive his own theory to its height, and there will be no alternative. This would be going to extremes, Mr. Carey would answer. Granted—but who is to fix the limit? We must keep our hands from picking and stealing, lest they go on to house-breaking and robbery. If Mr. Carey insists that we must be forced from our natural occupation (happening with us to be agriculture,) to one which his judgment pronounces better, viz., manufactures—the loom and the spindle—may we not, with equal propriety insist, that it will be altogether better for his health and the comfort of society, that he shall abandon his special occupation of literature to adopt the hoe and the spade, because our judgment so pronounces best. He does not desire this change, which he considers uncomfortable and injurious, not only to himself, but to the world. We think otherwise, and demand governmental legislation to enforce our opinions. Here, we say, is waste labour and waste land. A portion of this pavement can be spared, as well as Mr. Carey's literary productions. Society will profit more by the turnips and potatoes. Let Mr. Carey be forced to digging. This is tyranny, Mr. Carey might well respond; tyranny of the most oppressive stamp. Equally, do *we* so answer *his* suggestions. Give us back your boasted tariff of '42, and we pronounce it tyranny; tyranny of the most oppressive stamp. Once admit the system to the smallest extent, allow the principle to be a correct one, and where are

its limits? Mr. Carey is as fit for hoeing as are we for manufacturing. Our individual judgment, we have the temerity to suppose as good as his. Who shall decide between us? Here is no longer a question of eternal right and justice, which the immutable laws of morality must determine, but a question of judgment. If the truth of the principle be allowed, some sovereign power must be enthroned, in order to limit its action; some Lord who shall issue his fiat; thus far shalt thou steal, and no farther;—thus far shall thy neighbours rights be encroached upon, but no farther;—thus far shall protective tariffs and monopolies raise the price of your iron and your coal, but here stop. Mr. Carey, no doubt, deems himself a very competent person to decide the proper bounds for his remarkable system of limited free trade; but from his judgment, we demur. Honest free-trade needs no such intervention to decide its limits. The public treasury overflows with specie, which it is most important to once more set in circulation. Let it then be done by lightening our imposts. Nature shows her own resources, and needs no “protective tariffs” to aid her in their development. As well might it be insisted that the cotton-field shall take its place by the loom and the spindle, as *vice versa*. What say our Northern friends to this? Shall we force the cotton-blossoms, by a hot-bed growth, among New England rocks? Shall we extirpate the golden harvests of Pennsylvania fields, and plough up her clover-pastures to produce a sickly crop of stunted bolls? Heaven forbid! and grant that our affairs may be guided by clearer-sighted political economists than Mr. Carey? If consumer and producer are to be hitched together, we must be consistent; and the cotton-mill, which is transported from New-England to Texas, should drive its expelled cotton-field back from Texas to New-England; or, this being impossible, consequent loss must ensue, and the country remains *minus* the extirpated cotton-field;—New England and Texas equally suffering from the loss. And yet such is Mr. Carey’s system. The loom and the spindle must, in spite of nature, be brought to the cotton-fields of Carolina and Georgia. Equally the cotton-field must, in spite of nature, go to the loom and the spindle of New England, and the yankees must try their

hand at cotton-growing. Consumer and producer must retain their juxtaposition, and Mr. Carey, self-instituted vice-roy under Providence, will regulate the exact amount of requisite importation in this line. Rather more difficult articles of transport, however, we *calculate* he will find them, than the heaviest cotton crop.

What wordy stuff too, is this of vicinage! Mr. Carey does not use the term in this volume, but his whole argument turns upon the necessity of the thing. Does he mean *local* vicinage or vicinage of accessibility? Does Mr. Carey forget that it is frequently more difficult to surmount a single mile, in some certain neighborhood, than a hundred in another direction? We can more easily (if let alone by protective tariffs) transport our cotton three or four thousand miles to the English manufacturer, than as many hundred to the mountain streams of North Carolina. What is vicinage? "Who is my neighbour," is a memorable question once answered by the beautiful parable of the "good Samaritan." He that showed mercy, he that aided the sufferer, was his neighbour. So, in all intercourse of men, not actual contiguity, not simple local proximity, but accessibility and facility of intercourse is vicinage. Our commercial neighbours are not simply the inhabitants of such portion or portions of territory as lie at the smallest number of measured feet or miles from us, but those nations whose habits, customs, produce and daily circumstances of life, render it most convenient and profitable for us to hold intercourse with them. The produce of any country will always naturally incline to its most convenient consumer; and this necessary accessibility of producer and consumer, Mr. Carey strangely confounds, and endeavours to comprise under the head of mere local vicinage. With such accessible nations, the unbiassed impulse of events, and the instinctive tendencies of nature, bring us at once, individually and nationally, into intercourse. Commerce is the great aggregate of individual intercourse, extending the hand of friendship from nation to nation, from continent to continent; practically enforcing, in its most expansive signification, that *neighbourhood*, which depends less upon inches and miles, than upon sympathies and mu-

tual interests. Mr. Carey's belittling theory would drive us back a century. We must cease to be America, to emulate *Russia* and *Spain*; which Mr. Carey places prominently among those countries which he sets before us as legislative models, in which *freedom grows*; classing them as remarkable instances of "great increase of intellectual activity," countries "in which civilization advances;" while we, unfortunate United States of America are, under the crushing influence of a more unrestricted commercial intercourse, on that unlucky list, "in which there is a daily increasing tendency towards utter barbarism." (pp. 375 and 376.) We can scarcely imagine how Mr. Carey could read over his proof sheets without laughing at himself; and sincerely hope that, for the sake of his own far-spread reputation, and that he may not, in his own arguments, furnish at least one somewhat practical proof of this retrograde action, which he asserts in American intellect, he will, as soon as possible, write a *requiescat in pace* over this strange jumble of argument.

Could we make up our minds to accept Mr. Carey's *dictum* as gospel, we might, under the present circumstances of our cotton crop, (which having suffered first from almost unexampled drought, and then from almost unexampled rain, leaves us reason to hope for a very limited yield,) find great comfort in his statement that "the planter becomes rich when crops are short." "He is almost ruined when crops are large." (p. 258.) This is one of Mr. Carey's discoveries. Could we not, artificially, produce a similar state of affairs, by compelling the labourer to eat up half his sugar and to burn or use for manure half his cotton? In Mr. Carey's system of legislation, an edict to such effect would appear but right and natural, and thus could make us poor demented planters, rich at once. This is even a simpler plan for our enrichment, than protective tariffs.

Because, in a supposed case, (for which vide pages 255 to 259)—a case which could not possibly occur under any natural combination of circumstances, but could only result from the most stringent and tyrannical protective legislation—Mr Carey proves that a monopoly, which would confine mill-power to a single neighbourhood, and force all the corn pro-

duce of a large territory to pass through a single confined outlet, would be indisputably ruinous to the producer, he thence argues—with what plausibility it will we think require but little penetration in his readers to determine—that we, who willingly choose the market of England, not because there is *no other*, but because we consider this the *better outlet*, are in the same road to ruin, and that we must, like maniacs, be guided, *nolens volens*, to our better destiny. Mr. Carey would shut us out from this large outlet, to confine us to a hundred little ones. We have now the choice between the numerous small and the larger one; and in so far as we *freely*, and unbiassed by tax or law, choose the larger outlet, he determines that we are in the condition of the corn grower, whom he imagines confined by the contrivance of a combination of corn-millers, to a single limited outlet. In other words, freedom of choice is not freedom of choice—free-trade is monopoly, and protection is free-trade!

The labour of the slave is, Mr. Carey tells us, to a high degree unproductive, and in proof of this statement he quotes from some unnamed letter writer in the “New York Daily Times,” who gives “the result of information derived from a gentleman of Virginia, *said to be* remarkable for accuracy and the preciseness of his information.” When Mr. Carey seeks statistical information concerning England, France, Germany, or Russia, does he go to French gazettes for the statistics of England, to Germany for those of France, or to Russia for those of England? taking the “*say so*” of *respectable gentlemen*, quoted at second hand by nobody knows who?—or does he enquire of the residents, and look into the literary productions and official reports of the several countries about which he seeks such information? Mr. Carey might find better authority in Southern matters than letter writers in the “New York Daily Times.” We have Southern writers and Southern papers that a student of statistics might find it worth his while to consult.

We have already remarked that Mr. Carey’s antipathies to England take so violent a stamp, as scarcely to be accounted for on any ordinary grounds. That England has her faults, her blotches, her boils, and her spots of rottenness,

so hideous that the eye shrinks from, and the heart sickens in their investigation, we surely are far from denying; great, glorious, but far from perfect, she bears about her full share of the soil of the earth; sorrow and sin, the voice of agony, and the cry of the oppressed, echo from ocean to ocean under English rule. Not, therefore, are we, however prepared, to see in England the mother of all iniquity; not therefore do we look upon her as some monstrous exception to the laws of the universe, but rather only as one of the many instances of the powerful of earth showing even in resplendent greatness the weakness and the failings of humanity. Mr. Carey tells us that England continually seeks to establish "a system of commercial centralization," having for "its object to compel all descriptions of raw produce to pass through England, on its way from the producer to the consumer, even when the latter are near neighbours to each other, and England distant many thousands of miles from both." To carry out this system it has been required "that all nations should be prevented from obtaining either the knowlege or the machinery required for enabling them to mine coal, smelt iron ore, or manufacture machines, by aid of which they could command the services of the great natural agents," wind, water, steam, etc., etc.—(pp. 260 and 261;) that she "has determined that the whole earth shall become one great farm, with but a single workshop, in which shall be fixed the prices of all its occupants have to sell or to buy."—(pp. 291.) Now what is the amount of these terrible allegations? Only this: that England, as a manufacturing and commercial country has not deemed it necessary to refuse the market of producing countries, and has not gone missionarying to force instruction in machinery, etc., upon the nations of the earth generally. What is the sin of England? She manufactures. To satisfy Mr. Carey, she must ruin herself, break up her manufactures, and protect those of other nations. "Has England," (he asks,) "ever endeavoured to strengthen the Neapolitan people by teaching them how to combine their efforts for the working of their rich ores, or for the conversion of their wool into cloth?" Has she given up Malta and the Ionian Islands?

Has she given up Gibraltar to Spain?—and because she has not, is she not responsible for the subjection of the Spanish people, for their poverty and their weakness? * We are not about to make ourselves the defenders of England, nor are we at all disposed to take up the cudgels in her cause. Her taxes and her monopolies have undoubtedly done much to crush and oppress her dependencies; but besides that, her efforts to arrest this system, and adopt a more enlarged one of free trade, become a principal point of attack with Mr. Carey; how, we would ask, except with her actual colonies and dependencies, is her authority exercised, and her system enforced? Mr. Carey tells us, (pp. 288) that “the nation (of England) is gradually losing its independent position among the nations of the earth. It is seen that the whole prosperity of the country depends on the power to purchase cheap cotton, cheap sugar, and other cheap products of the soil, and it is feared that something may interfere to prevent the continuance of the system which maintains the domestic slave trade of this country,” † and that to “this feeling of growing dependence and growing weakness,” is to be attributed, he thinks, the conciliatory articles which, from time to time, appear in her gazettes. “She is becoming, from day to day, less powerful and less capable of the exercise of self-government among the community of nations.”—(pp. 291.) “Throughout England there is a deference to rank, a servility, a toadyism, entirely inconsistent with progress in civilization.”—(pp. 324.) How, then, does a nation so degraded, so effete, maintain her influence and authority among foreign nations? Are we, of the Southern United States, or are we not, among her *de facto* subjects? Mr. Carey, as we have

* Mr. Carey maintains that England retains Malta and the Ionian Islands “as convenient places of resort for the great reformer of the age—the smuggler whose business it is to see that no effort at manufactures shall succeed;” and that Portugal and Gibraltar are “the seats of a vast contraband trade, having for its *express object* to deprive the Spanish people of all power to do anything but cultivate the soil.”—(pp. 378.)

† This is a new sin to find in England, and, in the face of recent Stafford House manifestations, and threats of Cuban interference, a rather remarkable accusation. England labouring to maintain our slave system!

quoted, says that her whole prosperity depends upon our agricultural produce, and yet again speaks of us as her abject subjects, in progress of ruin through her machinations. Her system of "commercial centralization," he says, (p. 127) "renders the agriculturists of the world mere slaves, dependent for food and clothing upon the will of a few people, proprietors of a small amount of machinery, at the mighty heart of commerce." "We see the women and children of Jamaica and Carolina, of Portugal and Turkey, of India and of Ireland, compelled to remain idle or to cultivate the land, because of a system which denies to all places in the world, but one, the power to bring the consumer to the side of the producer."—(pp. 202.) The "free-trade" system, i. e. the system of England, has for its object to prevent all other communities "from doing anything but raise sugar, coffee, cotton, wool, indigo, silk, and other raw commodities, to be carried, as does the slave of Virginia or Texas, with the product of his labour, to *one great purchaser*, who determines upon their value, and the value of the things they are to receive in exchange for them. It is the most gigantic system of slavery the world has yet seen, and, therefore, it is that freedom gradually disappears from every country over which England is enabled to obtain control, as witness the countries to which reference has just been made."—(pp. 364.) "The English system, based on cheap labour, destroys the value of both labour and land, and, therefore, it is that there is so large an export of men from countries subject to it—Africa, India, Ireland, Scotland, England, Virginia and Carolina."—(pp. 362.) Now, we repeat, how is this? Can Mr. Carey, for one instant, gravely contend that Carolina, Virginia or Texas, hold towards England the position of India, Ireland, or her African colonies? His arguments throw us all together in such strange confusion, that there seems no other egress than this conclusion from his labyrinth of words. Is it to-day that so distinguished a political economist must be taught the difference between compulsory and free action? As colonists of England, we rebelled against the system which her policy then and since inflicted upon her dependencies. As subjects, we rejected the taxed and shackled intercourse

which she endeavored to force upon us ; but, as free States, we accept her offered commerce, as one equally advantageous to herself as to us, and herein we are no more the subjects of her system than is Mr. Carey the slave of any individual who happens to have the cash to purchase the products of his coal mines. If Mr. Carey should be told, you shall not sell your coal or iron to X, Y or Z, but must limit your sales to P and Q, then, indeed by confining his market to P and Q, we put his produce at their disposal ; they may fix their own prices, and thus become the virtual masters of himself and his coal mine ; but if, in an unlimited freedom of exchange, he may prefer the market of P and Q, having still the liberty of turning to X, Y and Z when he so desires, then P and Q, even though they should find it convenient to sell them his whole produce, to the exclusion of all other purchasers, have neither power nor influence over him, further than is produced by the salutary bonds of mutual interest. Herein lies the difference between our Southern States and India or Ireland. Surely Mr. Carey, in his abstruse studies, has forgotten the A, B, C of the science of which he announces himself the prophet, or he could not at this day need to have this simple truth recalled to him by so humble an observer as ourselves. It is Mr. Carey's own theory which would limit his market ; as, for instance, were the government to decide that he must not sell his coal to X, Y or Z, because they are at an inconvenient distance, but must limit his sales to P and Q, whose immediate vicinage should render them the natural consumers of his produce, then, as we said above, P and Q, having the monopoly of his market, might fix their own terms and Mr. Carey becomes *de facto* their servant or slave ; and such is the condition to which his protective tariffs would tend to reduce all the consumers of the United States. Exclude us from the English market, which, of our free option, we select as our most profitable mart—limit us to our home consumer, our neighbour by miles and inches—and as inevitably we become his slave, his property, his chattel. Our labour is no longer our own, as its produce is not our own ; for that is not fully our own of which the legislation, whether of one or of many, fixes or

in any way limits the sale. All protective tariffs are, therefore, under free governments, virtual robbery, inasmuch as they take from, or more or less limit the right of the legally free man in disposing of his own property ; and this, under a free government, none has the right to do—under a despotism, the law which legalizes the act gives the right. Mr. Carey's perceptions seem to be somewhat obtuse upon this point. In pages 71, 72 and 73, of the volume we are reviewing, in order to prove that the policy of England is always the same towards her dependencies, he quotes first from "Gee on Trade," for the year 1750, and then from Lord Grey's Despatch for just a century later. In the first, with the avowed object of giving to Great Britain the entire rough produce of her dependencies, it is broadly stated that "manufactures in American colonies should be discouraged, prohibited." That "to stop the progress of any such manufactures, it is proposed that no weaver have the liberty to set up looms without first registering them, at an office kept for that purpose, and the name and place of abode of any journeyman that shall work for him. But if any particular inhabitant shall be inclined to have any linen or woollen made of their own spinning, they should not be abridged of the same liberty that they now make use of, namely, to have a weaver who shall be licensed by the governor, and have it wrought up for the use of the family, but *not to be sold to any person in a private manner, or exposed to any market or fair, upon pain of forfeiture.*"

Here, as we argued above, is an absolute enslaving of the colonist. He who has not the right to dispose of his own labour becomes consequently and necessarily, to a greater or less extent, in proportion to the check put upon him by a system of rule in which he takes no part, and to which he is not consenting, the serf or bondsman of the individual or government, thus shackling and limiting his exchanges. Such was, as every school-boy knows, the policy of England towards her dependencies (causing our separation from the mother country) and such to a greater or less degree it has since continued. The more enlightened theories, of later days, have dictated a course of improvement, and accordingly we find

Lord Grey in 1850, arguing the necessity of withdrawing from the tariff duties of Canada, such as were imposed simply in the view of protecting the interest of the manufacturer, and the propriety of limiting duties to the purpose of revenue. This, he most justly argues, is for the benefit of Canada, as leaving her population free, to profit, as they naturally desire, by the producing power of their soil, instead of being forced by protective duties from the tillage of that soil to an unnaturally fostered system of manufactures. There is no limit or check of any kind proposed upon manufactures, as in 1750, but simply a removal of checks upon another branch of industry. The manufacturer is no longer shackled to give an unnatural extension to agriculture, and Lord Grey simply argues that the agriculturist shall, in his turn, equally be set free from the shackles of the manufacturer. Let neither be protected ; let neither be forced ; let both be free to profit by all advantages of clime and country. One would suppose that it would be difficult to confuse two systems, so entirely distinct as are these ; and yet, because Lord Grey argues as any free-trade man will willingly concede, and even maintain, (for therein consist the *real harmonies* of political economy, or as Mr. Carey terms it, “ Social Science, ”) that England, not less than her colonies, will profit by this repeal of duties ; because she is willing to abandon the blind policy which drove us to revolution, and at last perceives, that beautiful harmony of interests which renders the freedom and profit of her colonies, at once her own freedom and her own profit ; because in this wiser and juster course she finds, not penance and punishment for past faults, but reward for present well doing ; because she sees this, and rejoices to find that, according with the old proverbs, “ honesty is the best policy, ” and “ virtue her own reward ; ” because she is not in sackcloth and ashes over the discovery ; but, on the contrary, congratulates herself upon having found the true road to profit, for which, a century back, she was blindly groping, Mr. Carey now declares her *policy to be unchanged !* “ The phraseology is different, but the object is the same ! ”

It is only a difference in *phraseology*, whether nature’s rule, or governmental tyranny regulates our exchanges ! It is

only a difference of *phraseology* whether a man carries his goods safely to a desired market, or whether in answer to a summons to stand and deliver, he hands them over to the highwayman. Perhaps this *phraseological* idea will account for some of the wondrous inventions of modern anti-slavery writers. It is only a difference of phraseology, they may, peradventure, maintain, whether a man eats or starves; whether he is lashed to the bone, or greasy, fat and comfortable! only a difference of phraseology! all figure of speech! Words are wondrous things under the management of some logicians. We have heard of a precocious student who proved his puzzled father an ass. An ass is an animal; you are an animal; *ergo*, you are an ass." Much in the same style, Mr. Carey proves the necessity of protective tariffs for the benefit of Southern agriculture. Heaven forefend that Southern agriculture should ever, like the patient old gentleman just referred to, submit to the ass's harness!

Mr. Carey, in his letters to the editor of Putnam's Magazine (August and September,) says that his books fail to meet with circulation, because they have too much originality of thought. His compeers in the study of political economy, he treats, according to French phrase, in a very *hautenbas* style, and tramples over their insignificant labours with a most delightful and amusing self-satisfaction. After having tossed a sneer at "the confused and worthless systems of Wayland & Say," he goes on to lash Mr. Mill, who, he remarks, "has no idea of any enlarged view of man and his actions, nor of the laws by which he and they are governed." Herein, he modestly states, consists "the difference between Mr. Mill and myself." Malthus, Ricardo, and McCulloch, receive one contemptuous *knock down*. Mr. Carey cannot condescend to "*regrind* them," and therefore he is not the fashion. Of Guizot and De Toqueville, he writes; "Why are they so eminent? Because, having no idea of principles or laws, they do not offer them to the consideration of their readers." "Their readers are beguiled with the idea that they are being taught, but they end as they began—not the least wiser—and hence it is that their books have had so much success."

Will our readers believe that the italics are Mr. Carey's own? Truly he should hug himself in the comparative obscurity of which he seems inclined to complain. He is altogether too wise for his day and generation. One great exception to the class of fools and pretenders of whom he so cavalierly disposes, he however acknowledges in the person of "one of the ablest of European economists, and most brilliant of French writers," by whom, he says, his own whole system, from beginning to end, has been reproduced." Mr. Carey's ideas have travelled to Europe, are there "*stolen*" and sent back to us in this "*rehash*." (Vide August No. of Putnam.) Alas! for Bastiat! the talented! the brilliant! cut off in the prime of life; admired and lamented by thousands to whom his lucid and beautiful illustrations opened, as it were, a new daylight in the studies to which he devoted himself; must all his fame be limited to being an imitator—nay, worse—a literary pick-pocket of Mr. Carey's *original* opinions? So says Mr. Carey, and acknowledges, therefore, in Bastiat, more talent than in any of his contemporaries. He had the talent to *steal*, and to *rehash*! One thing, however, a little puzzles us. In this stealing and rehashing, Mr. Bastiat, like some other thieves, must have mistaken the nature of the articles he was appropriating, and put them to a wrong use. Who that has read his beautiful "*sophismes économiques*," or his "*protectionisme et communisme*," can find any thing there in common with Mr. Carey's "protective tariffs?"

"So soon (says Mr. Bastiat, *Protectionism and Communism*, p. 11,) as the tax, losing its fiscal character, undertakes to repulse a foreign produce, to the detriment, perhaps of the revenue, in order to raise, artificially, the price of a similar national produce—thus committing an act of extortion against society, for the profit of a class—from that instant protection, or, in other words, spoliation becomes manifest."

Again: (ib. p. 20 and 21:)

"To call in the intervention of government, giving to it for object the regulating of profits and equalizing of fortunes; taking away

from one individual without his consent, to give to another without compensation, entrusting it with the levelling of society, by means of spoliation; assuredly this is communism. Neither the forms employed by government to effect this end, nor the fine names bestowed upon it, make any difference. Whether this object be pursued by direct means or indirect; by restriction or by taxes; by tariffs or by "the rights of labour;" whether it be heralded under the plea of equality, solidarity, or fraternity, the nature of things is the same; the pillage of property is no less pillage, because it is accomplished with regularity and order, systematically and by the action of law."

Again: (ib. p. 31.)

"Property does not exist, if I cannot change as well as consume it; and permit me to add that the *right of exchange* is at least as precious, as important to society, and as characteristic of property, as the right of *giving*."

These certainly are not now Mr. Carey's grounds. Vainly we seek him. Here he is *non est inventus*. Has Mr. Bastiat so altered his stolen goods as to make them entirely unrecognizable, or has Mr. Carey, with an unexampled liberality, abandoned his principles in favor of his talented imitator, generously consenting to adopt his own cast-off errors, that Mr. Bastiat may *appear* original? However this may be, certainly Mr. Carey can now claim little in common with the author of "Sophismes," when he tells us, as he does, (Putnam, August, 1853,) speaking of his own recent work, the "Slave Trade, &c.," that, "*there is no book which throws so much light on the study of social science.*" This volume, as we have already partly shown, and will still further show, aims, throughout, less at supporting a system of free-trade and liberal government, than one of universal equality and what the author calls freedom; a system wherein it shall not be asked how, in varying situations, God may have suited man to his varying circumstances, or what capacities he may have given him for acting in those circumstances; but black man and white man, Celt and Saxon, man of every race and every capacity, in torrid and in frigid zone, is equally to be clinched down by the universal laws of Mr. Carey's univer-

sal system of "social science," and for this great object, his *pouther*, i. e. a patent decoction of protective tariffs, is ready.

Is this communism? There is a strange squinting towards it. "Protection, (says Mr. Bastiat,) in extending itself, becomes communism, just as certainly as the young carp grows to be an old one, if God only grants him a long enough life.*

The system which requires taxes and monopolies to check the action of nature—the system which aims at making certain men free, by protective tariffs, which unjustly tax the labour of other men, is but a shuffling of slavery from the shoulders of one to the other. Because *God* has not made all men *free*, i. e., as Mr. Carey uses the word, *equal*; (for he classes, alike, the English labourer, the Irish emigrant, the United States' negro—in short, all, who are suffering and oppressed; all, who are in want or in bondage, under the name of slaves;) because some always have been, and apparently must continue to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water," to the more fortunate or the more highly gifted, therefore, we must needs alter this God's world, to modify it into Mr. Carey's world. We must have protective tariffs to equalize men into what he calls freedom, or rather, into what is, as we have endeavoured to show, one universal bondage—only our masters are those certain individuals for whose benefit such taxes may chance to be imposed. The tariff of '42, which Mr. Carey so much lauds as causing the great prosperity of the United States, and by the repeal of which, we are, according to him, rapidly sinking into barbarism, made us virtual bondsmen of the northern United States cotton manufacturer. That which he would now impose would, we are inclined to believe, from certain indications, aim at a coal and iron rule. At least the interests would play into each other's pockets, and after the manner of the famed Roman triumvirate, with their obnoxious citizens, our self-elected masters would consent to the decapitation of one public right after another, until we should be pretty well shorn of all that is worth preserving. In

* *La protection, en se généralisant, devient communisme, comme un carpillon devient carpe, pourvu que Dieu lui prête la vie.*

illustration of the blessings of the tariff of '42, Mr. Carey tells us that, previous to its enactment in the years '39, '40, and '41, "throughout the whole length and breadth of the land," i. e., the Northern States, "there was a universal cry of 'Give me work ;' make your own terms—myself and family have nothing to eat," and the consequence of this approach* toward slavery, was so great a diminution in the consumption of food, that the prices at which it was exported to foreign countries, were lower than they had been for many years, and thus it was the farmer paid for the system which had diminished the freedom of the labourer and artisan." (Page 366.) This was under the "strictly revenue provisions of the compromise tariff." With cheap cotton and cheap food, came so great a decline in the demand for labour, that thousands of men found themselves unable to purchase this cheap food, to a sufficient extent, to feed their wives and children." (Ib.) We suspect exaggeration in this statement of extreme distress ; but the more literal it is, the more it proves the enormity of the system which caused it ; and this system *was not* that of the strictly revenue tariff. Mr. Carey himself, warm admirer and advocate as he is, of protective systems, cannot contend that letting people alone forces starvation upon them. A protective tariff may give, but the want of it cannot take away, except in so much as it withdraws what protection has given. Charity may require the almsgiver to give, but there is no robbery in withholding. These starving people were starving from want, Mr. Carey says, of protective duties ; from want, that is to say, of charity. Their case certainly was a sad one. But whence this necessity, transforming a whole people into beggars ? Whence this extreme need of protective duties ? From the fact that they had been educated to them. Like the child in leading strings, they had never been left to their own resources, nor had learned to use them. A protective policy had induced, for years, false applications of industry, which, when this protection was withdrawn, became, of course, valueless, and

* Having *nothing to eat*, is an *approach* toward slavery ! Slavery, then, fully developed, is what ? Something a step further than nothing to eat. Wonderful creatures these slaves must be, to be able to exist on something less than nothing !

great distress ensued. We grant that here was injustice. These spoiled children of governmental protection, after being for years fondled, petted, and nourished, at the expense of their less favoured brethren, are suddenly turned loose and told to take care of themselves. As a matter of course they *cannot*. But whose was the injustice? Which system is responsible for their condition? Surely not that which says to them, “take care of yourselves;” but that which has so enfeebled their physical, and bewildered their moral powers, as to make them not only unable to take care of themselves, but even unable to perceive the absolute justice and indispensable necessity of their learning so to do. As the lounging exquisite who wrings his father’s purse to supply his gambling necessities, and in fashionable drawl laments the impossibility of finding a decent maintenance, because some diplomatic or other governmental post does not stand ready to pay him for doing nothing, would, instead of taking to the plough, cry “injustice” against the old gentleman as soon as his means for indulging his promising heir run short;—so it is with these sturdy beggars. They do not ask *charity*, or we might more patiently listen to their demands. They have so long had their hands in our pockets, that they have ceased to distinguish between *meum* and *tuum*, and because they are hungered, bawl out as lustily for our loaf, as does the spoiled baby for its brother’s ginger-bread. If Mr. Carey meant to teach us a lesson in charity, his argument should have been different; charity is sued for, not forced. If the farmer really suffered in common with the manufacturer, it could only have been in so far as he had profited from the bloated prosperity of the latter. We repeat it; ceasing to give is no robbery. Injudicious giving is mistaken charity; and the gift which is robbed from another, is at once injustice to him who is despoiled, and to him who receives the result of the spoliation. The one loses in that of which he is actually despoiled, and the other in the false habits of industry, to which, by his unnatural gains, he is induced to turn his efforts. Because, suffering results from the withdrawal of an abuse, this is no reason for continuing the abuse. The wise patient will not shrink from the surgeon’s knife.

Amputation is preferable to disease, and a short penance better than a long sorrow.

Mr. Carey laments that for want of a protective tariff factories are closed, and the building of mills and furnaces has ceased. So be it. If the profits of factories, mills and furnaces, are not self-sufficient for their maintainance, it is full time that they should be closed. Their parasitical growth can bring nothing but extended loss, if not ruin, to the country upon whose sap they are allowed to fatten. Again he says: "Local places of exchange decline, and great cities take their place; and with the growth of centralization grows the slave trade, North and South. Palaces arise in New York and Philadelphia, while droves of black slaves are sent to Texas to raise cotton, and white ones at the North perish of disease, and sometimes almost of famine."—(pp. 368.)

One radical error in Mr. Carey's book is, that he continually makes the mistake of assuming two or three States to be the whole country. It is quite possible that palaces may rise in New York and Philadelphia, to the detriment of smaller commercial marts; it is quite possible that their "white slaves" may perish of disease, and almost of famine, and none more than ourselves will sincerely lament these disastrous consequences of misplaced legislation: none sooner than ourselves will acknowledge that such may be, nay, to a certain extent, almost must be, the effect of such a system of legislation as this country has pursued. Those States which profited by the monopoly given by our protective system, naturally suffer from its cessation; but not, therefore, can this cessation be pronounced an evil. Because loss must fall upon the wrong-doer, and upon him who, whether knowingly or ignorantly, has profited by the wrong, not, therefore, can we pronounce its cessation a cause of lamentation; and Mr. Carey's mistake is in supposing that New York and Pennsylvania, or rather certain sections of New York and Pennsylvania, are the United States. We hear no cry of "give us work," in the Carolinas, in Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana or Texas; we hear of no slaves, whether white or black, "perishing of disease and almost of famine." If an occa-

sional cotton factory be closed, (and Mr. Carey is obliged to drag in, more than once, his demonstration of the "Saluda Manufacturing Company") we make no complaint. The factory is abandoned because our labour is more profitable in the cotton crop. Nature says to us, raise cotton, and I will compensate your labour; spin it, and you will do it at a loss. Mr. Carey would, by a protective tariff, offer a *bonus* to the spinner, that he may compete with the agriculturist. He would force labour, as he cannot force nature. We ask nothing of the kind; but entreat to be saved from such protection. If our manufactures cannot support themselves without the *bonus*, it is the most convincing proof that we had best let manufacturing alone. The mill and the furnace which cannot work without protection, are better abandoned. When they are needed they will find strength to stand alone. Mr. Carey gives sickening extracts from New York and Philadelphia papers, showing the extent of vice and misery pervading those cities. He holds up to us (p. 369) from the "New York Courier and Enquirer" "the hideous squalor, and the deadly effluvia, the dim, undrained courts, oozing with pollution; the narrow stairways decayed with age, reeking with filth, and overrun with vermin; the rotten floors, ceilings begrimed, crumbling, oftentimes too low to permit you to stand upright, and windows stuffed with rags;" "the gaunt, shivering forms, and wild ghastly faces in these black and beetling abodes, wherein from cellar to garret,

' All life dies—death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable! ' "

He shows us, (p. 370) from the "Philadelphia Evening Bulletin," poor needlewomen living upon the "wages of sin," "pawning their clothing for bread," and often "literally without a crust." All this is indeed fearful, and proves that these suffering wretches need charity—need perhaps municipal assistance; but certainly not governmental protection; their case is entirely beyond the sphere of such influence. Because New York and Philadelphia pay the price of their growing

magnificence, and, midst their palaces, teem with misery and destitution, must Georgia, Texas and Carolina be taxed to relieve it? That tax, withal, being so laid that for every dollar dispensed in the cause of the wretched, hundreds, illegally taken from us, must first go to pile up the gains of their merchant princes. No cries for aid are heard from us. Our negroes, forsooth, are sometimes "sent to Texas to raise cotton." This seems by, Mr. Carey, to be considered the equivalent for *dying of disease, and almost of famine*. What a hell that Texas must be! and the poor negroes to be sent there to *raise cotton*! Fearful fate! And yet, after all, some of those shivering forms and wild, ghastly faces, pawning their clothing for bread, and sometimes literally without a crust, might be glad perchance of a not less comfortable refuge.

Mr. Carey may think that he has done enough to satisfy us by putting upon nearly the same level our system of negro slavery and the white slavery (so called) of other lands. We reject, however, such associations *in toto*. Starvation is not an *approach* towards slavery. The Southern slave is, in spite of Mrs. Stowe, Mr. Carey, and the legion of assertions to the contrary, well clothed, well fed, well treated, in every way comfortable beyond the labouring class of any country, and, although not enjoying the luxuries of life, is as far from starvation as his master. It is, however necessary to prove that we have our wretchedness too, and for this purpose, from whom does Mr. Carey quote? He has very properly proved from New York and Philadelphia papers the respective misery of each of these towns. He has not needed, or sought to that effect, extracts from the *New Orleans Delta*, the *Picayune*, or the *Richmond Enquirer*. But to prove the parallel in the case of Richmond, what authority does he find? a Richmond paper? No. The *New York Tribune*; a paper notorious North and South for its restless incendiarism, and one, the most libellous of the South, that the country furnishes. For New Orleans, he crosses the ocean to quote from a radical British Reviewer, the slanders of Dr. Howe, a noted New England abolitionist, who, having prospered in the teaching of deaf and dumb children, and received, as he

merited, his meed of praise therefor, forthwith thinks himself a great man, and according to the fashion of the day, among little great men and *strong-minded* women, would try his hand at dabbling in *philanthropy* generally. Such authorities are not worth combatting; indeed, cannot be combatted. False assertions cannot be argued against. If a man insists, as a fact in his experience, that the rainbow is black, what argument can be advanced to the contrary? We may talk of decomposed light, refracted rays, etc., etc. It does no good; he still swears that he saw it. You may call him fool and liar if it will comfort you, but that is the mere enjoyment of personal luxury, and in no degree advances your argument. Let a man swear the blackest falsehood in creation, he will always find fools and knaves to believe, or who pretend to believe, him. If Dr. Howe and the "New York Tribune" assert that Southern rainbows are always black, owing to some decomposition of negro exhalations, or some diabolical affinity to the negro's master, there is no use arguing to the contrary. Dr. Howe and the New York Tribune's contributor saw it, and Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Carey will believe it, and North British Reviews, and teachers of "social science," if they have a twang of the world-reformer about them, will be sure to quote it.

We will presently return to Mr. Carey's opinions touching slavery, asking our reader's patience for a few words more upon the subject of his peculiar system of *protective free-trade*. Adam Smith is the only political economist of whom he speaks with respect, and of the system of Adam Smith he declares himself the continuator. Let us see. He quotes from Adam Smith thus:

"'An inland country, naturally fertile and easily cultivated, produces a great surplus of provisions beyond what is necessary for maintaining the cultivators; and on account of the expense of land carriage, and inconveniency of river navigation, it may frequently be difficult to send this surplus abroad.' Consequent abundance attracts workmen who 'give a new value to the surplus part of the rude produce by saving the expense of carrying it to the water side, or to some distant market.' 'The cultivators get a better price for their surplus produce, and can purchase cheaper, other conveniences

which they have occasion for.' 'As the fertility of the land has given birth to the manufacture, so the progress of the manufacture reacts upon the land, and increases still further its fertility.' 'Though neither the rude produce, nor even the coarse manufacture could, without the greatest difficulty, support the expense of a considerable land carriage, the refined and improved manufacture easily may.' 'The corn which could with difficulty have been carried abroad in its own shape, is in this manner virtually exported in that of the complete manufacture, and may easily be sent to the remotest corner of the world.'"

Here are truths clearly announced, and to which we can see no possible exception—but how Mr. Carey can, from these, deduce his principles, it is hard to imagine. Dr. Smith has supposed a country producing a surplus of provisions, and, with a market of difficult access, goes on to show the natural course of circumstances, in such a country. Mr. Carey, as a *parallel case*, takes a region: South-Carolina, Texas, Alabama, or Louisiana, for instance, whose more profitable produce is not provisions, but cotton and sugar, and where the facilities of exportation are sufficiently great, to enable the producer to export his cotton, at a much larger profit to himself, than he could make by raising provisions for the market. The proof of this is found in the fact that, he, unhesitatingly, devotes himself to the cotton culture, limiting his provision crop to his own necessities—and following the suggestion of Dr. Smith, in putting sufficient labour upon his produce to suit it for exportation. As the farmer does not send his corn abroad in the bulk, but has it, first, transformed into flour, not deeming it necessary to finish the operation by baking it all into biscuit, so, we do not send our cotton in the pod, nor our sugar in the cane. They are both manufactured sufficiently to suit them to our means of transportation.* In such a country, Mr. Carey would *imitate* Dr.

* Perhaps Mr. Carey does not know this fact. He has elsewhere spoken of "gathering sugar;" he may not know how much of the manufacture of cotton, also, is actually done by the planter. The ginning and preparation of the cotton-wool, is, in fact, no insignificant portion of its manufacture. It should be a relief to Mr. Carey to know that the *poor negroes* are allowed some hand in the manufacture of their produce.

Smith, by *forcing* a provision crop, by *forcing* a further home manufacture, by *forcing* a home consumer, and then congratulates himself on his proposed exploits; as though a gardener, who should devise a plan, by exterminating the produce of acres, to give, in their stead, a few sickly hot-house plants, should laud himself, for his genius and usefulness, in saving the labour of importing a bushel of oranges or a basket of pine-apples. Will Mr. Carey allow nothing for difference of soil, and difference of natural produce? Will he, we have already asked, force cotton upon New England rocks, or in Pennsylvania iron mines, that we may raise turnips and cabbages in southern swamps? must New York and New Jersey grow their own oranges and pine-apples, that the West Indies may coax a scanty wheat crop from uncongenial soils? Shall China drink up all her tea, and yankee-land live upon its ice, its wooden nutmegs, and its "notions?" There is, in Brazil, Lieut. Maury informs us, the "ipecacuanha region;" an immense plantation of three thousand square miles; its crop is perennial and may be gathered the year round—fifteen pounds may be collected, by a single hand, per day, and it is worth one dollar per pound, at Rio Janeiro. But the transportation is tedious and expensive. Mules are the carriers, and one year is consumed in a single trip of the caravan. Now, to say nothing of the rhubarb, jalap, sarsaparilla, copaiva, nux-vomica, &c., &c., &c., of Paraguay, for which delicacies it might be difficult to find a market of home consumers, we would beg Mr. Carey's friendly counsel for these poor Brazilians of the ipecacuanha region. What can be done for them? Transportation is difficult and distressingly tedious. Must their ipecacuanha crop be abolished to grow potatoes? or will Mr. Carey devise, for them, a system of home consumption? As the loom and the spindle must come to our cotton fields, surely all ipecacuanha consumers might congregate in this three thousand square miles; cottages might be built, and an agreeable place of resort spring up. All that is received from the soil, Mr. Carey tells us, "must be regarded as a loan," and must be returned to the earth under penalty of losing her future favours. This ipecacuanha produce would be a particularly convenient one in

this respect, being always tolerably certain of being returned with interest. The idea of such a settlement is, we think, a brilliant one; and we shall hope, at no distant period, to hear of Mr. Carey's flourishing village of Ipecacuanaville, which his beautiful system of protective free-trade could, no doubt, soon establish.

"The ship that goes to China, (says Mr. Carey, p 245,) performs no more exchanges in a year, than the canal-boat that trades from city to city performs in a month; and the little and inexpensive railroad car passing from village to village, may perform almost twice as many as the fine packet-ship that has cost ninety or a hundred thousand dollars."

Still cheaper than canal boats or railroad cars, and still more numerous in its exchanges would be, may we humbly suggest, the still smaller and more inexpensive wheelbarrow of Ipecacuanaville. Mr. Carey quotes (p. 121) from certain travellers, with great admiration and approbation, accounts of a Turkish village ycleped Ambelakia. This said Ambelakia being built on a mountain, had little intercourse with the surrounding world; "but the hearts of the Ambelakiots were pure and their faces serene;" and, in short, their village was a kind of "happy valley," perched on a mountain top, where every body, instead of making themselves happy, however, by lying under shady trees, looking at the stars, and moralizing, enjoyed the felicity of living in factories, men, women and children, "like swarms of bees in their hives." The population was four thousand; there were twenty-four factories, and they manufactured yearly, "two thousand five hundred bales of cotton yarn, of two hundred cotton okes each." The yarn being sold in Germany, this village thus "gave birth to an *immense commerce* which united Germany and Greece by a thousand threads." Alas! for these pure-hearted and serene-faced Ambelakiots, (Mr. Carey seems to speak of their system as perfect, but he therein forgets his own system of home-producer and home-consumer;) why did they not grow their own cotton on their own rocks? and why go to sell it, when manufactured, to

Germany, instead of wearing it out on the happy shoulders which bore their own serene faces? Alas! for the Ambelakiots! when in their height of prosperity, England, the ogre England, "invented new machinery for spinning cotton"—actually had the audacity to invent new machinery! This atrocious act was the ruin of Ambelakia. She was "outstripped by Manchester." The *immense commerce* in cotton yarn kept up by her four thousand inhabitants, dwindled away. Oh! wicked Manchester, shall not the judgment of Sodom and Gomorrah be upon thee for using those mischievous machines, that thou might'st in such base manner undersell the hard-working and serene-faced Ambelakiots! Such are the sins of England. To her system it is due, that such "local places no longer exist." Mr. Carey does not cite for our imitation, the little, (as it were,) toy republic of San Marino. Why not? With its single mountain road, and all other communication with the stranger strictly forbidden by law, we should have supposed it a beautiful model. However, Ipecacuanaville shall outstrip all. Its inhabitants shall be wiser than the Ambelakiots. They must produce and consume at home, and thus be secure from the rivalry of all monster machinery. Quere: Whether they will be *serene-faced*.

Diogenes broke his cup when he saw from example that the simpler hollow of the hand could replace it. Mr. Carey's system leads the same way; for, allow the principle of a check upon foreign importation, in favor of home consumption, as preferable on account of vicinage, or even rapidity of exchange, and at what point shall its simplifying effects be arrested? Mr. Carey would check foreign exchanges in favour of home exchanges. What is home? The civilized world? Our country? Our State? Our district? Our village? Our house? Our chamber? Where is the limit? Exclude or limit European to encourage American produce; and on the same principle the South, bringing home the loom and the spindle, must exclude or limit Northern, to encourage Southern produce. Each State must exclude or limit the produce of its sister State; each village, each house, should in turn, limit as much as possible its exchanges, and at last

we would find the system perfected only when each individual Diogenes, should, like a surly cur, coil himself in his own tub, and bask in his own sunshine. Then might Mr. Carey as we before suggested, find it convenient to turn his pavement into a potato-patch, and grub roots instead of writing books.

But to return to Adam Smith.

“According to the natural course of things,” he says, “the greater part of the capital of every growing society, is first directed to agriculture, afterward to manufactures, and last of all to foreign commerce.” Without the assistance of some artificers, the cultivation of land cannot be carried on, but with great inconveniency and continual interruption. Smiths, carpenters, wheelwrights and ploughwrights, masons and bricklayers, tanners, shoemakers and tailors, are people whose services the farmer has frequent occasion for. Such artificers, too, stand occasionally in need of the assistance of one another, and as their residence is not like the farmers, necessarily tied down to a precise spot, they naturally settle in the neighborhood of one another, and thus form a small town or village.” “Had human institutions never disturbed the natural course of things, the progressive wealth and increase of the towns would, in every political society, be consequential, and in proportion to the improvement and cultivation of the territory and country.”

All this is very plain English, but it would appear that, like the initials upon Monkbarns' relic, it will bear two interpretations. “*Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle*” becomes in Latin “*Agricola Dicavit Libens Lubens*.” So Dr. Smith's *natural course of things* is substituted by Mr. Carey's *protective tariffs*. Dr. Smith's artificers, &c., *naturally settle*, but Mr. Carey's must be frightened and coaxed into it, by taxes and bribes; where nature does not *call*, protective tariffs must *drive* them. Strange that the simple meaning of such plain language can receive such opposite interpretations. “Had human institutions never disturbed the natural course of things, the progressive wealth and increase of the towns, would, in every political society, be consequential, and in proportion to the improvement and cultivation of the territory or country.” So says Dr. Smith, and unhesitatingly we

give our assent to this proposition. But as Mr. Carey quotes it as confirmatory of his system, seeming to imply that something is out of order in the natural course of things, with which *human institutions* must not interfere, but which his protective tariffs can remedy, he would appear to consider protective tariffs as no human institutions. He should have enlightened us as to their origin. Are they perhaps included among the famous Mormon revelations, or has chancellor Bacon *impressed* them upon his intimate friends Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter?

We have our artificers, masons, bricklayers, ploughwrights and others, as many as *naturally* belong to us, and as many as suit our interests. There has never been any kind of legislation to check their increase, and we desire none to push it. We have no wish to have their progress stimulated whether by supernatural or other protective tariffs.

Dr. Smith objects to the system of England, in his time, as discouraging home trade, and prohibiting manufactures among her colonists.

“To prohibit a great people from making all they can of every part of their produce, or from employing their stock and industry in a way that they judge most advantageous to themselves, is a manifest violation of the sacred rights of mankind.”

Are we dreaming? Is this Hebrew, Sanscrit, or simple English? Mr. Carey quotes it as though favoring his side of the question. What more do we ask than that *we may employ our stock and industry in the way that we judge most advantageous to ourselves?* And what does Mr. Carey ask, but that we shall, by protective tariffs, be *forced* from such employment, to one which *we* deem less profitable, but which *he* deems more suitable? It is he who now proposes to prohibit a great people from making all they can of their produce in their own way, by *a manifest violation of the sacred rights of mankind*. It is he who tells us, you shall cease to grow cotton to an unlimited extent; you must let your plough rest to bring the loom and the spindle near, and among your cotton-fields. It is not we, but he, who complains of “strictly revenue tariffs,” and calls for protective, i. e., prohibitory ones.

Our space cannot permit us to follow Mr. Carey's extracts through half a volume ; but, at every turn, we find him quoting Dr. Smith, as opposing England's right to tax, and her policy in taxing, whether subjects, nations, or her own people, for the protection of her manufactures; and then, by a strange summerset in argument, endeavouring to show that other countries *ought* to tax their own people (exactly the course that Dr. Smith reprehends in England,) to protect their own manufactures.

Archimedes said that, give him a fulcrum, and he could move the world but he never attempted to imagine a fulcrum. Mr. Carey is bolder ; he has imagined a fulcrum. He turns every thing upon the supposed fact, that England has a coercive power over the commerce of all other nations. Because we find the market of England an advantageous one for our cotton and sugar, he assumes the singular ground that England forces our sales, prohibits our manufactures, and that we are her virtual colonists.

"England has sought to restrict her subjects and the people of the world in their modes of enjoyment, and this she has done with a view to compel them to make their exchanges in her single market, leaving to her to fix the prices of all she bought and all she sold ; thus taxing them at her discretion in both time and money." (Page 210, '11.)

"This State, (Virginia,) is not *permitted* to do anything but grow wheat and tobacco." (Page 110.)

"Protection looks only to resisting a great scheme of foreign taxation." (Page 110.)

By what magic might this crushing and absolute power is established and maintained by England, Mr. Carey does not attempt to exhibit. He assumes it as existant ; he imagines his fulcrum, and forthwith behold our political Archimedes making a bold attempt to set his machinery in motion. This is alarming. His fulcrum in the air is, fortunately rather an unsteady concern, or he might chance to exterminate us just as that wicked Manchester did the serene-faced Ambelakiots.

Before leaving, entirely, the subject of Adam Smith, whose acknowledged penetration and sagacity, few, we believe, are disposed to dispute, we cannot but express our astonishment

at his far-sightedness, as announced by Mr. Carey: "He saw clearly that the man and the easily transported spindle, should go to the food and the cotton, and that when once there, they were there forever; whereas the bulky food and cotton might be transported to the man and the spindle for a thousand years, and that the necessity for transportation in the thousand and first, would be as great as it had been in the first; and that the more transportation was needed, the less food and cloth would fall to the share of both producer and consumer."

Now, if Dr. Smith knew anything about cotton—cotton as the staple produce of half a continent—cotton as (what it indeed is) the great basis of the world's commerce and civilizer of nations, he must have seen it in prophetic vision. Dr. Smith wrote before our revolution, when not a bag of cotton was grown in America;* when the scanty produce of the East was manufactured by a laborious process, long since discarded. Of the spindle and the loom, with which Mr. Carey insists upon gagging us, of the rail-road and the steam-boat which so facilitate our exchanges, he equally knew nothing. No vision of the future, only the solid reason which looked out upon his present, and taught him to read in the transgressions of his nation, their own certain punishment, inspired the noble lesson which he taught, that—

"To prohibit a great nation from making all they can of every part of their produce, or from employing their stock and industry in a way that they judge most advantageous to themselves, is a manifest violation of the sacred rights of mankind."

England might better have listened to his teachings; and the cry of down-trodden nations needed not then to have been raised against her. Heavy are the sins of England, and we defend her not; but we cannot, with Mr. Carey, acknowledge ourselves among her trampled colonists, and we greet, with pleasure, the dawning of a better system, in her efforts to liberate the commerce of her dependencies. Great are the faults, but glorious the virtues of the Saxon race.

* As late as the year 1784, an American vessel that carried eight bags to Liverpool, was seized on the ground that so much cotton could not be produced in the United States.

Missionaries of progress, their faults even, have combined with their virtues, to scatter civilization over our globe. Infamously rapacious as she has sometimes proved herself; tyrannical as has been her Indian rule, and unjust her aggressions; foul as are the dark transactions of the opium-trade, still England is the pioneer of progress, and the world which acknowledges her greatness, sees in us her noblest offset, but not her subject nation. Inheriting alike her vices and her virtues, the United States may learn from her many an example, both to shun and to imitate. We, for one, are not anxious to place ourselves among her revilers. From English interference, there is, to us, but one point of serious danger; and if true to ourselves, we have, even there, nothing to fear. The fashion of the day is a crusade against negro slavery; and in this, a portion (we believe it but a portion) of the English nation is inclined, not only to join, but to become mischievously active. Had we no traitors in our own camp, we might laugh at their impudent assumption and captious intermeddling; but, when every day brings us damning proof that the enemy has his spies and his coadjutors thick among our ranks; when men, like Mr. Carey, condescend to place themselves in the ranks with Mrs. Stowe, Lucretia Mott, Gerritt Smith, and all the other old women, breeched and unbreeched, who go into hysterics of agony over the evils of a system, of which they know absolutely and literally nothing; then, indeed, we begin to spy English influence, and then we see cause to fear that, what such unaided influence could never effect, home fanaticism may find means to accomplish. Our security from English machinations is to be found principally in that very freedom of exchange which Mr. Carey would destroy. So far as our produce is necessary to her, so far have we some security from her intermeddling with our institutions. If reports be true, with regard to her interference with Cuban legislation, it proves that this security is less strong than we had anticipated. England is emboldened by our own home cowardice and home treachery, to aim this blow at an institution vitally necessary to our national existence; and, even now, while her doubtful course hangs quivering in the scale, the

angel of peace holds out to her the sole and the strongest possible argument to arrest her fool-hardy progress, pointing to her ships laden with the growth of our fields—to her factories, rich in the produce of our agriculture, and to her people, whose daily bread is the result of her commerce with us. Subjects of England, we neither are, nor are we destined to become; but victims of home fanaticism, stimulated by English cant, we may yet be; and darkly fearful is the fate which such a crisis holds before us. Mr. Carey has, more perhaps than he is conscious of, played into the hands of the babbling crew, whose petty mischief and party spite, menace such fearful consequences. Very sure we are that he would not join the cry of immediate emancipation. Indeed, he argues to prove the injurious effect of the precipitate course of England towards Jamaica; but in the same breath, he is casting his effort toward a worse result among us. *Noli me tangere*, is the only security, and should be the motto of the South, in regard to her slave institutions. He whose mock charity cants of the hard necessity which forces us to maintain a system of iniquity, to whose abuses we are submissive, but not blind, only attacks us more insidiously, and insults us more grossly than the noisiest reviler.

With his allies of the "New York Tribune, and others of similar stamp, Mr. Carey joins in glorifying Russia, by way of contrast to English institutions. "Who," he asks, (p. 380) "are our natural allies? Russia, Prussia and Denmark are despotisms, we are told. *They are so*; but yet so beautiful and so perfect is the harmony of interests under a *natural system*, that that which despots do, in their own defence, strengthens the people, and carries them on toward freedom." What does this mean if not that despotism is Mr. Carey's natural system for developing his beautiful harmony of interests? This, as our readers know, we have stated frequently, but scarcely expected himself to acknowledge it. Of the Czar he says: "He is a despot, it is true, but he is doing what is required to give freedom to sixty millions of people." "We are told of his designs upon Turkey—but what have the people of that country to lose by incorporation with the Russian Empire?" We cannot exactly define

the minutiae of their loss, but as "the *people of that country*" seem to have a very strong antipathy to the transfer, we can only say that it seems an odd way of making freemen to whip them into it. Quite consistent, however, is such a process of liberation with Mr. Carey's *protective free trade system*. Only call a "protective tariff" an "imperial ukase," (the terms are perfectly synonymous) and Mr. Carey makes as good a despot as Czar Nicholas himself, developing the "*harmony of interests*," in his "*natural system*."

It is the nature of prejudice to seize crude arguments, or unargued decisions, in favour of foregone conclusions. Mr. Carey, ardent admirer as he is of the free government of Czar Nicholas, never allows himself for one instant to doubt that negro slavery, as existent in the Southern United States, is an evil; an evil, sooner or later, by fair means or foul, to be *remedied*. And to this effect every officious intermeddler, every incendiary publication, is to be listened to and encouraged. "It is right and proper (he says) to give due weight to all opinions in regard to the existence of an evil, and to all recommendations in regard to the mode of removal, let them come from what source they may."—(pp. 33.)

The extreme communists, (there are communists of every grade; our author himself, we consider as being on the lower round of the ladder) will think it an evil that Mr. Carey should have a comfortable house appropriated to the use of his wife and children. "You have *no right*," will such a one say, "to wife and children. Families belong to the State. The interests of society require a community of rights. Herein lies the *true and only road to freedom of trade, and freedom of man*. This isolation of families is an evil which we must get rid of. Here are many suggestions for remedying this evil; some of them a little ultra, perhaps, but *it is right and proper to give due weight to all opinions in regard to the existence of an evil, and to all recommendations in regard to the mode of removal, let them come from whatever source they may*." And, forthwith, behold Mr. Carey's house invaded by a host of reformers, black, brown, and white; men and women; Bloomers and broomers. Would it be surprising should the proprietor of the invaded mansion lose

patience, and send them all to the *devil*, by pistol, blunderbuss, or any other easiest mode of extermination? We are more patient. Our dwellings are invaded; our rights disputed; our property and lives imperilled; and yet, our would-be reformers are surprised that we cannot always argue coolly. They are surprised that we are sensitive to their abuse. Mr. Carey, no doubt, will be astonished that he is not considered as a philosophically charitable defender of the slaveholder. He has even taken up our cause against the advocates of immediate emancipation. He tells us that, in Jamaica, "the land-owner has been ruined, and the labourer is fast relapsing into barbarism; and yet, in the face of this fact, the land-owners of our Southern States are branded throughout the world as tyrants and slave-breeders, because they will not follow in the same direction. It is, in face of this great fact, that the people of the North are invited to join in a crusade against their brethren of the South, because they still continue to hold slaves, and that the men of the South themselves are so frequently urged to consent to immediate and unconditional emancipation."—(pp. 35.) He acknowledges that "unenlightened enthusiasm has often led almost to crime, and it remains to be seen, if the impartial historian will not, at a future day, say that such has been here the case."—(pp. 94.) He not only acknowledges, but urges, the fact that "it would be unfair to attribute to him (the Jamaica planter) the extraordinary waste of life, resulting, necessarily, from the fact that the whole people were limited to the labours of the field."* "Master of slaves, he was himself a slave to those by whom the labours of himself and his workmen were directed."—(pp. 83.) "He was a mere instrument in their hands for the destruction of negro morals, intellect, and life; and upon them, not upon him, must rest the responsibility, etc."—(pp. 86.) Speaking of the State policy of Virginia, which he considers objectionable, he asks: "Upon whom must rest the responsibility of such a state of things as is here exhibited? Upon the planter?

* This *necessary result* of Mr. Carey is strangely disproved by our census returns, which prove a rapid increase among the negro slaves, limited to the labours of the field.

He exercises no volition." "He is *compelled* to conform his operations to the policy which looks to having but one workshop for the world."—(pp. 115–16.)

Is Mr. Carey surprised when we tell him that these Judas kisses in no way assuage our wrath at his interference? The communist, who is trying to oust him of his family and house, will give him abundance of similar cant. "Dear brother, you are not responsible for this iniquity. Faulty governmental institutions have misled you. Your errors are those of circumstance, not character. We do not hold you responsible; you have been gulled and misled. We do not blame so much as pity you, and will turn our best efforts to the correction of these evils." Again we ask whether, if these intruders will not submit to being quietly kicked out, Mr. Carey will not cry aloud for constables and revolvers, for laws and bludgeons, to eject his self-instituted preceptors. This cant of charity is the fashionable style of the "*upper-tendom*" of abolitionism. It is quite in taste to exhibit pity for the poor, deluded, shackled, slaveholder; "the master of slaves, who (as Mr. Carey says, pp. 383,) whether wearing a crown or carrying a whip, is himself a slave." Just so talks Mrs. Stowe; and just so talk the most obnoxious of her co-adjutors. Mrs. Stowe's charity is religious; Mr. Carey's is philosophical; both are of one school. Off, we say, with this humbug cant! this sugared venom! We defend our system, and he who attacks it attacks us. We are no tools in the hands of any men; no infants in law, to lay our sins on other men's consciences. We know what we do, and do it deliberately, exercising as full a power of *volition* as Mr. Carey, or any other individual in the land. We prefer to meet Mr. Carey with his bolder sneer, upholding the falsehoods of Mrs. Stowe and Dr. Howe, and talking of our Southern negroes as likely to be found among the "*dramatis personæ*" of the horrible scenes invented by the one and the other. "Our people (he says, pp. 304,) are becoming, from day to day, more satisfied that it is for their advantage that the negro shall 'wear his chains in peace,' even although it may cause the separation of husbands and wives, parents and children, and although they know that, in default of

other employment, women and children are obliged to employ their labour in the culture of rice among the swamps of Carolina, or in that of sugar among the richest and most unhealthy lands of Texas. This will have one advantage. It will lessen the danger of over-population."

Mr. Carey has, we have already remarked, started with the foregone conclusion that *slavery is an evil*. This ground he does not attempt to prove, but dashes onward, seizing, without attempting to weigh them, every authority which appears to prop his argument. The housebuilder will examine his materials before he sets to work, and if his bricks are ill-baked, or his planks flawed and cracked, he will reject them. Not so, Mr. Carey. If his bricks will only stand on top of each other, he does not examine their quality, and, accordingly, his building cannot but crumble to destruction. If he had consulted the ordinary statistical information within the reach of everybody, he would have learned that women and children in the swamps of Carolina, and sugar lands of Texas, do not die out so as to *lessen the danger of over-population*. The negro constitution resists malaria to an extent which makes the black man thrive where the white dies; and no class of population in our country increases faster than that of the negro slave. One of the most remarkable instances of exemption from deaths which we have ever known in any population, was on a rice swamp plantation of South Carolina, where, among upwards of two hundred negroes, there was one death in the course of three years. This was undoubtedly a singular instance, but, by no means, so singular as Mr. Carey's foregone conclusion would lead him to suppose.

"The consumption of cotton (says Mr. C., p. 252.) on the plantation, is very small indeed, because, before being consumed, it has to be dragged through long and muddy roads, to the landing, thence carried to New Orleans, thence to Liverpool, thence to Manchester," &c., &c., and hence he argues for loom and spindle and-so-forth.

Here is another of Mr. Carey's bad bricks, which will crumble rapidly. He might as well tell us that the consumption of rain-water upon our earth is very small indeed, be-

cause, before being consumed, it has to be drawn up, for miles, by the heat of the sun's rays, to reach the cloud region; then it is wafted about, for leagues and leagues, with great loss of time and labour to the winds, &c., and then wind up by advising us to get up some great bellows and furnace process, to bring the easily conveyed heat and winds home to the water, and encourage home consumption. In all civility and kindness, we would suggest to Mr. Carey, that, as he evidently knows quite as little about our cotton plantations as he does about the cloud regions, he had better leave the management of both to nature, and the Almighty God. Who told him that the plantation consumption of cotton is *very small indeed*? We have been, for the greater portion of our life, resident of a cotton plantation, and, being in the habit of assisting and superintending the distribution of supplies, speak knowingly and experimentally of such. Upon the plantation to which we refer, which is no remarkable instance, but one of many, taken from the lower country of South-Carolina, our grown negroes, men and women, receive an average per head, of from eleven to twelve yards of heavy cotton Osnaburghs. Their winter (woollen) cloth, of which they receive, per head from eight to nine yards, is generally from yankee mills, and our northern friends know better than we, how much cotton such goods contain. Avowedly, all the warp is generally cotton. With their blankets, men's hats and caps, and other woollen articles, it is very certain that they get their portion of cotton too. Besides this, the women receive their cotton head kerchiefs, and moreover, men and women always purchase for themselves, with the proceeds of their chickens, eggs, corn crops, &c., sundry little extras, such as additional shirts, calico and homespun gowns, stockings, cotton-flannel under-shirts, bed-quilts, sheets and other cotton articles, besides having the liberty to use what cotton they desire in home-spinning, from which they occasionally, though we must confess, not often, (they apparently approve as little as their masters, of home manufacture) knit a pair of gloves, stockings, or other similar luxury. We do not wish to exaggerate, and would not be understood to say, that every individual purchases *all* the articles above

enumerated; but these are all purchased frequently and habitually, by one and another; and we do not hesitate to say, that the average consumption of the grown negro (children in proportion) equals twenty yards per head, of woven cotton, besides the portion of cotton mixed with their woollen goods, which our New England purveyors will, we presume, answer for us, is not small. In this calculation, be it remembered, we speak only of the personal uses of the negro, whose position answers to that of the lowest labouring classes of other countries. We make no calculation for the larger use of the whites, nor for the considerable quantities consumed in bedding and, also, for plantation purposes, in the form of cotton-picking sheets, corn sacks, &c. This simple statement of facts, Mr. Carey, probably, will never take the trouble to read, or reading, will choose to disbelieve, (because it is published not in the *New York Tribune*, or *North British Review*, but in a southern periodical, in a land where folks know nothing about their own affairs,) and when the subject happens to be again touched upon, he will repeat the old humbug that *the cotton consumption of plantations is very small indeed*, because, &c., &c. His concatenation of reasoning proves to his own satisfaction that *it must be very small*, and so, right or wrong, he states that *it is very small*; and the *great political economist* who sides with the fashionable mania of the day, will, of course, be quoted; and the tiny voice of truth will remonstrate in vain; and so it becomes a fixed fact, on the *highest American authority*, that our slaves are not allowed to wear the cotton which they raise; and it will need only a stroke or two of imagination, from some travelling Mr. Thompson, or Mrs. Stowe, or Miss Bremer, to convince the world that they go for the most part naked, hiding themselves, of cold nights, in manure heaps, or among cotton seeds, by way of shelter from the pitiless winds. Thus theory makes its facts, and, on these manufactured facts, again, theory builds; and so, like a child's card house, on and on is raised the shaking edifice; and lo! comes the builder to vaunt its symmetry to the world, and fools gape and wonder, and lean upon its fancied strength, and the crowd huzzas; and then, alas! comes the

crash, and nations perish because men will not be in earnest to think and believe for themselves, but follow the lead of ambitious book-writers, and penny-a-line scribblers !

It is a remark, we believe, of Locke, that many of our differences in argument proceed from a misunderstanding, or a different understanding of terms ; and that often, on a fair examination of words, differences will disappear. There may be something of this in the question between Mr. Carey and ourselves. *What is slavery ?* Does slavery necessarily imply oppression on the part of the master, and suffering on the part of the slave ? Is all oppression slavery, and *vice versa* ? In other words, are *slavery* and *oppression* synonymous terms ? In Mr. Carey's vocabulary, evidently, they are. In the opening sentence of the volume, which we are reviewing, he says :—

“Slavery still exists throughout a large portion of what we are accustomed to regard as the civilized world. In some countries, men are forced to take the chance of a lottery, for the determination of the question, whether they shall or shall not be transported to distant and unhealthy countries, there most probably to perish, leaving behind them impoverished mothers and sisters to lament their fate. In others they are seized on the highways and sent to sea for long term of years, while parents, wives and sisters, who had been dependent on their exertions, are left to perish of starvation, or driven to vice or crime, to procure the means of support. In a third class, men, their wives and children, are driven from their homes to perish on the road, or to endure the slavery of dependence on public charity, until pestilence shall send them to their graves, and thus clear the way for a fresh supply of others like themselves. In a fourth, we see men driven to selling themselves for long periods at hard labor, in distant countries deprived of the society of parents, relatives or friends. In a fifth, men, women and children are exposed to sale, and wives separated from their husbands, while children are separated from parents. In some, white men, and in others, black men, are subjected to the lash, and to other of the severest and most degrading punishments. In some places men are deemed valuable, and they are well-fed and clothed. In others, man is regarded ‘as a drug,’ and population as ‘a nuisance ;’ and christian men are warned that their duty to God and to society requires that they should permit their fellow-creatures to suffer every privation and distress, short of ‘absolute death,’ with a

view to prevent the increase of numbers. Among *these various classes of slaves*, none have recently attracted so much attention as those of the negro race."

Here we find classed, as "*various classes of slaves*," all who are suffering from poverty ; all who are suffering from oppression, whether legal or illegal, whether accidental or incidental to their position in life. *All oppressed persons are slaves*, is the position assumed, And then to prove the converse of this position is easy, by precisely the same logical formula which we quoted earlier in our argument. For, "an ass is an animal ; you are an animal, therefore, you are an ass ;" we have, "an oppressed person is a slave ; the negro is a slave ; therefore, the *negro is an oppressed person*. Having fairly settled this point to their satisfaction, our antagonist, (for Mr. Carey is but one of many, the representative of a class,) assume farther, that, as the negro is an avowed slave, whereas, the other is only proved so by the amount of oppression endured, the negro, of course, suffers the greater weight of oppression, and thence they talk of *starvation as an approach towards slavery* !

Now, we demur from this given signification of the term in question. What is slavery ? We answer ; *involuntary legal subjection* of any individual to another. This condition does *not* imply oppression on the part of the ruler, nor suffering on that of the ruled, or slave. The fearful suffering so vividly depicted by Mr. Carey, as existing among many classes of England, our own Northern States, and elsewhere, does not prove that these suffering individuals are any more slaves, than their more fortunate fellow-citizens ; except, so far as *legal* differences may exist, as in the case of the noble and commoner of England, or those classes subjected to religious disabilities, &c. The mere suffering, the wretchedness, to whatever height it may reach, is not, nor does it indicate bondage. Where all are subject to one code of laws, all are equally free or equally slaves, though one may be starving for a crust of bread, while the other rolls in wealth. The richest Wall-street merchant is no less than

a slave, (if either be so,) than the starving inhabitant of the dirtiest cellar of New-York's murkiest street. Both are subject to the same legal abilities and disabilities; either might, without any change of rule, by a mere accidental alteration of circumstances, take the place of the other. Misfortune, or imprudence has placed the one individual in a position to suffer from the action of certain institutions, (whether faulty or only imperfect, it is not here the place to examine,) from which the better fortune, or better judgment, of the other has exempted him. But, both being under the same rule, subjected to the same legal restraints, and enjoying the same legal privileges, if one is a slave so is the other. Illegal oppression is, we repeat, not slavery. Slavery is a legal institution which may be oppressive, but is by no means necessarily so. *Perfect slavery* implies authority without appeal, in the one individual, and subjection, without right of resistance, in the other. The perfect slave can only resist by rebellion, and the infliction of death upon him can never be a legal crime on the part of the master. In the eye of the law, despotic power is incapable of crime; for, so soon as the law begins to take cognizance of its acts, so soon does it lose its character of perfect despotism. *Our system of negro slavery is not perfect slavery, because the negro has in many cases a legal appeal from the judgment of his master who is responsible to the law for cruel oppression, and must answer with his life for the life of his slave.** A much more perfect system of slavery is to be found under the rule of Mr. Carey's model government of the Russian Czar. *His* subjects can resist the imperial ukase only by rebellion, and as they have no legal appeal, are much more perfectly slaves than our negroes. This unlimited legal right, by no means, however, implies its abuse, nor at all proves oppression on the part of the ruler; and we can perfectly well understand how, (in the words quoted by Mr. Carey, p. 338, from a recent writer,) it might very possibly be that, under such a system, "the Russian serf, without knowing the meaning of popular franchise," may "enjoy and benefit by privileges, by which

* This argument upon the nature of slavery, we believe, has never before been advanced, and may hereafter use it in another form.

some of the most civilized nations have proved themselves incapable of profiting."

Mr Carey very erroneously argues that such a condition of the subject proves an increasing freedom ; it proves no such thing. It proves an increasing comfort under a master's rule ; it proves that with limitless power, a master may still be indulgent ; it proves, (if such a state of things really exists,) that Nicholas, however he may be disposed to trample over his neighbour nations, has the heart of a man for his subjects ; but it does not prove that he has the slightest idea of resigning the slightest portion of his power over them. We may give our slave a holiday from Christmas to Christmas—from year to year ; we may leave the regulation of his labour entirely to his own judgment, the proceeds of it to his own use ; he may enjoy more than the privileges of a freeman ; but he is still, so long as we retain the legal right of demanding his service, and regulating his actions, no less our slave, than if treated with the lowest brutality. A master may allow every privilege to his slave, but, so long as he retains the right to curtail these privileges, he is none the less the legal master, nor is the slave less his legal slave. A freeman may be brutally oppressed ; a slave may be unlimitedly indulged, but such ill-treatment on the one side, or kind treatment on the other, cannot change their condition in law. Slave and freeman, they still are, according to the government under which they live, the legal abilities which they enjoy, and the disabilities to which they are subjected.

The term slave, frequently used as it is, as a figure of speech, has come to have a figurative use, entirely independent of its simple signification, which implies only *one in a state of legal bondage*. We say of a man, he is the slave of his necessities ; the slave of his vices, the slave of conscience, the slave of duty, &c. These are figurative uses of the word, always, as, in the nature of figurative language, increasing in intensity the original signification of the term borrowed. No man can, by any possibility, be legally the slave of his conscience, for no law could be imagined capable of coercing him in such obedience. Equally, no man is the slave of his necessities or his vices, for it is not only permitted to him, but enjoined on him, by the law frequently,

to resist the first, and always the last. Inasmuch, however, as he is, through his own weakness, incapable of such resistance, we figuratively speak of him as a slave. The same figure has been used for persons in great suffering or need—he is the slave of wretchedness; the slave of despair; and thence has followed the idea among the great mass of careless and illogical reasoners, that suffering is really and absolutely slavery. But, in truth, the wretched starving figure of a man, breathing out his last in the vilest hovel of the lowest suburbs of Mr. Carey's own great city, is the slave of wretchedness and want, only in the same sense in which that gentleman might himself be the slave of an attack of gout or rheumatism, should it please Almighty God to send it to him.

The misery which results from ill government we are far enough from denying; and would be most happy to find some remedy proposed for it, more likely to be effective, and less likely to be injurious, than Mr. Carey's *protective tariffs*; but we wish to repel the idea that such misery has anything to do with legal slavery. Every individual, subjected to the laws of any society, must be more or less the subject or slave of those laws, in so far as he is, to a certain extent, in a state of bondage to them. Perfect freedom, in this sense, could be found only in a condition of perfect isolation. Every human being, living in society, gives up a certain portion of his freedom to the demands of such society. According to the nature of the government, adopted by the particular community to which he attaches himself, or is by circumstance attached, he gives up more or less of his perfect freedom; receiving, in return, more or less of the privileges granted to him by that government, or its agents. In all *equal* governments, all are, as we above remarked, equally bond and equally free; but none can be perfectly free. The very act of submitting to any government, is the giving up of certain rights. The despot (*tyrannus*) may rule his slaves with infinite indulgence, but still they have *no rights*, consequently, *no freedom*. England's rule over her colonists was formerly one of perfect despotism. (We waive here all question of injustice or oppression, and use the word despotism in its

simple sense, of absolute not cruel power.) Her rule over her dependencies to-day, is still but little varied from the same system. What rights have India or Hindostan? England grants rather than they require. Whether England has the right to conquer countries, that she may govern them, we do not here stop to ask; we are merely illustrating our argument. In the case of China and the opium trade, there is an evident act of illegal oppression. England has no legal rule over China. China has her indisputable legal rights, and whether these exist in her Emperor, her people, or both, matters not to us, as a question of simple justice. China has her rights, which no principle of justice authorized England in invading; and only after England shall have subdued, and made laws for her, can her subjects be the subjects or slaves of England. All colonies are, in their infancy, necessarily under despotic rule. Like children, under the rule of the parent, they must be absolutely, though not of necessity unjustly, oppressively, or unkindly governed. Only as *freed-men*, ascending from the condition of slave to freeman, gradually progressing towards a higher development, and therewith passing from the condition of colonists, do they attain rights. The colony which asks for rights, and not for grants; which requires, rather than pleads; is in a state of revolution—peaceable, slow revolution perhaps—but still revolution. It is passing from under the rule of despotism, and as it attains its maturity, claims its freedom. The home government of England is not one of absolute power; her people having rights which they claim and exercise, though individually they are not equally free. In the various grades of society, between the noble and the commoner, the churchman and the layman, the Jew, the Catholic, and the church of England-man, there are great differences of rights, and consequently great differences in degrees of freedom. Some, therefore, may, with correctness, be said to be more slaves than other some; but all have their rights, according to the class to which they belong; each class equal in the privileges of its individual members; and the poorest manufacturing hand-labourer is, of necessity, as legally free, inasmuch as he has the same legal rights as the manufacturing millionaire.

Here is no room for discussion of the various degrees of freedom, of which different races, different nations, or different individuals are susceptible. Many individuals, as the lunatic and idiot, are entirely unfit for freedom, and, accordingly, the laws of all societies deprive them of it, putting them under individual rule and guardianship. Many are fit for it only to a certain extent, and in varying degrees. Whole nations seem frequently to have an inaptitude for it, which would seem, sometimes, to amount to absolute incapacity. France, after the bloodiest struggles, tost like a shuttle-cock from tyranny to tyranny, has finally settled down into an almost absolute despotism, and the opinion of the world would seem to say that this is right—at least that it is best for her. It is madness to talk as does Mr. Carey, (p. 398) of “all men black, white and brown,” enjoying “*perfect freedom*.” *Perfect* freedom is, we repeat, incompatible with society. *Equal* freedom, a freedom setting all men upon the same footing, has been dreamed of, has been talked of, but never seriously aimed at by any government. Does our own government, or did it at any period of its existence, or did its framers in any way, uphold so preposterous an idea? Miss Antoinette Brown, Sojourner Truth & Co., do talk of it; but no reasoning man, (we beg the ladies’ pardon, we mean no exclusion of them, the term man, signifying with us, human being,) no reasoning individual ever imagined so anomalous a state of society. Mr. Jefferson’s great humbug flourish of “free and equal,” has made trouble enough, and it is full time that its mischievous influence should end. The signers of the declaration never meant it; Mr. Jefferson, himself, never meant it; or he and they were equally impostors against the great truths of which they stood up as exponents. Most of them owned slaves, most of them had wives, and certainly not *one* of them intended the interpretation, to which sisters Antoinette and Sojourner have, with a strictly logical deduction, brought their conclusions. If that sentence meant anything, it meant what the pantalooned ladies now claim, and the gentlemen must either resign their prerogative right to the garment, in question between them, or throw the “*free and equal*” overboard. One or the other, gentlemen! “To hold

or not to hold, that is the question?" If Cuffee's mental and bodily disabilities be no impediment, surely much less so, should be those of the fair Antoinette; and as to the amiable, Sojourner, she can come in under either wing of the improvement squad. Is Mr. Carey ready to take his stand thus boldly? Or will he defend his pantaloons and his conservative rights? If the last, he must concede to us, that equality is out of the question; a dream, which the necessities of nature refuse to recognize, and which he himself, the advocate of it, positively refuses to a large portion of his fellow human beings. In every government, and under every rule, woman has been placed in a position of slavery—actual, legal slavery. Not perfect slavery, we grant—not under as perfect a system of slavery even, as are our negroes; but still in a very decided state of bondage, inasmuch as she is deprived of many rights which men enjoy, and legally subjected to the supremacy of man. There is, as the result of such a system, much hardship, much individual suffering. Many a woman of dominant intellect is obliged to submit to the rule of an animal in pantaloons, every way her inferior. This seems unjust and unreasonable; she, therefore, sometimes deserts the pantaloons, or perhaps, in preference, *assumes* them, and sets up a free and equal independency. But, as we have already remarked, society requires from its members, on condition of certain advantages accorded, an abandonment of certain rights. 'Woman has been required to abandon more than man, because her nature needs more protection. As she requires a larger protection for her weakness, she gives up a larger portion of her natural rights. She pays for what she receives. She needs the arm of man to defend her against man himself. She, therefore, cannot be his equal. In many things his superior, she is still the dependent upon him for that protection which her physical weakness requires. Individual women may sometimes suffer from such a state of things; but society, which consults the good of all, requires it for the good of all; and, however talented may occasionally be the women who thus step out of their woman sphere, it is a defective system of reasoning which has led them to this course, and the "free and equal" theory has vastly

helped to blow up this bubble of their imagination. Equally, and more with the negro, as with the woman, he needs protection, and must pay for it by the abandonment of privileges which otherwise might seem to be his right. The universal rule of nature, by which inferior races have invariably disappeared before the advance of the superior, has, in the case of the negro, been arrested to his advantage; and, instead of extermination, he has, in the Southern United States, met protection. For this protection, he has been required to give up such rights as the superior man claims, under what is usually termed a free government. This protection withdrawn, his fate is as certain as that of the red man, whose ruin has preceded him. Nature, as though tired of the destruction of her feebler offspring, holds out to him this refuge. Here, he finds an average security of life, with an average degree of comfort. But society, which accords to him this protection, requires of him, as in the case of woman, a compensating equivalent. He needs a large protection; he must give an equivalent return. He must pay for what he receives; and the abandonment of many rights, which the stronger, i. e., the superior man may claim, must be the price of his existence. If any think this wrong, they must call the Almighty Creator to account, nor hope to find *protective tariffs* a preventive of *his* necessities. No man who ever lived among negroes, but must perceive (and science goes far to confirm individual observation) their entire incapacity for forming an integral portion of any free and equal government, whose equality is not destined to sink into comparative, if not total barbarism. In individual cases, there may be hardship (though neither as frequently nor as strongly exhibited as in the case of woman) in their fulfilling the necessities of the position in which circumstances have placed them; but society necessarily legislates for the masses, and not for individuals. The individual, therefore, who finds the laws of society irksome to him, has no resource but submission to the discomfort entailed upon him, or the abandonment of that society of the laws of which he complains. Any individual, whose ideas of freedom become injurious to society, must

banish himself, and resign the protection of that society, to enjoy in isolation his peculiar ideas.

Perfect freedom, we have said, can exist only in isolation ; otherwise the thief and the communist would end by exercising their peculiar ideas of freedom, to the extent of depriving all other men of their own houses, goods, and families. The negro must submit to the laws of society which assign to him an inferior position, or he must leave that society, with the protection and advantages which it offers him, to establish his position elsewhere. In our Northern States he is *called free*, but refused the enjoyment of legal equality. He has more legal rights and less real protection than in our Southern States. He naturally wishes a change. He claims equality and is answered "emigrate," "go to Africa." "No," answer Fred. Douglas & Co., "we must have equality *here*. We belong to a civilized nation." That civilized nation turns from them in disgust, refusing, at once, the equality for which they are not fit, and the protection for which they give no equivalent. And then comes nature, with her stern law of necessity, and her *fiat* is, "*Begone ye incompetent !*" And behold, they go. Poverty, disease, helplessness—it matters not by what road they wend their way to annihilation ; at least, they obey nature, and "*die out*," making way for the higher race, with whom they cannot compete. At the South, for equivalent service, given in such manner as the judgment of the higher and civilized man dictates, they receive an equivalent protection. On that condition, and that condition alone, can the negro continue to form an integral portion of any civilized community.

Among Mr. Carey's wise plans of reform to get rid of the *evil* which he presumes to be existent among us, he proposes that our negroes should be rendered *adscripti glebæ*. Tie the poor negro to the soil, there to suffer under the pinching rule of want, for both master and slave, until the master, driven away, starved out, leaves the negro to his freedom and his pursuing fate.

"Raise the price of food ;" (says Mr. Carey, p. 339) "raise

it still higher, and the profit would disappear ; and then would the master of slaves find it necessary to devolve upon the parent the making of the *sacrifice* required for the raising of children, and thus to enable him to bring into activity all the best feelings of the heart."

Here is progress ! The negro is too comfortable in his slavery ; make him a freeman ; let him suffer a *greater sacrifice* for the "*raising*" of his children ; (they grow up too easily now ;) enable him thus to bring into activity the best feelings of the heart. Sorrow maketh wise — but is it therefore the duty of the philanthropist to imagine the means of new sorrows for the world ? The best feelings of the heart ! What are these, as exhibited among the highest civilized nation of the earth, whose advancement stands in wide contrast to negro barbarism and weakness ? Those feelings which drive English mothers to burial clubs, and bring, so soon after, the little corpse to claim the pittance which these clubs pay for its death ! Those feelings which (as Mr. Carey himself quotes, p. 229, from English papers to prove) cause "about three hundred children, yearly, to be put to death in Leeds alone, not even registered by the law !" Those feelings which crowd into the "*Morning Chronicle*" "twenty-two trials for child-murder," "and these are stated to be but one-half of those that had taken place in the short period of twenty-seven days!" (p. 230.) Such are the feelings which "*the sacrifice required for the raising of children*," excites among a highly civilized nation ; let our readers judge what might be its comparative effect with the untutored negro. May heaven, in its mercy, save us from such freedom as this ! The freedom to leave the neglected babe to its lingering death-gasp, because "*it is in the club*."

No, Mr. Carey ! Leave us *our slavery* ! Such books as yours show us cause to *glory* in it ! If these horrible cases which you draw together, be indeed not fearful fables, our system can ill afford to bear comparison with those which produce them. Even the sickening inventions of the authoress of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," fall far behind them in terrific horrors. Leave to the negro that protection for which he now cheerfully pays his labour and his service. Do not call

the wretched and unprotected beings who are forced to grope their way, unaided, through such suffering and temptation as you have described—do not call *these, slaves!* Alas! how cheerfully would they change places with our lowest negro! The slave has his master to protect and defend him; these have none. Our slave has his daily bread, his comfortable house, his fire, his bed, and his clothing; these have none. Baby corpses, ruined and guilty mothers, and starving fathers, scatter the way which these must travel to their earthly goal; and yet those Dives, who live surrounded by misery like this, *dare* preach to us; and, sick and rotten to the core as are their own systems, cant to us of the sins of ours!

Mr. Carey lauds the English ladies, for their move against Southern United States slavery. “We have here a movement (he says) that cannot fail to be productive of much good. It was time that the various nations of the world should have their attention called to the existence of slavery within their borders, and to the manifold evils of which it is the parent; and it was in the highest degree proper, that woman should take the lead in doing it, as it is her sex that always suffers most in that condition of things, wherein might triumphs over right, and which we are accustomed to define as a state of slavery.” (p. 7.)

Throughout his work, Mr. Carey feigns to have made a general attack upon all systems of oppressive or defective government, which he has seen fit to class under the head of slavery. Here, however, in the very commencement of his volume, is his particular venom exhibited against our avowed system of negro slavery. Else, surely, he could have found no cause for praise of those ladies, who, neglecting the much nearer duties, and, by his own showing, the much more stringent sufferings at their own doors, occupy themselves with correcting the faults of strangers, separated from them by thousands of miles of ocean. Nothing could excuse such a course, but the supposed fact, for which he thus virtually vouches, that ours is, among all the systems which *he* calls slavery, the most heinous, and, therefore, the first to attack. His volume is, therefore, if there were no proof of it but this endorsement of the Stafford-house demonstrations, a parti-

cular attack upon us, and as such we have received it. Is there not enough for these English ladies to do, in their Indian dependencies, of which we will transcribe a small part of Mr. Carey's quotations, from "Chapman's Commerce and Cotton of India?" 'This land "becomes the burying-place of millions who die upon its bosom, crying for bread. Turn your eyes backward upon the scenes of the past year. Go with me, into the north-western provinces of the Bengal presidency, and I will show you the bleaching skeletons of five hundred thousand human beings, who perished of hunger in the space of a few short months." "The air, for miles, was poisoned by the effluvia emitted from the putrifying bodies of the dead. The rivers were choked with the corpses thrown into their channels." "Jackals and vultures approached and fastened upon the bodies of men, women and children, before life was extinct." "It was the carnival of death!"

From Mr. George Thompson, M. P., Mr. Carey tells us of a certain neighbourhood, where, "when the governor-general passed through that part of the country, the roads were lined, on either side, with heaps of dead bodies, and that they had, not unfrequently, to remove the masses of unburied human beings, ere the governor-general could proceed onward with his suite." Have English ladies no protest against the system which produces scenes like these? none against the opium traffic, which, as Mr. Carey quotes, "takes with it fire and sword, slaughter and death, and leaves behind it bankrupt fortunes, idiotized minds, broken hearts, and ruined souls." Have they no sympathies for Ireland, where, as their fellow-citizen, Thackeray, tells us: "The traveller is haunted by the face of the *popular starvation*. It is not the exception—it is the condition of the people;" whose population is "*starving by millions*," and where strong countrymen, unable to get work, are lying in bed "*for the hunger*," because a man, lying on his back, does not need so much food as a person on foot;" where whole districts, over which the process of eviction has swept, appear like enormous graveyards, the numerous gables of the unroofed dwellings rising above them like gigantic tombstones. Mr. Dickens, in his "*Household Words*," thus describes the effects of *one* of the

fifty thousand evictions that took place in the single year of 1849, and, adds Mr. Carey, "one of the *hundreds of thousands* that have taken place in the last six years."

"Black piles of peat stood on the solitary ground, ready, after a summer's cutting and drying. Presently, patches of cultivation presented themselves, plots of ground raised on beds, each a few feet wide, with intervening trenches to carry off the boggy water, where potatoes had grown, and small fields where grew more ragwort than grass, enclosed by banks cast up and tipped, here and there, with a briar or stone. It was the husbandry of misery and indigence. The ground had already been freshly manured by sea-weeds, but the village—where was it? Blotches of burnt ground, scorched heaps of rubbish, and fragments of blackened walls, alone were visible. Garden plots were trodden down and their few bushes rent up, or hung with tatters of rags. The two horsemen, as they hurried by, with gloomy visages, uttered nothing more than the single word *eviction!*"

A lingering inhabitant thus comments, to the traveller, upon this scene:

"Oh! bless your honour! If you had seen that poor frantic woman, when the back of the cabin fell in and buried her infant, where she thought she had laid it safe for a moment, while she flew to part her husband and a soldier, who had struck the other children with the flat of his sword, and bade them troop off. Oh! but, your honour, it was a killing sight!" "I could not help thinking of the poor people at Rathbeg, when the soldiers and police cried, 'down with them! down with them, even to the ground!' and then the poor little cabins came down, all in fire and smoke, amid the howls and cries of the poor creatures. O! it was a fearful sight, your honour; it was indeed—to see the poor women hugging their babies, and the houses, where they were born, burning in the wind. It was dreadful to see the old bed-ridden man lie on the ground, among the few bits of furniture, and groan to his gracious God above!"

From a recent journal Mr. Carey quotes that,

"The Galway papers are full of the most deplorable accounts of

wholesale evictions, or, rather, exterminations, in that miserable country. The tenantry are turned out of the cottages, by scores at a time. As many as two hundred and three men, women and children, have been driven upon the roads and ditches by way of one day's work, and have now no resource but to beg their bread in desolate places, or to bury their griefs, in many instances forever, within the walls of the union workhouse. Land agents direct the operation. The work is done by a large force of police and soldiery. Under the protection of the latter, 'the crowbar brigade' advances to the devoted township, takes possession of the houses, such as they are, and, with a few turns of the crowbar, and a few pulls at a rope, bring down the roof, and leave nothing but a tottering chimney, if even that. The sun that rose on a village, sets on a desert; the police return to their barracks, and the people are nowhere to be found, or are vainly watching from some friendly covert for the chance of crouching once more under their ruined homes."

When these poor wretches, thus evicted, would emigrate, what is their fate? Mr. Carey tells us, (pp. 199) that "out of ninety-nine thousand, that left Ireland for Canada, in a single year, no less than thirteen thousand perished on ship-board, and thousands died afterwards of disease, starvation, and neglect; and thus it is that we have the horrors of the middle passage repeated in our day. It is the slave trade of the last century re-produced on a grander scale, and on a new theatre of action."

And have the ladies of England no protest against all this? Again let them turn their eyes, once more, upon their own homes, their own green fields, their own parks, and their own palaces—they may see, there, a people of their own race, a people with God-given powers to be and to do what a great people should be and do; but, among whom, on the authority of their own historian, Mr. Alison, crime increases "four times as fast as population." "In Lancashire, population doubles in thirty years, crime in five years and a half." In their great city of London alone, says Mr. Kay, "the filthy, deserted, roaming and lawless children, who may be called the source of nineteen-twentieths of the crime which desolates the metropolis, are not fewer in number than *thirty thousand*;" and "these thirty thousand are

quite independent of the number of mere pauper children, who crowd the streets of London, and who never enter a school." The same writer tells us how, in the same metropolis, "people of both sexes, and all ages, both married and unmarried—parents, brothers, sisters, and strangers—sleep in the same rooms, and often in the same beds." In horrible details, he tells us how these have to "crawl over each other, half naked, to reach their respective resting places." Ladies, cannot you guess to what all this leads? You are delicate ladies, and fashionable; nice, no doubt, in your ideas of propriety, and, moreover, may feel, with Sir Leicester Dedlock, that "it will never do to bring this sort of squalor among the upper classes." In what choice language can we whisper to you the horrors which such dwellings must generate? Prostitution and infanticide are every-day events with creatures born and bred in these dens of infamy. Ladies, you dare not look into such; perhaps, for very blushing, you dare not speak of them; but it is right you should know of them. It is right and needful that you should learn what is passing at your very doors; among your sisters, ladies, of your own country and your own race; whose Saxon blood might blush through cheeks as fair as your own, could you raise them from this degradation. We are told that "in Manchester alone there are fifteen hundred *unfortunate females*," and that "some two hundred and fifty of them die in horror and despair yearly. In England it is calculated that there are forty thousand houses of ill-fame, and two hundred and eighty thousand prostitutes." "A committee of gentlemen, (says Mr. Carey,) who had investigated the condition of the sewing women of London, made a report, stating that no less than thirty-three thousand of them were *permanently at the starvation point*, and were compelled to resort to prostitution as a means of eking out a subsistence. But a few weeks since, the *Times* informed its readers that shirts were made for *a penny apiece*, by women who found the needles and thread; and the *Daily News* furnishes evidence that hundreds of young women had no choice but between prostitution and making artificial flowers—at *two pence a day*."

Every one of our quotations is taken, at second hand, from

Mr. Carey's own pages. We have been careful to avoid all other authorities, that, from his own words, he may be judged. It is himself who has gathered for us this fearful mass of testimony to the misery of the lower classes of England; and yet, after all this summing up, he coolly talks of the great *credit* which is due the women of England for bringing the question of United States negro slavery before the world. Can Mr. Carey coolly maintain that the women of England are right to overlook the thirty thousand outcast children, who crawl and crouch, unprotected, about the streets of their own great metropolis, (poor wretches, sunk so low, that even the pauper crowd forms a kind of aristocracy for them,) while they spend their time and their money in holding meetings, and making protests, about matters of which they know nothing? Can he praise them that, while their two hundred and eighty thousand sisters are forced to give life, virtue, and good fame, for bread, they turn all their sympathies to help the far off black, whose condition, by Mr. Carey's own avowal, is much superior to such wretchedness? Strange to say, he can, and he does. What, but the bitterest enmity to our institutions, could, for a moment, so blind him to the right as to consider such a course as even excusable? The mother who leaves a starving home to its own sorrows, while she courses the world to minister to the wants of others, is surely not praiseworthy. And yet Mr. Carey cheers on these, the *should-be* mothers of England, in their headlong and heartless folly! Ladies! Ladies! in self-respect, in common decency, if not in charity, listen to the natural dictates of your women hearts, and soothe first the sorrows of your own homes. Give mothers to those thirty thousand out cast babes; give homes to those two hundred and eighty thousand perishing sisters; and then, if you will, come to us; learn to know our negroes as we do, take the subject to your hearts, and we will share with you your earnest counsels. The petty vanity of your recent flippant remonstrances and syllabub effort, is only so far not disgusting, as it is ridiculous. Mrs. Jellaby, leaving her ragged, dirty, children to their own devices, of sticking their heads in area-railings, strolling after dustmen's carts, getting lost in the market-

place, and tumbling down stairs all day long ; her miserable husband finding in his family, as poor Caddy says, " nothing but bills, dirt, waste, noise, tumbles-down-stairs, confusion and wretchedness," while she devoted all her energies in the cause and for the benefit of the natives of *Borriaboola-Gha*, on the left bank of the Niger, is scarcely so ridiculous, and far from being so mischievous, as these Stafford-house ladies in their misapplied efforts. " Her eyes had a curious habit of seeming to look a long way off, as if they could see nothing nearer than Africa," while the sorrows at her very feet were forgotten ; the duties of her very home neglected. Mistress of Stafford house, is there no lesson that you may gather here ? It might be reasonably supposed that the charitable Duchess might have some misgivings as to the suitableness of *her mission* to the African, if ever she should condescend to glance her eye over the once *clan* property of Sutherland, from which, in the years 1814 to 1820, fifteen thousand inhabitants were expelled, to transform a whole, once populous, district into sheep-walks—where " all these villages were demolished and burned down, and their fields converted into pasturage ;" where " British soldiers were commanded for this execution," and where " an old woman, refusing to quit her hut, was burned in the flames of it ; and *thus the Countess appropriated to herself seven hundred and ninety-four thousand acres of land, which, from time immemorial, had belonged to the clan.*" The whole of the unrightfully appropriated clan-land she divided into twenty-nine large sheep farms," " and, in 1821, the fifteen thousand Gaels had already been superseded by one hundred and thirty-one thousand sheep."

Here is wholesale robbery, with occasional murder, burning to death of an old woman, and so forth ; and Mr. Carey quotes it all ; on *his* authority we give it to you as true—and yet this gentleman can persuade himself that the mistress of these sheep farms, the Duchess of Sutherland, has nothing better to do than, lolling on sofas, amidst the splendours of Stafford-house, to dictate to American women the treatment of their slaves ! Sisters of Stafford-house, be easy ! our slaves shall not be driven out, nor their unroofed

cottages burned to the ground, with contumacious old women in them, to make room for sheep farms. The strong man shall not need to lie in bed "for the hunger," nor the starving mother to live upon the proceeds of her baby's corpse; unless, indeed, Mr. Carey's protective tariffs shall ever, as he proposes, succeed in raising the price of food higher, "*higher still*," to starving point, that the negro may be turned loose, to make the sacrifice for the raising of his children, which has so beautifully worked, as Mr. Carey has demonstrated, among a higher race.

Our slaves are safe, so long as they continue useful as slaves. By their services they pay the price which nature requires from her feebler children for protection from such treatment. They are useful, and therefore safe from extermination. The Duchess of Sutherland's free Gaels were useless, and therefore driven to make way for the more useful sheep. The plan of Mr. Carey, and the ladies, could easily reduce our negroes to the same, and even, in proportion to their capacities, a lower state of freedom, uselessness and helplessness. And such a condition Mr. Carey calls an *approach towards slavery*. Such an insult to our system of slavery we reject, and *in toto*. Ours is a legal slavery, bearing with it its own peculiar advantages and disadvantages. Master and slave have each their rights, regulated and enforced by the laws and habits of a civilized and enlightened people. The slave has his place, however humble, and is protected and defended in that position. Not so the poor Gael of the Duchess of Sutherland's clan-lands; not so the thirty thousand lost babes of London city; not so England's two hundred and eighty thousand wretched prostitutes. *These* have no masters. These are free, to be wretched, to suffer, to starve, and to die. Duchess of Sutherland, give to *some* of them a mistress and a mother. Do what one woman can do; lay the hand of blessing and of comfort upon the nearest to you, and let the charitable influence, like a ripple in the water, spread in wider and yet wider circles, that the victims of misery and oppression may yet rise up and call you blessed! Believe us, here is a nobler duty than Mrs. Jellaby's far off view into Africa!

To return to Mr. Carey. We cannot too much regret the publication of his present volume. He has some reputation as a political economist, and this unlucky production, with all its prejudice and mis-statements, is to go forth as a sample of American opinion. Of such national disgrace we have already too much; and the higher the reputation of the author, the more injurious, of course, must be the effects of such a work. At home, we can appreciate the prejudice and want of research everywhere apparent through its pages; but abroad, its mis-statements are taken for facts. When Mr. Carey speaks, as he does (p. 106,) of the "poverty and weakness of the South," bolstering up his assertion by a drolly lame argument, based on half-stated facts from a respectable Southern periodical, a home reader instantly detects his errors. Not so the foreigner. Here is the work of an American political economist; *the American economist*, says our author himself,—vainly, less ostentatious writers, who are not trumpeters of their own merits, may confute and reconfute him. Mr. Carey's book, which so admirably caters to the fashionable fanaticism of the day, will be taken as gospel, while our census returns are unstudied, and such productions as the unostentatious, but closely accurate, pamphlet of Elwood Fisher, for instance, is cast aside, as of no authority. Where a false statement is desired, it is always believed. However low has of late fallen the reputation for veracity of our modern female Munchausen, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the disciples of Mr. Carey's school must in future swear by her. He tells us (p. 111,) that if the reader desires to enlighten himself upon the subject of the working of our system, "he cannot do better than read the first chapter of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, containing the negotiation between Haley and Mr. Selby for the transfer of Uncle Tom, resulting in the loss of his life in the wilds of Arkansas." Here, then, we have an American authoress vouched for by *the American political economist*. Authority indisputable. What matters it to the negrophilist that every paper and every periodical in the South has emphatically declared "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" a compound of falsehood, and most particularly pointed out this very opening chapter as one outraging all truth of fact

and character? Mr. Carey is an American; Mr. Carey is a political economist; and he will serve well to supply quotations and authorities. In the same way, when he talks (p. 116 and frequently elsewhere,) of the "light labor of the North, and the severe labour of the South and South-West"—of women driven to the "severe labour of the fields," and so forth, he furnishes a fine text for any young lady bloomer, who may wish to exhibit her "pants" upon the stage, while her less adventurous grand-dame, with chin on hand, sits rocking to and fro with responsive groans, and a far off glance of dreamy sympathy, towards our United States Africa, of which she knows literally nothing, except from Mrs. Munchausen Stowe and her voucher, Mr. Carey. If we of the South tell them that our negroes, incapable of the extreme of hard labour which the white can endure, are not habitually forced to it, and that the field labour, in which negro females are employed, is lighter than washing, for instance, and many other usual avocations of women even in civilized countries; and that the song of the shirt, or any equivalent for it, could never be imagined for our negroes by any one who had ever lived among us, and known our institutions and habits—bah! we might as well tell them that we don't eat negro-baby soup! If Mrs. Munchausen says so, and if Mr. Carey says "ditto" to Mrs. Munchausen, why then we *do* eat negro-baby soup. It is proved incontestably, and preposterously ridiculous it is, in us, to deny it!

We must hasten to a conclusion as our article has already reached an unwarrantable length. Our argument has turned principally upon Mr. Carey's model remedy (viz. protective tariffs) for all the ills which nations are heir to, because, among those ills, our system of negro slavery, standing in his opinion prominent, this appeared our most necessary point of defence, as well as the most legitimate for attack. We have left ourselves no room for discussing his pet discovery, his land theory, of which (as the distinguished Bastiat just before his death, happened to strike upon a somewhat similar train of thought,) Mr. Carey has been loud in vindication, and infinitely anxious to defend his prior right of discovery. Most

cheerfully we resign to him all the glory that he can manufacture out of such a theory. In vindication of Bastiat, we must say, that we consider it unfair to judge him from the half developed ideas, which his unfinished writings upon this subject indicate. We believe that his system, fully developed, could never have coincided with Mr. Carey's any more than, as we have shown, did his ideas of free-trade. His acute and penetrating mind could never have satisfied itself with so superficial an argument. Bastiat never dealt in fore-gone conclusions; he needed *facts*, as the solid foundation of any system he embraced. Mr. Carey's theory, that the least productive lands, are always the first cultivated, is based upon the idea that the light growth of sterile lands, is easily conquered by the pioneer in cultivation; while the draining of rich swamp lands, or the clearing away of the tangled forest, presents to the unpractised husbandman an almost insurmountable difficulty. To this theory, two obstinate *facts* instantly spring up in opposition. First, the pioneer labourer of our days is far from being always a helpless savage.

"The first poor settler," says Mr. Carey, (p. 405,) "has no cup, and he takes up water in his hand. He has no hogs or cattle to yield him oil, and he is compelled to depend on pine knots for artificial light. He has no axe, and he cannot fell a tree, either to supply himself with fuel, or to clear his land. He has no saw, and he is compelled to seek shelter under a rock, because he is unable to build himself a house. He has no spade," &c.

Mr. Carey is an American born, and although, as we have shown, remarkably ignorant of Southern institutions and habits, would, we should suppose, know enough of American pioneer husbandry to remember, that a grand exception to such a routine as he describes, exists in our own vast territories, as necessarily in all countries settled by the offspring of any civilized and enterprising people. Our Western pioneer is oftenest not a destitute, but an enterprising settler, with not only cup, spoon and plate; axe, saw and spade; horse and plough—but experience, capital frequently, and, generally, with a knowledge of the world, which puts him quite above

the necessity of selecting his land only for the facility of cultivation. The most difficult lands, we grant, he would not probably select, but equally he would avoid the most facile, if they should at the same time be the most sterile.

The other fact, which rears its head against Mr. Carey, is that sterile lands are in truth, not always the most facile of cultivation. We need go no farther than the extensive pine-barrens of our own Southern States to prove this. It was as difficult (or nearly so,) to clear the pine, as the oak forests, and, consequently, our first settlers, enjoying some conveniences of a rough comfort, selected the better lands in the vicinity of rivers, &c.; and, avoiding equally the swamps, which nothing but a laborious system of drainage could render productive, and the unpromising pine-barren, they settled upon the richest land which did not threaten to be too difficult of cultivation.

In general, two objects must guide the pioneer cultivator, viz., facility and productiveness of soil. Difficult lands although productive, he cannot generally undertake. Sterile lands, although facile, unless in abject want, he invariably avoids. Occasionally, facile lands, as in some of the Western *prairie* lands, are among the richest, and then, combining both advantages, they are eagerly seized on. But, as a general rule, it is probably the medium quality of land which first falls under cultivation. The difficult rich lands must wait for the monied capitalist; the wretchedly sterile, lie until, in the progress of society, all else being monopolized, necessity learns to improve what the right of selection had avoided.

We have done; and if we have dealt a little hardly with the respectable and respected gentleman whose work we have noticed, he must recollect that, if he turns out of his way to tread upon his neighbor's toes, he must not be surprised at the natural and indignant motion, which would answer the insult. That he believes himself in the right we have no doubt. Like Luther of old, he fancies that he spies the devil, and has flung his inkstand at him; but, like Luther, deceived by a shadow, his heroism leaves no trace but an ink-blot. One good effect alone can we conceive as resulting from this pub-

lication. Most plainly it shows the mischievous tripartite power, which, more than all other causes combined, menaces the existence of our republic. Here, protection, communism and abolitionism plainly class themselves together—the great tribune Demon, whose spectral form hovers over us, menacing desolation and ruin.

Mr. Carey, among other causes of complaint, enumerated in his Putnam letters, is indignant, that, in the twelve years which followed the publication of his first “great work,” in which his peculiar theories were announced, instead of receiving countenance from the press, he “never saw a single American notice of it, that might not have been written by a student fresh from college, and inflated with himself during the last term, in trying to understand the confused and worthless systems of Wayland and Say.”

We anticipate honourable mention in the same category, and can only say, in all humility, that we regret not having more learning at Mr. Carey’s service, nor many better authorities than those to which he objects. But he must take our rough facts as the best we can give him. Many years since, we recollect hearing an anecdote related by the Hon. Edward Livingston, of an officer taken prisoner at the battle of New Orleans. This gentleman, striding about his apartment, with an impatient and irritated manner, was heard muttering to himself, “damned disagreeable,” “damned disagreeable !” “Have you anything to complain of?” asked his polite custodian. “To complain of ! damned disagreeable ! your officers in command have acted most unhandsomely !” “In what respect ?” again enquired his anxious host. “In every respect. Every rule of tactics was neglected ; the highest military authorities contemned ! Damned disagreeable, to be beaten by such rabble !” “I regret, sir,” was the polite answer, “that you should be so annoyed ; but the insult was quite unintentional ; we have given you the best we had.”

L. S. M.

ART. VII.—LITERARY WOOLGATHERINGS.

My Consulship. By C. EDWARDS LESTER. In two vols.
New-York : Cornish, Lamport & Co. 1853.

No one doubts that it requires rare judgment on the part of a government, to choose its proper agents, foreign and domestic. The difficulty, in our country, chiefly arises from the modest reluctance of our able men to show themselves as candidates for office. Recently, we have seen with what sore anxiety, what sleepless thought, what earnest inquiry, President Pierce was compelled to look about him, in all quarters, to find persons willing to endure the severe duties and responsibilities of ambassadorships in foreign countries, and collectorships and tidewaiterships at home. He sweated in the search, carrying, as he did, the banner of the stripes and stars over head, with one hand, and a lantern, the very *fac simile* of that of Diogenes, in the other. The banner was a sort of official appeal to the sentiment of patriotism, which is, as we all know, the spontaneous impulse of every American bosom ; the lantern was necessary for the detection of that modest merit, crouching in the corner, which needs to be dragged forward always when office needs an incumbent. It was, in vain, that, with a laudable desire to save labour to the President, and secure to the country the services of the proper men, senators and representatives, alike, dealt in the most earnest appeals to their several constituencies, to come forward and let themselves be seen, and let their merits be rewarded with distinction. Nothing but the banner and the lantern could achieve the object ; and it is melancholy to reflect that, in the growing modesty of our people, and their great reluctance to take upon their shoulders the weighty cares of State, the day may come when patriotism will fail to be moved, even by the spectacle of the imploring stars and stripes, and merit may succeed completely in hiding itself from the oppressive glare of the magic lantern. Meanwhile, however, let us congratulate ourselves upon the admirable success which we have hitherto had in always procuring the well endowed agents and ambassadors of all classes.

"Great men *have* been among us," condescending to serve us abroad and at home—to appear at the *levees* of autocrat and sultan, in court costume, and to keep watch over contraband goods in custom house stores, at the modest rate of three dollars a day. But the patriotism, however great and gushing, and the modest merit, however evident by lamp-light, do not always suffice, to reconcile them to the sacrifices which they make; and even now our ears ring with the virtuous self-denial of Mr. Bronson, which made him take back from "party, what was meant for mankind," while Mr. Charles O Connor seems to entreat, from a needy Government, the poor privilege of privacy, for which his modesty yearns, at the expense equally of patriotism and intellectual merit.

It is our consolation, that we sometimes happen upon a virtuous citizen who has no affectations, no scruples, when the question is, will you save the country? Who frankly takes office when he can get it, and keeps it as long, nay, even longer than the government desires; who feels, justly, that the office was made for him, and, in his prayers, thanks God that he was so happily made for the office; who persuades himself, indeed, that had he not been created, the office, in all probability, would have been deemed premature; and who thus doubly assures himself upon a subject, about which most citizens are so modestly doubtful. Such a man realises, for us, the *rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno*," of dulcet Master Ovid, in more certain embodiment than any other of the occasional wonders of society. We follow him, in his walks, with all our eyes. We feel that he is unique. We know that he is an exception. Why will not good citizens take pattern from his example? Why do they not go to Washington, a few of them, at general shearing (sharing) time, on the eve of each incoming administration, and lessen the labour of the worthy President and his sweating Secretaries? Why should stout old Marcy, who took Scott so vehemently by the beard; and sweet, soothing, very simple Guthrie—Guthrie the good—as Mr. Bronson is said to call him among his intimates—and Jeff. Davis, beloved of Toombs and Foote,—why should such amiable and aged persons be

forced, by such dim lights, to search after the good-men-and-true, whom office needs? Why not, from this moment, turn over a new leaf, all of us—assemble, every fourth year, in double ranks, inward faced, along the banks of the Potomac, and look forward, fearlessly, each man's soul in his visage, while the President walks through the files, and chooses as he goes. Give him the right of choice. It is that which we implore. Put yourselves before him, ye modest, and cry, with a loud voice, "behold"! Do not hesitate to unfold your endowments. Say, aloud, what each of you is good for. What office, each of you, in his own opinion, is endowed to fill; for whom, indeed, the office is created—without whom, indeed, it would be very unwise, that such office should be created. Declare your call, as you do in law, medicine and religion. You have heard a voice, at midnight, saying, "go, you Daniel, to the court of St. James. You, alone, can settle that business of the Tri-partite Treaty. You, Thomas, whom, lovingly, we call Tom, fly to Paris; it is only such a genius as yours, which can properly match the subtle intellect that persuades these Frenchmen, that a standing army is a guardianship of love, and prisons are that perfect liberty, of which religion speaks, as proper for a Christian people!" and so-forth; and thus choosing rightly, and the endowed persons only, as they are forced to declare themselves by the dominant power which speaks ever in their particular ears—you are sure that the nations abroad shall all be set upon the right track, leading to a general millenium, and that cigars and French brandy shall no longer be smuggled into our ports, to the detriment of our domestic virtues, and the diminution of our national revenues. Do not, we pray you, hide your lights under a bushel, making it needful that our President, in order to hunt you up, should borrow that from the barrel of Diogenes. There are, among our chronicles, some few examples of persons coming forward, at the right time, and for the right places, and taking care that the foolish modesty should not keep down the instincts of a becoming patriotism. Thus, for instance, we commend you to Mr. C. Edwards Lester, the author of the piquant volumes before us.

This gentleman is your proper model. He never showed himself mealy-mouthed, in seeking what he felt himself required to find. He acknowledged, gratefully, the gifts of Deity; and, at an early moment, cast about, in what way to exercise them. He saw that his sphere was a consulate, and that the *locus in quo* was Genoa. There are, we admit, higher distinctions than that of a consulate. But the name is Roman and sounding, and the young bird's modesty tutors short flights at the beginning. But a man may do a devilish sight of mischief in a consulate, and, by parity of reasoning, a great deal of good. He interposes, at the right time, to save from prison or the gallies, the sailor who, with money in his pocket, takes a *spree* in a foreign port. He visés the passports of handsome young gentlemen—choice in gloves—like Mr. Bristed. He reports to the newspapers, his own, and the sensation he caused in others, when he deigned to smile upon the artistes at the theatre, or to appear at a *levee*, at the Palazzo, in approved costume. What the mischief did Marcy mean, by cutting off the braid and the buttons, the epaulettes, swords and sashes, of our diplomates—all, at one fell swoop—as, Macbeth devoured the chicks of Macduff? Oh! democracy grows more and more savage, daily.

Well, as we said, a consul has great powers of mischief. But the good is, a good offset to the mischief. He is a good looking consul. He shows well in official costume. He is well read in American literature and history, and can set the poor Italians right in some things American—about which they are scarcely wiser than the British. Having tutored them, in respect to us, he turns about, and tutors us in respect to them. Mr. Lester took care of us abroad, and studied hard to teach us something, too, of foreign affairs. He gives us the history of Genoa, for example—Genoa, *la superba*. He shows us why Genoa is called the superb, and why she should be called so, and why he should call her so, and why we should hearken to his voice, and call her superb, also. All this is very interesting information; scarcely to be found, as he tells it, in any of the books. The Crusades, a little known episode in history, demands his attention. He also indulges us with much curious matter touching an in-

stitution, which seems to have been of religious character; called the Inquisition. He would have told us more, no doubt, but just at the moment, his consular uniform came in, and he was required, by his official position, to give all his attention to the tailor. We rather think that Mr. Lester was quite too severe with himself in his devotion to his official duties. There is such a thing as over doing a virtue; and, in this way, the very best of morals, like soup, may be undone as overdone. But, upon the whole, we agree with our consul, that it is better, perhaps, to have the broth a shade too hot than too cold. Still, we do not forget the rule, *de gustibus*, etc., and a consul, if any body, may be permitted to eat his soup as he pleases.

When, to return, we remember that Genoa owes her fame to our country, one of her citizens, named Columbus, being made renowned by discovering our shores—a glory which naturally reflects back upon the place of his birth—she naturally rises into some importance in our eyes. Mr. Lester, telling us of Doria, and other unknown people of the place, and of certain achievements which they are said to have performed in various places, would seem to entertain the idea that she had no small amount of reputation before that event. He even insists upon her antiquity, telling us, in phrase which will be readily admitted to be as sublimish as new, that “her history is to be traced back till it is lost in the twilight of ages.” *Par parenthese* :—Is Mr. Lester aware that we have a history of Kentucky before the flood? Talk of antiquity to us, indeed! Genoese antiquity! We wonder at Mr. Lester. He ought to know better. Tell that to the marines—or the English. They will believe anything against the Americans, and doubt our histories. No man’s experience, touching the English, is better than our Consul’s; and this brings us to his own antecedents. He, himself, is a person of antiquities; i. e. if performances are permitted, as they should be, to determine, in preference to mere days and years. It was as a mere boy that Alexander subdued Bucephalus. Scipio did his famous things in Spain before he could stroke his own beard. Napoleon was no great shakes, after he had passed his early manhood. Mr. Lester has crowded his days

with deeds. *Actis ævum implet non segnibus annis.* He has lived a dozen youths in one. Let him beware how he suffers himself to grow old. We could not endure to behold him after a loss of that glorious vigour which brings back to us a vision of the heroic ages. Marlborough and Swift—drivellers and shows ! One shivers at the thought of it.

It may be gratuitous to speak of the performances of such a man as our Consul ; but habit reconciles us to the absurdity of writing the name of the horse under the picture. And it is possible that there may be some worthy, simple citizen, who has not kept proper pace with progress, and who may need to be told that the sun shines somewhere daily. There are such benighted people everywhere, and charity teaches us to couch the eyes of the blind, just as certainly as she teaches that we fill the crops of the hungry. We are very far from thinking the claims of a mole as inferior to those of a cormorant ; and we boldly justify, under the exception, for the otherwise gratuitous labour which we take in showing up, however briefly, the whys, wherefores, whereabouts and what-a-doings, of our consul at Genoa.

Briefly, then, commencing with the commencement of our knowledge of the subject, we are told that Mr. Lester is a retired clergyman, with a roving commission in literature. Of his preaching we know not a syllable ; though we have no doubt that he did famous things in the pulpit. He is just the man for famous things, with a good text under his thumb, and a village audience under his eye. But his philanthropy seems to have got the start of his religion, and we next hear of him at the great world's convention in London, for the overthrow of American slavery. Of this convention, or rather of some of the members comprising it, we find a few notices of interest, in that very curious, painfully interesting, and terribly instructive volume, just republished by Harper & Brothers, the autobiography of the painter Haydon. This brave, irregular man Haydon, wanting money—always wanting money—seized upon the assemblage of this famous convention as a subject for a grand picture, and for the turning of a penny. In both objects, the poor fellow seems to have been disappointed. He was just an

hour or two, late. The wonder of the nine days was over, before his picture was ready for the market ; and Haydon had yet to learn the melancholy truth, that philanthropy never yet found a good market for the fine arts. The convention was one thing, and the painting of it another thing entirely. But the good painter's notes embody some shrewd comments, which give us no bad idea of the sort of qualities that is needed for a professional philanthropist. Speaking of Lucretia Mott, he says :

“Lucretia Mott, the leader of the delegate women from America, sate. *I found her out to have infidel notions*, and resolved, at once, narrow minded or not, not to give her the prominent place (in the picture) I first intended. I will reserve that for a beautiful believer in the divinity of Christ.”

There's a Christian painter for you ! Simple Haydon, to fancy that philanthropy, in present times, needs be Christian, or even pious at all. Haydon did not know that most of these famous friends of the negro exhibit the most singular readiness in flinging Christ overboard ; their philanthropy, as in the days when the French abolished Deity, being quite independent of extraneous aids. But, again :

“Scobell called. I said—‘I shall place you, Thompson, (the famous George) and the negro together.’ Now, an Abolitionist, on thorough principle, would have gloried in being so placed. This was the touchstone. *He sophisticated immediately on the propriety of placing the negro in the distance, as it would have much greater effect.*”

Adroit painter. How naturally he suspected the philanthropist. How easily is this dusky patriot seen through by a clear-eyed man of imagination. Haydon sarcastically comments—

“Now I, who have never troubled myself in this cause, gloried in the imagination of placing the negro close by his emancipator. The emancipator shrank. I'll do it, though ; if I do not, d——n me.”

Excellent painter ! Considering the honest soul which dictated the oath, we forgive it, as all honest writers will do, and we trust that the great Forgiver will ignore the bill of the accuser, even as we do. Our painter proceeds—

"George Thompson said he saw no objection. *But that was not enough! A man who wishes to place the negro on a level, must no longer regard him as having been a slave* and object to sitting by his side. Put in the negro's head and the head of the delegate from Hayti."

Judicious Haydon! He must have been reminded of the chorus of witches in Macbeth—

"Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may."

Virtue and philanthropy, like poverty, bring men to the knowledge of strange bed-fellows.

But where was Mr. C. Edwards Lester all this time? We turn over the records, and are confounded to find that he was permitted no place in the picture. How was this, painter? Why was this, convention, committee, snuffers, bottlewashers?—we appeal to you all. Explain. You do not pretend that he did not take rank above the salt on this occasion? What! our Charley Edwards? Impossible! Here is his sign manual. We have heard the echoes of his voice on the occasion. He did not miss the occasion—with the delegates from all parts of philanthropic Europe and America present—all eager to drink in the sounds of that voice which erewhile rang in Berkshire or thereabout, and made the saints rejoice as at the birth of another Samuel! He spoke, he dealt in potent resolutions. Never were resolutions more potent, more savory, more full of the good puritan leaven! He shook the dust and stain of slavery from his garments with the air of one crying, "avoid thee, Sathanas!" "Sorra the bit of a chance had ye slaveholders that day," said a clever young Irishman to us, "when the great Mr. Lester seized upon ye, jist by the nape of the neck, and worried ye as the cat worries the rat, whom he has taken for once with his head out of his hole."

This was the first great achievement that drew men's eyes upon our Consul. Folks prophesied of his future, of the things he should yet do—though a few old fogies, (as

they invariably call those folks whose faith in the *nil admirari* is a passion no less than a principle,) did say, quoting Shakspeare, "so young and yet so wise, do ne'er live long." But the prospect is, that our subject will falsify their friendly prediction. It is certain that he survived the World's Convention;—nay, lived, we believe, to think better of it, and to recant his anti-slavery philanthropies—for a time, at least. Mr. Lester does not stay very long in one place. We must confess, with all our admiration of his better qualities, that his principles are just about as steady as a well-oiled weathercock in March. He is as mercurial as an eel, and as devoted in his affections as a sand sparrow. He sings and skips, and flirts and flies, soars and sinks, with equal ease, rapidity of transition, and satisfaction—to himself. It may be that Haydon's neglect to put him in the picture—(it is possible that the English knights, the Duke, for example, may not have called on him)—led to the exhibition of our Consul in a new phase, when he blazed away at the whole Bull breed, in his "Glory and Shame of England." But we can account for it by his own flexibility and mercurial temper. You have read that book? No? It is something, then, that you live for. May Heaven preserve your sight till you possess yourself of its contents. It will delight you, if a good Democrat, to see him put in his facers—to see how he lays Bull out, darkening his glories decidedly, and taking all the conceit and comfort out of his bread basket. The book had capital, of this sort, enough to fit out a score of members of Congress for the Congressional session. It was just the right kind of material with which to come over the affections of Buncombe. In sober truth, we lament that our Consul was never sent to Congress. We can tell him that we have heard a dozen speeches on the stump, thundering out the facts and figures of the "Glory and Shame" with a profligate waste of capital that fully showed how they came by it. They were as willing to cut up and divide, as the lying mother, against whom Solomon, the Magnificent, decided the case so sagaciously; and not a man of them had the grace to acknowledge from whose fields they had gathered their stores of declamation. And, sometimes, it was really very pretty declama-

tion. It rolled upon the ear like the surges of the sea upon the coast of Labrador. It had its softness, too,—indeed the author possesses considerable softness,—and discoursed as pleadingly to the senses, as the same waters when the tide is down, and the billows have exhausted their anger in their efforts. Mr. Lester's anger was kept up to the end of his volume, even when his declamation grew less loud and more musical; and most effectually did he take the conceit out of Bull before he had done with him. We venture to say that Haydon, and the rest of our British brethren, have bitterly lamented, ever since, the mistake they made in neglecting to put our Consul in the picture; and if the Iron Duke really forebore to call upon him—a fact which we have had more than hinted to us—then, it becomes a question whether he did not render a greater disservice to his country than he ever did good, in the famous hammering which he gave to Napoleon at Waterloo. The doubt is one of serious difficulty.

“The Glory and Shame of England” had, we take it, large circulation. The author was naturally emboldened. He wrote other books, edited and translated from the Italians—Ceba, Machiavelli, Alfieri, and, we believe, Massimo, and Manzoni. He made quite a clever little library of readable English works out of these Italians, without, we fear, getting any thanks from them for his pains. In these books, bating his introductions, which were always so many essays, he did some service to our *gobe-mouches*, who devoured gratefully. So far as he was fettered by his original, it was fortunate for his genius. He was only in danger, when, like Cuffee, he became his own master. In his own books, his mercurial nature ran riot. He had laboured under a dreadful incontinence of speech. He had a terrible ambition to be eloquent without provocation. He was apt to get awfully earnest, when urging the sweetness of charity, the excellence of virtue, and the pleasure of being happy. These original topics always brought out his genius in high colour. And, on such topics, it is mere absurdity and bad taste to complain that he was diffuse. Genius, when on new ground, must not be put into straight-jackets, and he who discovers a new territory may well be permitted to go over the ground till

he is himself tired. You need not follow him unless you please. Still, with this obvious policy before them, people would insist that he always made too much of his discoveries; that he always exacted too much interest for his capital; that he worked all the substance out of his soil, and was just as well pleased to see a crop of broomstraw upon it, as oats or wheat. The sight of the broomstraw, indeed, would perhaps prove more grateful to his eyes, as reminding him of the lowly origin of the Plantagenets. But, certainly, he did sometimes, we are forced to admit, spread his butter quite too thin for his bread—and in making his bread. And his yeast did not always rise. A single idea usually served him through a volume. A single bit of gold would enable him to gild an amphitheatre. His faculty is great, and precious as great, in dilation and inflation. His gift of words is prodigious. He will talk down a Frenchman. He will beat an Italian Improvisatore at his own weapons; and, with half the quantity of macaroni, would feed thrice as well as any of the Neapolitan lazzaroni. His mind is somewhat akin to that of Headley, who, we believe, is another retired clergyman, and of great fluency; but he lacks the savage, warlike attributes of the latter; is by no means fierce; and, with a genius as universal as that of Nick Bottom—who is the type of the universal genius—he is just as considerate not to terrify the ladies. Now, with all these little traits, which are vulgarly held to be disqualifying ones, we must do Mr. Lester the justice to say that he is a man of abilities. Caught young, and under strict training, his mercurial temper would have been sufficient for a proper vivacity only. The chastening of severe study and good morals, would have armed him with patient thought, with strictness of inquiry and calm investigation; and the result would have been a correct judgment in the exercise of the real endowments which he possesses. He has fancy, is quick witted enough, can appreciate and enjoy the picturesque, and, as a moral and social writer, we have no doubt that he might have reached considerable and permanent successes. He might do so yet. He is still comparatively a young man, and, with pains-taking, subduing his deter-

mined purpose of being eloquent on all occasions, he could effect such reforms in his own mental habit, as would put him rightfully and gracefully in the realm of letters. His books, in consequence of their impulse, have always some merit. We confess to reading them with pleasure. It is true, we sometimes laugh *at* the writer; but, on such occasions, we give him the credit of having designed that we should do so. But, really he sometimes gives us a glowing and graceful description, and occasionally breaks out into an apostrophe that takes us by surprise, and makes us turn, involuntarily, to our plaister cast of Cicero, as if to ask the Roman orator what he thinks of it. That Cicero looks gravely all the while, is sufficient reason for us to think that he is somewhat astonished too. And well he may be at such moments.

The next we hear of our "consul" is in a new character—that of a newsmonger. He sets up a newspaper. The book form of publication is too slow for his genius—the field too circumscribed. His talks must be more frequent with the public, and forth issues "the White Man's Newspaper," a sheet as ample as the mainsail of a man-of-war. In this sheet, as his title itself plainly shows, he surrendered his former favourites, the negroes. He has begun to perceive the danger of flooding the country with soot and sable. He obeys the natural instincts of race, and manfully declares himself for his own colour. There was too much competition in the business of abolition, to make it any longer a productive business, however popular, and he now showed his teeth at his former associates. But the Southern planters, an ungrateful tribe, though grievously solicited, did not take the bait; and it was bobbed about, fruitlessly, for a short season, on the surface of the water. It finally went the way of all flesh, and was buried somewhere, in some one of the numerous mansions of the moon, with the other treasures of Astolfo. A new mission called our consul to performance. The Union was endangered between the abolitionists and secessionists. It was his call to save the Union. Placing himself between the two sections, North and South, Mr. Lester unfurled another broad sheet, which he inscribed with

the magic words,—"Herald of the Union." He was now a conservator of the peace. But the Herald was equally luckless with the "White Man's Newspaper." The Union was saved, according to the politicians; but the "Herald" was lost. It is a subject of national congratulation that its editor was not lost with it. His consulate, the happy days in Genoa, Italy generally, France passingly, and Europe at large, occasionally, were recalled, and he embodies his readings, his reminiscences, studies in history, and various experiences, in place and politics, for the benefit of succeeding travellers and diplomats.

We are not prepared to regard "My Consulship,"—the two volumes before us—as possessing the same degree of strength with the "Glory and Shame of England." It is somewhat more tame, more subdued. Age has toned down the spirit of the author, diminished, somewhat, his superlatives—made him less vehement, at all events, and softened his ferocities of style and thought. The work, besides, is more varied in its topics, and shows an increase of maturity if a loss of vigour. It contains many good, and even thoughtful, things—among others, an essay respecting the uses of a consulate, its history, duties, details, studies, responsibilities and requisitions; and gives some good hints to the government, touching appointments, etc.—some pleasant pictures of scenery here and there occur, and some graceful essayical and descriptive passages. Our Consul is not without a certain sneaking vein of humour, also, and has the knack of showing up a fool, so well, that one sees what could be made of himself with a little painstaking. His account of his own benevolent attempt to carry one of our brave American diplomats—who knew no tongue but his own, and hardly that—through sundry official and ceremonial interviews with the high foreign dignitaries to whom he is commissioned—the inflexibility of our Gothic tongue, suddenly surprised by the demand to speak in pure Tuscan—its equal rigidity, when the appeal is made to French and German—and the utter despair with which poor Charles Edward gives up the effort to explain and interpret—would make an admirable subject for a humorous picture in one of the vacant pan-

els of the rotunda, and we commend it to Mount, and others of his order. We must quote this passage, for the benefit of such of our Southern artists as may be provoked, by our suggestion, to the attempt. It would certainly tell well on canvas. Were our own walls white enough, we should certainly, ourselves, try the subject in charcoal. It is one that should be kept, when painted, in the cabinet chamber, at the White House, and be carefully studied when modest politicians are to be hunted up by lamplight, in order to be forced into diplomatic coat and breeches.

“Our *chargé d'affaires* at the court of Turin, has arrived in Genoa. In compliance with the etiquette of the country, we called, at one o'clock, on the governor of the town, who is a minister of the king, and one of his state counsellors. I presented the *chargé d'affaires*. Our government does some things very curiously, indeed; and, among them, is the appointment, to foreign courts, of men who cannot speak a word in any language but the English, [and not always in that.] It would be enough to cure nine out of ten of all our office seekers [*Heavens! does the Consul insinuate that there are such creatures in this country?*] if they could have witnessed our operations to-day. The *chargé d'affaires* approached the governor, when he was presented, and kept *mum!* The Governor addressed him in French—the *chargé* was *mum!* The governor addressed him in Italian. The *chargé* was still *mum!* The governor addressed him in German. The *chargé* was *munmer* still! The governor looked at me *the same as to say*, [as if to say] ‘Why, is this a deaf and dumb man, sir? Is he a man of straw—or was he made [only] by a tailor? Who is he? What does he want? Please to explain, sir.’ The *chargé* looked cheap. I felt very cheap myself, and would have sold out considerably below *par*; but the poor governor seemed to feel worse than either of us, etc. . . . I got tired of being an interpreter.”

As well he might. The want of the several languages was certainly a serious one, but, on this occasion, our poor *Charge* seemed to have suffered from the greater lack of resources. Shrewd sense and mother wit might have brought him through even a more awkward situation than the one described. Take an example. It is reported of

John Randolph that, on one occasion, he answered some remarks of old George Kremer in Congress, by a speech wholly in Latin. Randolph's scorn, that Kremer should presume to engage in the discussion, prompted him to this indignity. The old Dutchman, it was understood, knew no more of Latin than a Camanche. The laugh was prodigious at the expense of old Kremer. He, meanwhile, took it all very coolly, and when it had finally subsided, he rose with the air of a man perfectly well assured of himself, and harangued John Randolph, at some length, in a copious torrent of low Dutch. The tables were completely turned. The laugh now was t'other side of the mouth. The effect was irresistible upon the assembly, and the old Dutchman's triumph was complete. Now, had our unhappy *Charge*, unhappy in his sole, singular Gothic tongue, very promptly responded to the Governor in Cherokee, or Choctaw, and referred to the universal-tongued "Consul" for interpretation, there would have been no reason for mortification. We suspect that the other parties would have suffered from the sweating process.

To conclude: There is much really pleasant, though desultory, reading, in these volumes—descriptions of places, anecdotes of persons, pictures of scenery, and of society—sketches, tragic and fanciful—condensed narrations from history—accounts of current transactions in Italy—portraits of distinguished persons, of the Pope, Pio Nino, Charles Albert, &c.; all of which may be read with interest, in spite of the frequent *niaseries* of the author. Had he kept himself utterly out of sight, in these volumes, he would have been seen to advantage; but, unhappily, Mr. Lester's pictures will be always valueless in his own eyes, unless he puts himself forever in the foreground. On every page you see the same pleasantly persuaded personage popping into position, and swelling with equal simplicity and importance. Here, he is the grand figure, trying on his consular uniform, preparatory to official ceremonials: anon, he figures at the *levee*. Now, he appears kneeling for the Pope's blessing, not only for himself, but his wife and little ones. In return for the boon, from the Holy Father, he gives him some good advice, as to how

he shall govern his people, according to the dictates of a genuine democracy; and concludes, by drawing from beneath his cloak, and presenting him with, a complete set of the consul's own writings, appropriately bound in sheep. In the expression of his opinions, he is as startling and striking, as in his attitudes. In one place, he speaks of the donkey, on which he has learned to ride, in Genoa, as a model for Christian study: "I have, sometimes, thought that Christians might study the character of this animal, and learn, therefrom, some of the sublimer virtues of his religion." Could such a thought have been running in the head of Coleridge, when he wrote an "ode to a young ass," saying, among other unctuous things—"I call thee brother!"—and why, if Mr. Lester got his notion from this source, did he forbear to use the very appropriate quotation? This is a frequent sample of the method which our author takes, in order to startle you into irreverence. But we must have done. With a good sense-keeper, such as the old Seminole, Micanopy, had—Abraham—to keep him always from *shying* out of the track, "our Consul" would, occasionally, deliver himself of a very good and readable book.

We had thus far written of our author and his volumes, and had closed, fancying that we had shown, conclusively, to himself, as to every body else, what a world of critical kindness—the very milk of it—might yet be drawn from the fountains, usually supposed to overflow only with the more acrid humours. We congratulated conscience, with having *done fairly* with Mr. Lester, as well as being *fairly done* with him. But Mr. Lester is a person who is never quite done with himself. He will turn up again, tumble him about as you may, in some newer fashion, but always with the peculiar ear-mark of C. Edwards Lester. He is, morally, like the Frenchman's flea. Your finger is on him *here*:—no, *there*!—You have him, you are sure of it; and it needs only the application of the thumb-nail, to the little, dirty, brown speck that you have rolled up between your fingers, to put an end to the trippings and skippings of the insect—when, lo! as you proceed to execution, you feel the loss of the criminal. He is gone! He has saved his wool by taking refuge in that

of the spaniel, at your feet, or the tabby on your hearth-rug. He must be in somebody's wool. Now, would you believe it, at the very moment when we thought we had rolled him up into the smallest possible compass, within the leaves of "My Consulship," dropping the smallest amount of ink on his head to keep him quiet for a season, he is off—has made his escape, and hides himself—where do you think? In the woolly head of our Southern negro!

What other flea would ever so dexterously have managed to find so admirable, and, for him, so natural a place of refuge? There, he shows himself to the *manor born*. Catch him there, if you can! Pursue him through the interminable passages, and thickets, and dark avenues, and beastfilled jungles of Cuffee's head—which, but too frequently harbours a goodly number of "small deer"—and he will give you such a chase as will make that of the "wild huntsman" but child's play to it; and when you have driven him from this apparently last refuge of genius, and relieved Cuffee from "the troubles of the brain," that are likely to follow the occupation of his upper chamber, by such a tenant, you are just as far from your flea as ever. It is the fortune of such insignificance to be always sure of refuge somewhere!

Now, not to be too obscure ourselves, in the pursuit of our flea and figure, we beg the reader's attention to a number of the London Times, of date September 30, which, through the kindness of a friendly correspondent, has been just laid before us. There is a letter, in this sheet, "*on American affairs*," from "*our own correspondent*," and sent from New-York, paraded under these imposing captions, before the eyes of the Bull family. "Our correspondent" is understood, in New-York, to be no other than our fugitive—our ex-consul at Genoa, our fierce republican, who so damaged British reputation in his "glory and shame of England." He is now, it appears, preparing, like a good Christian, to make amends for his previous offences against our British brother, by enlightening him as to the proper processes by which to bring the people of the United States to their proper senses! Such a labour of love, charity, philanthropy—to say nothing of other interests—contrasts very curiously with the author's

antecedents, and shows him to be a flea not altogether inaccessible to compunctious visitings. In this, rests our hope of him hereafter.

And now to show what use Mr. Lester makes of his hiding place in Cuffee's wool. The letter of "our correspondent," in the *London Times*, opens with an assurance that must have greatly delighted the British public.

"The article in *The Times* on 'railways in India,' has produced a profound sensation in this country."

This is verily tall talking ! Of course, we need not assure our readers that the aforesaid article, has not been read, scarcely been seen, by one American statesman, politician, merchant or editor in one thousand—and, if read, never occasioned the slightest sensation anywhere. But see how Mr. Lester accounts for this sensation, and the use which, in his character of the flea, he makes of his place of refuge in the wool of the negro :

"There are several reasons, which will be readily understood, why it has had such an effect ; first, it is believed that there is more cotton wool wasted every year in India, because there are no means of sending it to the market, than there is raised in the United States. However this may be, the quantity must be immense, while the capabilities of the Indian soil are equal to the production of any amount of cotton the world may require. The opening of great avenues to the seaboard through these prolific regions, must, at last, accomplish what has been so long the cherished scheme of British statesmen and British philanthropists, and our *Southern statesmen, who smiled complacently upon the attempts of Great Britain to raise her supplies of cotton in the East Indies, and on the African coast, are now looking about them to see how they shall meet a difficulty of so formidable a character.* All American statesmen and political economists throughout the world understand that nothing has rooted negro slavery in America so deeply, or promised it so prolonged an existence, as the profit arising from the culture of cotton, and the inability of England, France and Germany to obtain supplies from any other quarter for their great manufactories. Towards the close of the last century, slavery had but a feeble hold upon the American mind or American soil. The invention of Whitney's cotton gin worked one of the greatest social revolutions the

modern world has seen. After the invention of that labour-saving machine, cotton became the most profitable crop the South could raise, and every slave quadrupled in value. At that time, most of the generation who had witnessed the American Revolution and the establishment of the Federal Constitution, were still alive. They knew that, although a clause was introduced, by universal consent, into that Constitution, recognizing the existence of slavery, and guaranteeing the *legal title* of the master to his man, yet the term "*slave*" or "*slavery*" was not admitted into that great compact, and "involuntary servitude," it was not doubted on any hand, would gradually be exterminated. There was at the time not only a clear conviction in the minds of the American people, that slavery was not a profitable institution, but there was in those days a *higher moral sentiment on the subject of human rights than has ever prevailed in America since.*"

Here we have the old raw head and bloody bones resuscitated, not so much to scare the Southern planters, for they have heard the cry of "wolf" from India too long to believe now in the beast, but to delight the eyes of the British public and editor, with a grateful prospect. The "wolf" will be found in the sequel to be all "wool." Think how it must gratify our British brethren, to be told "that there is more cotton wool wasted in India, than there is raised in the United States." What did we tell you of the magnifying and amplifying faculty of "our Consul?" How, with one little bit of gold, he could beat out leaf enough for the gilding of an amphitheatre? Well, the wasted wool of India is to be all saved by the construction of railways to bring it to market. Oh! Consul! oh! Bull! oh! British Consul! oh! well counselled Bull! Verily, ye may say to each other, as Coleridge to the ass—"I call thee brother!" Embrace! Very pleasant it is to behold brethren dwelling together in amity; especially when they counsel each other in terms so precious to expectancy and hope. But ah! the terrors of that railroad, for picking up waste cotton in India, to "our Southern statesmen, now looking about them, to see how they shall meet a difficulty of so formidable a character." That tremendous article in the Times recommending the construction of a railroad for saving waste cotton wool—well may it cause a profound sensation; but it will be only in

the case of "laughter holding both his sides," and trembling for the integrity of his waistbands. The fear of exploding with the fun of the thing, is about the only sensation which this project can occasion among the Southern planters and politicians, if they read the article, which we are sure, as we said before, has not yet been seen by one in a thousand. Our Consul is a person given up to profound sensations, as our brother of the Times will soon find out, if, indeed, he has not done so already.

The fact is that the Southern politicians and planters are the last people in the world to feel profound sensations of this character. They are the very last to see their own danger from any cause—the last to rouse up at the cry of wolf or wool; and are too confident of themselves, and too indolent in their habits, not to be liable to continual surprises. They are very frequently caught napping by their enemies. They are confiding, unsuspicious, slow to action, very indifferent as to what the rest of the world is about, with a self-esteem so enormous as never to suffer them to suppose, for a moment, that any power or project in the world can hurt them. This indifference, apathy, self-esteem, call it what you will, has frequently plunged them into embarrassments, has frequently lost them capital, no less than interest, and crippled equally their social and political strength. You could not alarm them by the threatened rivalry of Britain in the culture of cotton. They sent out some of their planters of South-Carolina and Georgia, to teach the East-Indians and the Mussulmans how to *raise* the wool, which, it appears, according to Mr. Lester, they waste as they raise. As for alarming them by the proposed railway, which is to pick up the wasted wool, you might as well attempt to pay the debt of Great Britain with the profits from Mr. Lester's writings. The whole assertion is as ridiculous as false. But enough is shown to enable us to see by what process it is that our Consul proposes to work his way through Cuffee's wool. His transition is naturally to negro slavery—the old leaven of abolition showing itself anew in the workings of his mental dough.

"Cotton is the support of negro slavery," quoth Mr. Lester. It would read more sensibly to say that negro slavery is the

soul of cotton. Take away the latter, and you will have but a flemish account of the former, whether in India or America. But, where did "our Consul" learn that "towards the close of the last century slavery had but a feeble hold upon the American mind or American soil?" Why, but for the recognition of the institution there would have been no Union. Slavery had no hold, as a local institution, in the North, because it was not profitable there; but the good people of that region continued to steal and sell the negroes to the South during the whole century, and do the same business to this day on a small scale, greatly regretting in secret that the operations cannot be extended but at the peril of encountering British cannon. Long before cotton became a staple of the South, the negro was employed in all the Southern States upon other profitable staples—tobacco, indigo, rice, &c. There was no period when slavery was not profitable to the South, and it was only one of the results of slavery that cotton grew to its present importance, as the greatest political blessing to the world, feeding millions, and keeping the restless and bitter moods of hostile Governments fast fettered in the arms of peace.

"There was, in those days, a *higher moral sentiment*, on the subject of human rights, than has ever prevailed since." Excellent! Yet, in those very days, the slave trade had the sanction and practice of all the christian world. Yes, the Consul involuntarily speaks the truth. The moral sentiment *was* higher, as it was more truthful; and the negro was humanely regarded, as a negro, and not degraded and destroyed by the ludicrous and cruel effort to elevate him into a position which is only a mockery, and must, ultimately, result in his annihilation.

We pass over sundry platitudes of our Consul, in relation to negroes, cotton, slavery, etc., which need no dissection; but, when the flea pops into sight, in *pro. per.*, we must take him between our fingers.

"I was travelling through the great cotton district just before 1840, when the agents of the East India Company were in the South, choosing the most experienced and successful planters, with all the

implements of the cotton culture, to take to the East Indies, to make an attempt, on a broad scale, to raise cotton enough for the British market. I had occasion to remark how deep, and, perhaps, well founded, was the alarm of our Southern planters at this experiment, which was then being worked in the East Indies. The obtusest among them could see that, with the loss of their European market, cotton could no longer be cultivated, at remunerating prices, by slave labour, and, with the speculation, the institution would go by the board."

To this, *non sequitur*, as we have said already. And, we need not say, that this story of the alarm of the Southern planters was apparent to no senses but those of our Consul. He proceeds; his patriotic object appearing to be two-fold—to destroy slavery in the United States, and thus build up the fabric of British manufactures and commerce, that it may overshadow all the nations. Hear him, as he draws the grateful picture, for the eyes of the British people:

"But those apprehensions, [of the planter] soon subsided, only to be revived again, if England adopts the recommendation of the governor-general, for the establishment of those great lines of railway, which would connect her three presidencies, and pour down into Calcutta mighty streams of agricultural wealth, which are now enriching those interminable plains, the products of which find no access to a market. No doubt, whatever, can be entertained that the South will relax its grasp upon the slave the very moment the hold ceases to be profitable. But, so long as cotton is selling for five hundred dollars a bale, and negroes are worth from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars, all the preaching, and all the entreaty, and all the schemes, devised for the emancipation of the American slave will be as fruitless as 'the whistling wind.' If, then, the philanthropists of Stafford-house, with Mrs. Stowe and her sympathizers, would strike a blow against American slavery, that would be felt, in a day, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, *let them subscribe all their surplus funds to build these East India railways. He must be a very clear-sighted man who can discern, in the future, any other remedy, from pacific and natural causes, for American slavery.* For upwards of twenty years, all the moral power of the abolitionists of the world has been levelled against this institution; but, up to the present hour, I think, it would be difficult to show that one

thousand slaves have, through their influence, been emancipated in the United States, while their number has increased more than one million."

Think of cotton at five hundred dollars per bale! Our Consul, you perceive, is a statistician. But think, again, of the monstrous discovery, when cotton is five hundred dollars per bale, of negroes selling only at one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars. Do our planters see, and read? Do they not stagger at the prospect before them? Alas! for Mr. Lester. We verily believe they are again laughing, "fit to split." Our Consul is sure of his own panacea. How handsomely he turns about upon his old confederates, the abolitionists. How he takes Mrs. Stowe by the beard. "You are all blunderers!" quoth the Consul. "You have been working fifty years against the storm. Your moral power is all fudge and fiddle stick. Slavery is stronger than ever. One thousand slaves may have been emancipated, but, in place of the thousand lost, the increase is one million. Give up your fantasies. They can come to nothing. Adopt my plan, and the game of slavery is up forever!"

All right but the last, Mr. Lester. Your dream is like all the rest. The war is in vain; and it beautifully illustrates the advantage which common sense, and human experience, and human policy, have, in a struggle with wild philosophies, and fantastic sentiments, the several cant of religion and philosophy, and the host of vain and vulgar people, in this land of virtue, striving, like Bedlamites, for notoriety. It ought to be conclusive of the attempt, the long vanity of that useless struggle. Negro slavery is established in the equal necessities of the world, and of the negro himself. And these necessities, when properly examined, are found to result in no real wrong to any party—are invincible, and the billows of faction, and cant, and vanity, and superstition, and the insane rages of a diseased philanthropy, all froth and foam, must beat against them in vain. A necessity in social and national affairs, is something stronger than a mere truth. It is a law, with a certain vital principle working restlessly within it, which forbids that it should grow obsolete,—nay,

forbids that it should even slumber for a moment. The nations cannot part with it. It is their life, and the very soul of the policy which saves.

“There is another aspect, also, to this subject, of great interest to our statesmen, aside from the results which the movement would have upon negro slavery. The very conception of the plan of penetrating Asia by a great system of railways impresses mankind with the power and spirit of the British nation. Those who talk about the decadence of Great Britain, and the possible depopulation of her islands, forget that England is only the home of her people, the spot where they were born, and the place to which they return to die—they live all over the world. More than 200,000,000 of the world's population are working for Great Britain. She guides the muscles of the Hindoo as readily as she does the hands of her operatives in Manchester. She is as much the mistress of the mines of other continents as she is the owner of those in Cornwall. Precarious as may have been her hold upon her East India possessions, she completes her title and consolidates her supremacy over its 150,000,000 the very moment she sends a train of cars to the foot of the Himalayahs. The first locomotive that rolls into Delhi will make the British dominion in the East Indies eternal.”

This is written by him who wrote the “Glory and Shame of England.” Ah! the Editor of the Times should take shame to himself for thus subsidizing the fine spirit of that gallant paladin—in thus emasculating the patriot whose lance smote upon the towers and temples of English pride and arrogance. The passage needs no words. It is introduced only to show with what christian temper our Consul discards his ancient grudges. He has tried North and South, Union and Disunion, and found them wanting—to him, at least. They have not fostered the accommodating patriot. Long ago he rowed John Bull up the Rio Salado, and now he turns to John, looking for his own salt. He proposes to try John against slavery, even as he tried the Southern planters in its support, and as he subsequently tried, in vain, the middle men and the conservatives. In all these processes, whether for or against the South, he is still looking for refuge in the wool of Cuffee. It will be hard, where the politician is so accommodating, if he does not find his refuge in some appropriate quarter.

We do not see that we need to waste more words upon the woolly works and workings of our Consul. It would be simply a waste of ammunition. Mr. Lester is quite too well known in this country, to render it possible that any body, knowing their source, should look into these letters to the London Times. If read, they are simply suicidal. They cut their own sinews, at all events, since it is the peculiar faculty of our author, like that of the tumble-bug, to have his little globe, segregated with so much pains, for his own use, from the manure heap, rolling back upon him the moment he attempts to rise. His political passages are really only so many skips of the flea.

Yet, even the skips of a flea may afford some amusement, and such skippings as these of our Consul, need to be seen only, to produce merriment enough. If it will give the Editor of the Times any satisfaction to suppose that the railway project in India has scared our planters out of their senses, why, in Heaven's name, let him enjoy it. But to us, the whole statement is as absurd as it is false. We can but laugh at the whole tissue of absurdities in this connection. The wool wasted in India, will not compare, in quantity or quality, with that which American Cuffee discards from his poll at every midsummer shearing; and, in respect to the talk about the capability of India soil for the production of American cotton, and the capacity of the natives for that steady and regular industry, by which it is to be cultivated and prepared for market, these are only old jokes in politics, which it must cost the Times itself, a sardonic grin, to hear. The portrait of Southern Statesmen, looking aghast with terror at this new form of danger, positively brings the tears into our eyes. We are reminded, as we read, of the curious sentiment of wonder, mixed with fun, exhibited by the Venetians, when they looked up to see the bomb-balloons, with which Radetzky attempted to batter the Sea city into submission. Nothing can be more richly ridiculous to the threatened party. Positively, if we were on evidence, and under oath, we should say that our Southern politicians and planters, not one in fifty thousand, ever till now, heard a syllable of this monstrous and devouring danger, which, according to the

account of "our Consul" has put them in such mortal terror—threatening Cuffee's wool, by the recovery of waste wool in India.

We may add that "the Times" is not wholly deceived by his American Correspondent. He uses him, but sees through him. He sees that all is gammon which he reports, but he employs it, nevertheless as *pabulum*; knowing that, to the ignorant, a folly may be made gospel, and that a falsehood, if it goes undetected, is perhaps just as valuable to a politician as the truth. The Editor of the Times accompanies the letter of "Our Consul" with a column and a half of commentary. He welcomes the assurances of Mr. Lester in grateful terms, adopting readily his conclusion, and—but hear him:—

"The profit of the cotton cultivation has ever been the chief element in the value of the negro, and when the former falls below zero, the latter will be *nil*. Thus, this dark incubus which has always rested over the soil and prospects of the Union, which has puzzled statesmen, and occupied philanthropists, and which seems so obstinate that the mere cost of abolition, should it ever be effected, is estimated at 300,000,000*L.*, but of which the cost is the very least difficulty, disappears like a summer cloud. We turn our eyes for a moment, and it is gone. It expires from simple exhaustion. Solid as it seems, it is but a bubble, blown up by a speculation, which, meeting with an unexpected rival, falls below paying point, and leaves the "domestic institution" as valueless as the decayed butler of a reduced gentleman. Thus inscrutable PROVIDENCE performs with a touch, the work on which we had been lavishing our interest for ages. While the placid Hindoo picks the cotton, cleans the fleecy crop, and then, with wondering obedience, feeds the fire of the locomotive, waves the flag, or turns the points, he is unwittingly knocking the fetters off three millions children of HAM on the other side of the world. He underbids the negro's toil, for the latter is doubly chargeable, for coercion as well as for maintenance. By the same unexpected interposition the great stumbling-block to the peace of the Union is removed, and the Northern and Southern States will forget their feuds. Such is the prospect of which we are allowed one happy glimpse in the letter of our American correspondent, and we cannot but add that, if this could be effected, we on our side of the water should be spared a prodigious deal of philanthropy of the most unctuous and most surfeiting description."

But, in the next breath, to salve his own conscience, and to mollify our apprehensions, he adds—"it must take many years before the cotton crop of India, can at all keep pace with the increasing demand all over the world." There is then room enough for both of us, and even with a waste of wool in India, greater than the whole crop of the United States, and with railroads to bring it in, there is still left enough for our Cuffees to do in cotton. The three millions of Ham's children are given a longer respite for cotton picking. Nay, as the gracious editor proceeds, it appears that they may even continue to increase indefinitely, as these greatly oppressed negroes do contrive to increase, and still the profits continue undiminished--a fact which is fatal to Mr. Lester's hope of breaking their bonds, by making their labor valueless.

"The world will never have too much of what it really needs. Considering, then, the growing demands of all nations, we see very slight prospect of India getting so beforehand with the world as to ruin the American cotton planter. We may confidently predict that there will be many risings and fallings in the cotton-market, and many fortunes won and lost in New-York, before things have settled down to such a permanent depreciation as this must suppose."

We are encouraged, we breathe again, and are not unwilling that John Bull should "rejoice to think," relying on Mr Lester's assurances, "that the Americans anticipate *so* much from incipient Indian railways."

ART. VIII.—BUSY MOMENTS OF AN IDLE WOMAN.

New York. Appleton & Co. 1853.

This is decidedly a clever book. Rumour affirms that it is the production of one of our towns-women. If so, we may congratulate ourselves upon the possession of one, who may claim a place, at least, equal to any in the walks of female literature. The Authoress is a true woman—her eye never fails to take in at a glance the whole dress of every lady she meets, and she reports it with, perhaps, rather too much detail.

Three of the tales appear intended to bear directly upon our Charleston Society, which the writer unequivocally condemns. That there is much to condemn, is unquestionable; but he who condemns in toto will be chargeable with having looked at but one side of the question. Society with us depends neither upon family, nor upon wealth, but is, in some measure, dependant upon both. The merely rich could not support it, and even they would not expel the well-born poor, from the circle in which their fathers moved. Now, while the former may partake of its joys to the dregs, the latter must, perforce, devote more or less time, (and generally *more* than *less*) to family cares. Women are not less happy because invested with the cares of a family; and we cannot but fancy that the patient and bustling Fanny Lawrence, with all her children and housekeeping, is a far happier woman than the fashionable Mrs. Atherton, or the ambitious Mrs. Grey. The "*res angusta domi*," is by no means an evil, if the parties have the courage to bear it bravely. Instead of a glorious compromise between a European Summer and a Southern Winter, fancy the happiness of foregoing some cherished luxury, in order that the loved partner may be gratified with his or her peculiar fancy.

Wealth appears to be necessary, in a certain degree, to happiness; but we contend that the very wealthy know nothing of the greatest happiness, that, namely, which springs from self-denial. So long as persons, not very wealthy, form a con-

stituent part of our society, so long must it lie open to our writer's strictures. Our wives devote themselves to family cares, not because they are intellectually, or morally, inferior to Mrs. Mordaunt Grey, but because the comfort and happiness of the house, depend upon it—and it is questionable, whether Mrs. Grey can, at all, appreciate the perennial springs of happiness, which minister to the well being of the secluded wife, whose lot she so haughtily disdains and bewails.

The Author gives, in two or three of her tales, sagacious counsels to young girls, respecting the choice of a husband, and their conduct in life. Our only objection is that these counsels proceed, in the one case, from a lady, who speaks from bitter experience, and the other, from a young person, who may be said to have no experience at all. The doctrine of compromises, may make any household comfortable, even where no love warms the heart. But compromise always implies opposition, and opposition is fatal to matrimonial happiness. In the present condition of society, the happiness of marriage is in the hands of the wife, and nowhere is the whole theory of marriage so well condensed; as in the service of the Episcopal Church. Where love has established her dwelling, there is no call for compromises; and the man who can resist the influence of a loving and dutiful wife, is no better than a brute. But even he, brute though he may be, can never deprive such a wife of one essential ingredient in all true happiness, a consciousness of having discharged her duty.

F. A. P.

ART. IX.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

Trescott's Letter on the Diplomatic System of the United States, like every thing from the pen of the writer, exhibits, throughout, good taste and good style, and merits consideration. He does not, we think, make quite so much out of the new government regulations of Diplomatic costume, as he might have done; for really, as this country is served abroad, too frequently, this subject of costume is the most serious portion of Diplomacy. In fact, the matter is of some importance, any how; and we are half disposed to think that Government has not shown itself quite so shrewd, in this affair—putting aside, wholly, the consideration of the *argumentum ad populum*—as in that of others less important. Fashion is a power, which democracy must not disdain, however Mr. Secretary Marcy may. *Shows*, like words, *are* things! and assert themselves in power over men as well as things. They are sensible things in Europe, are felt and acknowledged to be such, and the whole mind of the country tacitly recognizes their importance. Costume has its value and indices everywhere—nowhere, perhaps, more than in this country. We distinguish between the dress of the military man and the civilian. Why? In order that they *may* be distinguished, separately, and the proper place assigned to each. We distinguish between the costumes of judges and people, for the same reasons; and every man, of any degree of social experience, must be aware that *authority* has need to be strengthened in every way, against that usurping insolence of vulgarity, which acknowledges externals far sooner than latent moral claims, and is forever assiduous to break down the distinctions which keep it in its proper place, and at a becoming distance. We apprehend that Mr. Marcy has made something of a concession—we do not, by any means, say a designed one—to this brutal, insolent and usurping spirit, by the recent instructions to our diplomatic representatives abroad. Had he counselled them against using their silly tongues, in sneering at our republican institutions, when abroad, as they are quite too much reported to be—purchasing toleration from the foreign aristocrat, at the cost of patriotism, and their individual manhood—we should have been much better satisfied with his instructions. But the question occurs, what is there in our institutions to prevent the recognition of an official costume in civil, as well as in military and naval life? Why not conform, when in Europe, to the usages of Europe? “Do, in Rome, as Rome does,” is a maxim, which, with its understood moral qualifications, has received the

sanction of two thousand years of experience. Does the braid, the sword, the eagle, lessen the degree of republicanism in the representative?—does it show inconsistently with the principles of the country? In no wise! The star, the eagle, are both national badges, and whether a dress coat shall have braid upon the breast, is a question, that might be left to the tailor, quite as safely as the silk that lines the skirts. Why not the sword, which, only half a century ago, was a part of the civic and social dress of every citizen of the mark of a gentleman—every man, not absolutely a rascal. The *chapeau bras* is now simply military, in this country; what is there in its shape to render it hostile to republicanism, at least when worn abroad? The shape of the same block of beaver might be confided to the hatter, as the coat to the tailor, and no party be the wiser, perhaps, and none, certainly, the worse. But if braid, and hat, and sword, and star, and plume, be inconsistent with our drab-coloured principles, then strip them from all official jackets and heads. Strip your soldiers, your sailors—all. Subject Winfield Scott to the government tailor;—for, surely, costume being a subject of national concern—there should be such an official;—and summon home all commodores from abroad, that you may tear away the ridiculous gold lace from their portlily padded bosoms. If our people require the abolition of all external signs of authority—if it provokes their gorge that their own *employees* should wear a dress that is hardly proper for themselves,—then do the work of clipping, cutting, tearing and ripping, on the most general scale, and let us rid ourselves of all odious signs of place, honor and distinction. Let us reject all colours but the drab, all decorations but those which will hide dirt; all badges of power, which might persuade the wearer to forget, for a moment, that he holds his honors only at the mercy of a vain, weak, vicious, capricious and thoroughly vulgar mob. It is much easier for our diplomats abroad to wear a court dress than that of a ploughman, as our Secretary will some day find. To costume a gentleman in any situation, in a style absolutely contrasted with those around him, will be to mortify him only, or to compel explanations at which his pride will revolt, and which will only render his country,—which has required it,—ridiculous. A sturdy forester, in his hunting-shirt and fringes, may make his way into a fine circle dressed in the height of fashion, and will be sustained for a while, by the surprise and curiosity of the company, and by his own effrontery; and, really, such a costume would be much more in character, in a presentation at a foreign court, than that which is prescribed to our functionaries. In Europe, it is the policy of government to maintain external shows, as popularly imposing, and compulsive of respect. When

we studiously throw them off, and require the European governments to receive our representatives in a habit markedly contrasted with their own, it is a sort of appeal to their people against their authorities, and will necessarily provoke some feeling, and possibly, some suspicions, which will increase the usual difficulties in the way of diplomatic business. Now, were we to adopt the right rule, and, in a manly way, declare ourselves to Europe, our diplomates should be sent abroad, specially instructed to *bear* the star upon the bosom; the sign of that pure young light of liberty, which is our mission: to wear about the neck the badge of the order of the Eagle, that fierce and powerful bird, which is the emblem of our strength, our vigour, and our high ambition; the sword, by the side of our official, being crowned, also, with the same proud, fearless aspirant for glory. Then should they behold, everywhere, the signs in our banner, and the emblems of our strength. We are not ashamed of such signs,—we should not *seem* ashamed of them,—nay, we should proudly assert their presence, and our pride in them, in the midst of the most gorgeous circles of Christendom. There is something excessively pitiable, it seems to us, in the idea that our public functionaries should be sent abroad as living advertisements of our frugality and simplicity, and the severity of our manners; when it is known that, in the character of such advertisements, they are so many stalking horses of falsehood—that we are *not* frugal in expenditure, *not* simple of habit, *not* severe of moral; but that we spend the people's money lavishly, wantonly, to the grievous wrong of the people, and mostly to their grievous delusion also; that we are vain and ostentatious of habit and show; and as for moral—but that subject opens too sad a history of debauchery and divorce, which needs a reference only; and, for that matter, the drunken, debauched, vulgar and silly persons, whom we have, at different periods sent abroad as our diplomates, will answer all needful purposes of self-publication.

But we have wasted too much space on this fustian subject, though the next we shall approach, is somewhat fustian also. This is the inadequacy of diplomatic salaries. This constitutes a considerable portion of Mr. Trescott's letter. Now, reasoning from the rest, and from the sort of intercourse which our ministers are (seemingly) required by this government to keep up abroad, to what should they be adequate? To the purposes of society? By no means. The American Government, clearly, no more expects its representatives abroad to mingle with society, than it expects them to dress according to the requisitions of society. If drab is to be the wear, why let drab be the manners also. Drab dinners at home, drab dress at court, drab forever more, and in all situa-

tions. Of course their usefulness is abridged : but what matter ? Government bases no calculations upon their supposed usefulness. They are not expected to be useful, except as a sort of clerks at counter, to sign drafts, *visé* passports, and report, what they hear daily to Washington. Of course, if the American Congress beheld their duties in a different light, they would give them an adequate allowance for dinners, at all events. Sir Edward Pakenham, quoted by Mr. Trescott, insists upon the superiority of his dinners over those of the President. He had, no doubt, good reason for his boast; and he well knew that the subject of his boast was one regarded as quite legitimate among the British people. All people of the Anglo Norman race must have good dinners, if you would have good work out of them. Their intellectual capacity depends upon their feed. Their brains are approachable only through their bowels, and their affections and sympathies are only accessible through the medium of a good digestion. Even a Bible society cannot maintain itself, for any length of time, unless by the help of an annual dinner. It may not be so with other races, though with all, we take it, a dinner is a vast help to diplomacy.

Now, in respect to the importance of good diplomacy, and able diplomates, something may be said, if not by way of exhortation, at least in anticipation of the future. Mr. Trescott, in a well written passage of this letter, has dwelt upon their duties, and the necessity of a proper preparatory training. We should like to quote this portion of his pamphlet, did space permit. But we cannot. We grant a portion of his statement, and freely admit that there are times and cases, when a diplomate can do eminently good service to his country. But, ordinarily, we doubt if this is the case; and this brings us to yet another matter. Why does Mr. Trescott, at this late day, insist upon the uses and value of a system which Europe has actually employed for more than three hundred years, with various degrees of refinement, and with the utmost tenacity at all times ? One would think that there could be no discussion *now*, touching the uses of diplomacy and no doubt of the value of good diplomates abroad. But, that our author considers it necessary to urge the argument, only shows that he has snuffed up signs of doubt upon the subject, such as are sufficiently apparent to other senses. The truth is, that but for the patronage which our diplomacy affords to government, the whole system would be in danger of overthrow at the hands of democracy ! They would find that, in respect to our relations with the great majority of foreign States, the real business of the nation could be transacted as well by a trust-worthy commercial agent, as by a professional diplomate—whatever his learning or expe-

rience—at a large salary. The exceptions to this conviction would be found only in our relations with such governments as those of France and England; and even with these, the practice and experience of recent times has done much towards lessening the importance of resident ministers; for we see that when a *special* difficulty occurs between the nations, *special* ministers are sent between them, having in view only the adjustment of the one subject which occasions their employment. Now, while we conceive that it would be really much better to have a resident minister equal to such emergencies, yet, as the thing, according to the practice, seems almost impossible, we are half persuaded that a commercial agent, to attend to ordinary business, would suffice for most of our foreign relations, leaving it to the occasional necessity to find its own particular diplomatist. The truth is, that the necessity for resident ministers does not now exist as it did two centuries ago. Times, people, government, all, have undergone such changes, as render the *uses* of a minister, such as he was then, utterly unnecessary now. Intelligence is not now confined to diplomatic agents. The press, in half the number of cases, anticipates the diplomat. News flies on the wings of the wind, on the wings of the lightning, the very air is a popular conductor, and to stifle its breathings and speech, are clearly impossible. The old fashioned system of intrigue—through fine women, and down the back stairs, and by petty wiles, breaking of seals, counterfeiting letters, buying up agents, corruption on all hands—the exercise of which constituted but too commonly the greater part of the duty of the ancient diplomat, is now, only in part, possible—is only practised in degree, and forms no part of *our* policy; however, it may be still necessary in regions which insist upon a secret police, and even more secret policy. In American diplomacy, there can be no *secret* conditions of a treaty, or they are bold and unlawful usurpations which should cost a minister his head. It is not denied that a diplomat may be a man equally good and able—equal to emergencies as they arise—capable of maintaining his country's argument by his wisdom; capable of maintaining her honor by his virtues. Find us such men, and make them residents at such courts, as from the exigent nature of our relations with them, continually occurring in new phases, we may seem to require; but beyond France and England—and, with reference to the future, Russia—it is with some hesitation that we admit the necessity of a representative to any foreign court, ranking above a *Chargé*, or a Consul. But, even as *Chargé* and Consul—to be sure of wise and good men, you must make their compensation adequate to their position, and to your own. They must not be shamed in society by your meanness. You must not insist upon sending

them in drab. They should be supplied abundantly with *soap*, and ought to have an allowance, which will permit them a ride in a carriage at St. James's, or upon a donkey at Naples. We trust, whatever our scruples may be, that Mr. Butler, to whom this very clever letter of Mr. Trescott is addressed, will think seriously upon the subjects which are thus impressively brought to his notice. The policy of the country is either to abolish the present diplomatic relations every where, or to see that the representatives of the nation are not sent abroad as paupers, provoking the scorn of the vulgar, and the commiseration of the intelligent. Down with drab, or down with foreign diplomacy, altogether, should be the ultimatum of all honest democrats.

Edward Everett. We are indebted to this gentleman for copies of his "Remarks on Stability and Progress," made 4th July, 1853, and the "Correspondence on the proposed Tripartite Convention, relative to Cuba," which began, originally, while Mr. Webster was Secretary of State, and was continued, subsequently, by Mr. Everett, when he succeeded to that station. This latter pamphlet contains the correspondence of Mr. Everett, M. le Comte de Sartigés, M. de Turgot, Mr. Crampton, the Earl of Malmesbury, Mr. Webster, and Lord John Russell; and, along with these, we have the projét of the proposed convention. These are fitly concluded by the recent (unofficial) reply of Mr. Everett to Lord John Russell. The merits of this correspondence have already been made known to the public, and a special examination of it occurs in the opening article of the present issue of this periodical. In respect to the American argument in reply to the British and French governments, there is no difference of opinion among honest and intelligent Americans; and the conclusion of our Secretary, rejecting the overtures of the European potentates, in respect to the guaranties required for Cuba, has been sustained everywhere in our country, by the most spontaneous and wholesome public opinion. The *unofficial* reply of Mr. Everett, recently made, to Lord John Russell's letter, has, indeed, met with censure; not because of its argument—which is admitted to be as admirable in its tone as it is effective in its statement of the case—but as it was *unofficial*. It has been held to be a gratuitous interference, on the part of the Ex-Secretary, in the duties which specially devolve upon the present incumbent of the office of state. This is pure absurdity:—as if every citizen had not the same right to do what Mr. Everett has done: argue the case with Lord John Russell, if he will, through the press, and vindicate the action of the American government. Mr. Everett had the right, in common with every other citizen, to do so. He

had, perhaps, a better right. The justification of the course taken by our government, and of the argument employed by it, was, in fact, his own justification ; which, as an able and honourable gentleman, properly tenacious, at once, of his own moral and intellectual position, he was required to defend. We are pleased with the equal good taste and spirit with which this justification has been put in, and with the reply made to the weak, and, somewhat, impertinent letter of Lord Russell. Rejecting, however, the special plea of right, which Mr. Everett might make, for assuming the reply to this nobleman, it is enough for us that, as a citizen, he had a perfect right to review the letter of the British official ; and we congratulate the country on the possession of citizens who are bold enough, and capable enough, to meet the assailant, in any field, without waiting for a government commission, and even in anticipation of all official responses. A government thus sustained by its simple citizens, can never fail of being well served—its people will never lack of champions in the hour of its exigency. We should be very sorry to see, or to suffer, this honourable spirit, and this brave, ready talent, of our citizens, to be anywhere rebuked, disparaged, or driven from the performance of this honourable service, by the oblique sneer and censure of the partisan and the selfish. One feels surprise, indeed, that there should seem to exist any necessity for this sort of language in such a case. The simple minded man naturally exclaims against the possibility of such being the requital for such service. But he is yet to learn what a dirty animal the political partisan sometimes becomes—how he will roll himself, of his own motion, in the dunghill, in order that he may befoul his opponent. In brief, Mr. Edward Everett will, in all probability, be the whig nominee for the Presidency ; and, in anticipation of this event, there are not wanting creatures to disparage the good service which he has done as a citizen. They intimate that he has taken the field thus early, in anticipation of the Secretary of State in reply to Lord John Russell, simply that he may make capital out of it for himself—that he may take the wind out of the sails of the democratic party. This is possible ; it is possible that Mr. Everett has fancied that, by showing himself able, in defending the cause of his country, he is doing himself, at the same time, a political service. Yield all that is thus imputed to him, of selfishness, and what then ? Who objects to this honourable ambition ? Who objects to any citizen, having an honourable ambition, putting himself honourably forward when he can ? Had he done a *mean* thing—had he pursued a base cunning—had he resorted to dirty arts, and proceedings meant to disparage the honour and worth of his opponents—there might be ground for cavil and sneer,

and something worse. But we should like to possess three hundred citizens, as able and as willing to answer my Lord John as Mr. Everett. We are no supporters of Mr. Everett. We are democrats, as fast in the faith as any in the land. But we belong to, and trust we represent, that portion of the democratic party which can recognize frankly, and do justice with free voice—ay, and clapping of hands even—to the honourable performance of an opponent. We trust, moreover, that the whig party will always be in possession of such talents in its ranks, as will compel our rivalry—as will keep us to the stretch of our tether—the full play of all our strength, and speed, and skill, and mettle—that the side which we espouse shall always be an able, a vigorous, a well performing, and an honourable side. Democracy can exist in its purity and strength only so long as there is an able opposition, to prevent us from splitting among ourselves; or—which is more—to keep us from sinking into that lowest depth of political corruption, when there shall cease to be any call upon the people for talents, study, great personal worth, and always honourable conduct. We take pride in eulogizing the virtues of Mr. Everett, and his talents, while opposing his politics. We trust that he *will* be the nominee of the whigs, and that we shall beat him, through an equal, and a gentleman—one with worth and education, and ability, like his own.—So much for the relation which he bears to this correspondence with the European diplomates, on the Tripartite Treaty, and the opinions which have been occasionally expressed by reason of his *unofficial* reply to the official letter of Lord Russell. Our limits prevent us from saying more in respect to his pamphlet, on “Stability and Progress,” than that his remarks on these topics, like all that issues from his pen, are sensible and thoughtful, and fluently and gracefully expressed; and that they properly distinguish between that base conservatism, which is stagnation, and that which is just development; between that progress which is mere brutality and insanity, and that which is the legitimate necessity of every people that would live—a progress which, carrying truth and honour in its heart, and law and justice inscribed, as the sacred watchwords—and *strife* words, if need be—on sword and banner, must pass from conquest to conquest, finding stability in its very progress, and security in its every march.

The Mud Cabin; by Warren Isham. (Appleton & Co.) This is an attempt to carry the war into Africa: to show that our British brethren have their glass houses as well as our elves, and to amuse us with the exquisite effect, to be easily produced upon their roofs, by an occasional cataract of pebbles from an American arbest. “The character

and tendency of British institutions, as illustrated in their effect upon human character and destiny," is our author's secondary title; and such a showing as he makes under it, is, in Kentucky *parlance*, "a caution to the natives." The misery of British mud hovels, is supposed to offer something more than a mere contrast to those of Cuffee and Sambo, in Southern land; the morality of British Rural Districts, as painted by our author's pencil, make the vices of our wild borders, South and West, loom up almost saintlily, in comparison; and when he reviews the general condition of the kingdom, as illustrated by the career, conduct, and character of almost all the labouring classes, we begin to fancy we hear the same thunders already rolling, that buried the Cities of the Plain in waters of sulphur and bitumen. The woes of Ireland, the woes of silk weavers, the woes and vices of all sorts of people, as affected by government, are pursued to the end of the chapter, and through scores of chapters, with the keen scent of the blood-hound after the fugitive. We feel Pharisaical, rather, as we read, and rub our hands, and look up to heaven, and praise the Lord that we are not as other men. But, not to gainsay any of the details of Mr. Isham, in regard to the short-comings of our British brethren, most of which we sincerely believe to be just and well founded, we are inclined to think that one of the great mistakes of our political and social philosophers, lies in the habit of staring at the miseries of men, with the sturdy and insane resolution to believe that the thing ought to be otherwise. Now we believe, as Scripture records, that it is not meant that poverty shall ever die out of the land. There must be poverty, there must be misery, there must be evil, there must be inequality. Some of this may be mitigated; but the question is one, of degree only, not of entirety. A condition of unqualified prosperity is not possible, and suffering is a necessary element of virtue. When you look at squalid poverty and misery, you are apt to have your imagination filled only with the aspect of evil, which is before you, and you forget to ask, what are the susceptibilities of good, and improvement on the part of those you behold. This is a vital question. We believe that men, in, at least, half the number of cases, make their own scourges and torments; and were you to put them in better condition to day, your labor would be in vain—you would probably find them in worse condition to-morrow. We believe only in part, in the continued assertion, which is the common assumption now-a-days, that the evils of society flow from Government. The government of a country, which usually represents its most intelligent minds, has no policy, and can enjoy no pleasure, in surveying the miseries of its people. The British Government especially, which is one;

representing an enlarged civilization, and a high intelligence, cannot, surely be charged with deliberately causing, and with malice prepense devising, a condition of things which shall make its people groan and suffer under their fardels. They are striving, they have striven, in a thousand ways, to benefit, to cherish, and to improve their people. They plant colonies, they conquer colonies, they explore land and sea, in search of provision, the opportunities of exchange, the means of prosperity, the increase of means, and the accumulation of all possible resources, for life, humanity and society. They may make mistakes—they err, no doubt, for that is inseparable from human fallibility—but compare the steadfastness and security of British life, and prosperity, with that of any of the States of the Continent of Europe—make the comparison of the degree of liberty enjoyed by other nations of Europe, with the people of hers, and the result must declare wondrously for her superiority. Look at France, with its perpetual fluctuations and revolutions—look at Italy, with its perpetual volcanic heavings—the German States, groaning and crying aloud—the Russian Serfs, and the Poles, and the Hungarians—all—and you see a condition of popular fever, want, wo and unceasing discontent, which absolutely mock the misery in these English cabins, that seems so deplorable. England errs, no doubt, in respect to Ireland. Her policy, caused chiefly, we think, by her unnatural connection of Church and State, has never shown a magnanimous aspect to the Irish people. A generous and liberal policy towards that people, might yet atone for the past, and prevent the miseries which threaten in the future. But, taken altogether, and we doubt whether the miseries of the British people, are due so much to misgovernment, as to a thousand influences, over which government has no manner of control. The course of trade, the inventions and improvements of machinery, the dogged, surly, always suspicious and resentful character of the Saxon boor, and, in especial, a too dense population,—these are among the chief sources of misery in England. We will suppose Ireland to be excepted, under the evils of a special prejudice—whether wisely or unwisely entertained, we need not attempt to discuss. Now, as an offset to British scurrility, in respect to our country, we have no sort of objection to the stone throwing at the glass houses of our brethren, at which, Mr. Isham shows himself so expert. But, our own condition, as a subject of ignorant foreign abuse, and continual misrepresentation, teaches us, with great emphasis, how very unwise, and probably unjust it is, to receive such statements and opinions as these, in the volume before us, unless *cum grano salis*. If true, all the salt in the world, will never give savour to our British brethren. If false, it will take the salt

of many worlds, to season us in our offences. As representing our people, we have no love for, but rather great jealousy of, the British Government. We know that her perpetual struggle is for the aggrandisement of her power, the increase of her wealth, the extension of her territory, the breaking down and utter annihilation of all rivalry, the complete monopoly of the trade, the enterprises, and the good things of the whole earth. But these very laborious efforts and desires, only show how true is the British Government to its people, as a whole; and if it results in no good to them, the fault may, in most cases, be safely assumed, as lying at their own doors. If the government be a despotism, as is asserted for them, full of woe, and misery, and evil, let them cast it off; they are numerous enough to do it. If not able to do so, let them leave the region of their suffering. The world is wide enough;—myriads of acres yet need the helping hand of industry. It is idle to say they have not the means of departure, when Paddy, the piper, and Teague, the ditcher, with but a pig and a *paraty* between them, contrive the means of doing so. Not that we desire these miserable English to quarter themselves upon us. We want none of your sulky, sullen patriots, who never fail to carry their discontent with them, wherever they go, and whose only notion of liberty, is, that of growling, and showing their teeth to all authority—the very authority which saves them from themselves. But let them go to Australia, or Jericho, where there has been no report of misery for a thousand years.

Dickens's Bleak House. (Harper & Brothers.) This new novel of Mr. Dickens, which promised to be interminable, going through the press as a serial—and which, indeed, according to the plan of the author, might have been made so, has, at length, been brought to a conclusion. In the case of a work which contemplates rather the development of character and incident, than any definite design,—and depends for its merits upon the interest excited by particular scenes, rather than upon the unique development of a single leading purpose, or the progress of any one superior personage to the complete triumph or overthrow of his fortunes, there is no good reason—while the good public are content to buy and read,—why it should ever be brought to a close. It is easy, with such a desultory plan, and with new personages perpetually brought in to increase the resources, and the expedients, and to multiply the events in the power of the writer, to prolong the narrative, and find materials for the action, till doomsday. But the advantages of such a plan exist only while the work is published in detail. They cease to be advantages when the story is rendered *whole* into the hands

of the reader. Then it is that he finds that tedious which he has read with interest and pleasure in its successive parts; and that he looks to the entirety of the action, as the source of the attraction, rather than to the effect of successive scenes. The completed work requires a degree of unity and simplicity, which was not essential to its success in its *serial* progress; and the reader, intent upon the development of the story, and the career of the leading persons of it, in whom the author has awakened his chief interest, grows vexed and impatient at the tedious interruption of the narrative, and the perpetual obtrusion of new persons upon his attention, whom he is not prepared to admit to his regards. It matters not that these new persons are well drawn, or that the scenes in which they appear exhibit the author in so many successful portraiture from the life. We are willing to admit the claim, but we feel that the interruptions are vexatious, obscuring, while delaying the action, and constantly breaking the clues, and tangling the threads, which connect the several stages of progress. It is in this respect that our author's stories differ so greatly from those of Scott, Cooper, James, Bulwer, Porter, and the other great masters of the modern novel; and, indeed, from writings of such romancers as Fielding and Smollett, to which they have a nearer resemblance. Even in these latter writers, who were less compact of design usually than the novelists above mentioned, there was still a greater simplicity of plan than with Mr. Dickens, a more unique development, and a far smaller number of persons engaging our attention.

The characteristics of Mr. Dickens are human geniality, great closeness of detail, a familiar acquaintance with lowly habits, low virtues and low vices, and an immense knowledge of the minutiae of low life, in such a various and vicious world as London. Give him full range in close alley, and foul cellar, and cumbered garret, in the tavern and the chop house, in the dirty purlieus of starving poverty, in the dens of vulgarity, and among those classes in which vice and passion, cunning and fraud, stupidity and simplicity, congregate perforce, and in a perpetual warfare with one another for the spoils which are common to the desires of all, and under the presence of a dreadful necessity from which none of them can make escape—and it is wonderful how his knowledge of details, in such provinces, or his appropriate invention, will carry him on, from progress to progress, until one fancies there is no end to it—until he looks about him, with a horrid fancy that there is in the world nothing but filth, and fraud, pestilence and crime, and cunning and stupidity—until he feels his garments saturated, as it were, and reeking with fumes and horrors; an atmosphere from which

there is no possible escape to pure air, and through which no genial gleam of heavenly sunshine can ever penetrate. In each corner of the wall you behold some great tumid black spider, snugly environed with his artful fortress, from which his snares extend in every direction, leaving no opening for the escape of the victim upon which he sets his eye. And, all the while, the horrid orgies are going on below. Some blindly game, some madly drink, and, ever and anon, some life is going out in smoke and blackness and pestilential vapor, as, in the work before us, one of the wretched creations of his art is made to perish in a snuff—to go out in stench, and slime, and fatty vapor, in spontaneous combustion.

To relieve this too prevailing characteristic of these fabrications, we are brought to a knowledge of strong contrasts. There is, always, some poor, single-hearted, silly boy or man—some pretty idiot of a girl child—gentle, loving, dependant, very ignorant, but very susceptible—whose sorrows, as they fall the victims of these bloated spiders in the *avers*, are meant to soften and inspire our sympathies. We see them suffering all manner of tortures while they live, and dying very christian and delightful deaths, in all sorts of horrors at the close; and while the manner of their death compels our sorrows at their fate, it increases necessarily our loathing of the great black spider, to whom we are to ascribe it all. Or if the good, and the humble, and the loving, are permitted to survive, and, by surviving, to triumph over hate and despotism, it is only after they have gone through such trials, and suffered from the gnawings of such worms of torture, as must leave their hearts sore and scarred for the remainder of their days.

It is not denied that these constitute legitimate materials for works of fiction of every sort, but it is to the exaggeration of certain features that the objection lies. This exaggeration, in the portraiture of Mr. Dickens, is sufficiently indicated by the uncouth nomenclature which he employs. As in his names of persons, so in his portraits, there is always a laborious toil in the distortion of images and aspects. His books are always full of deformities and monsters—men and women half made up—dwarfs—men with hideous attributes—horrid from age, decay, bad passions, bad habits, gestures, protuberances, and personal monstrosities of sundry kinds, too numerous to particularize; so that we find his volumes a very museum, such as Barnum loves to accumulate, in the collection of which the whole world seems to have been searched through, in order to bring together the scattered varieties of the ogre, the reptile, the foul, the hideous, and the ridiculous; the combination of the hideous and the ridiculous, being a favorite process with Mr. Dickens, in the creation of some of his most favorite portraits.

All of these characteristic features are strikingly exhibited in *Bleak House*, in a greater degree, perhaps, than in any other of the previous writings of the author. We take leave to say, that these are, by no means, his most successful portraits. The Detective Inspector, Bucket, is an admirable portrait; so is the gentlemanly vagabond, Captain George. Miss Summerson is a sweet young woman, and Caddy Jellyby a uniform and gradual development, from the infant germ to a perfect womanhood, such as rarely grows up under the hands of any author. The sketches—for they are only sketches—of Miss Flite, the little woman, brain-touched—of Guppy, of Richard and Ada, Jobling and others, are all, more or less, graphically hit off. The useless agency of Boythorn might have been dispensed with in the story, as might many others—but he stands out fairly as a character. Joe is one of the fortunate victims of our author, who perishes that he may obtain a good character. Tulkinghorn is a conceited ass for all his pains, whose ambition—if there ever were a person with so much power and pretension, who entertained so paltry an ambition—to hold and keep the secret of his neighbour, is a half formed conception only—an abortion, in fact, and a monstrous bore besides. He reminds us of the “long passages” in Mrs. Radcliffe, “which lead to nothing.” He dies, as he lived, for no useful purpose to the story. Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock are lay-figures rather than actors. The vague conception of a character, which our author seems to have had in the delineation of her portrait, seems to have been utterly disordered and distracted in his mind by external causes—possibly by the very difficulty of “keeping the run” of all his characters and customers. This is one of the dangers of this panoramic sort of writing. He speaks of her strength, but he shows her only feeble; and never more so than in the last concession which she makes to Tulkinghorn, when she visits his house fruitlessly on the night when he is murdered. Mr. Dickens here sacrifices all that he had done towards creating her capital of character, in the stale fetch of art, by which he seeks to render her obnoxious to the suspicion of the crime. Her flight and death are as fatiguing to the reader, if not so fatal, as to the lady herself. The events in this connection are infinitely more tedious than touching. The whole story of the lady is a failure—as inconsequential as it is studiously obscure. Of the pompous Sir Leicester we can only say that he is a very common-place person in conventional buckram. He is, briefly, a bore. Mrs. Jellyby is another, but of a more natural school; the portrait, however disgusting and ridiculous, must yet be acknowledged as the type of a considerable family—particularly in these days of woman's rights. Prince Pretty-

man—Turveydrop we mean—and his father, are both excellent in their way. In Richard Carstone, the weak, we have a too truthful, though a humiliating portrait of a large class of silly creatures, who are as the moth to the candle, the fly to the spider. We cannot reproach him for the weaknesses of a nature not trained to the encounter with its certain foes—though we must needs despise him. The “Furrener Woman,” Hortense, is good as a portrait in some respects, but the motive to her commission of the murder of Tulkinghorn, is totally inadequate, and seems to us to be an after-thought of the author, when, tired himself of the prolonged labour, he sought to unwind himself of his threads of connection as fast as possible. It is true she is “a devil for spirit,” but how, with such a spirit, so easily fired by such provocation, did she never pistol any body before? Why leave it to her twenty-fifth year before she cuts throats, in maintenance of her self-esteem? Besides, there is a manifest inconsistency between such phrensied passions and such deliberate and coolly contrived malice, which could only have been met and foiled by that inimitable master of fence, Mr. Detector Bucket. Of the Rouncewells, Carboys, Kenges, Krooks, Vholes, Chadbands, Coavinses, and others, we have few words to say. Vholes is probably the best of these sketches; Chadband’s too much over-done. But what shall we say of the cruel mistake which Mr. Dickens has made in the case of Harold Skimpole, changing his character completely from that of his first conception, and destroying one of the happiest ideas of unique and perfect portraiture, that ever grew beneath the pen of an artist. Nothing more suicidal has ever been done in fiction. In respect to the story, we may add that the result of the case, *Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce*, in Chancery, while it will disappoint everybody, was yet what everybody might expect, and was, perhaps, the best finish that could be given to such a beginning. The error of Mr. Dickens is in allowing his *satire* to get the better of his *fiction*. The joke, which concludes two such monstrous volumes, should have been a more pregnant one. We see that there is a terrible satire in the finale to a case which has had so many victims; but we feel how pointless and ineffective it is, when addressed to the ears of a Lord Chancellor, whose big wig must effectually keep it out; and how utterly without echo it is in the lugs of Mr. Vholes, whose duties to his family counsel him, the moment that death relieves him of Richard Carstone, that he must now look around him for another victim of the same susceptible type.

Moore’s Life of Sheridan, (Redfield) has been long since out of print. We are grateful to the present publisher for the neat edition of

the work, in two volumes, which is now before us. It is got up in becoming style, and is accompanied by a portrait of the famous wit, orator, dramatist, and, in theatrical phrase, "actor of all work." The infinite variety of the Irish Yorick, which, for certain seasons, nothing seemed to stale—deserves a becoming memorial in every proper library. The misfortune is, that, in the case of Sheridan, as in that of every great wit and orator, there can be no adequate memorial of a genius, the very subtlety of whose flights seem to forbid the possibility of fixing them fairly in the memory, or so fully in the mind of him who hears, as to enable him, whatever his endowments, to transmit them, with the same electrical effect, to the understanding and just appreciation of other men. No memorial of any great orator, of whom we ever heard, will be found to justify, even in a moderate degree, the reputation which he enjoyed among contemporaries. His own speeches fail to do so. This was more particularly the case with Sheridan, whose popular successes depended on happy transitions, swift and sudden flashes, adroit turns, and dexterous applications—upon invective and sarcasm, which contemporaneous knowledge knew well how to apply; and upon bursts of passion for which the hearer was prepared, by processes, which the reader, in after times, cannot be aware of. We may take for granted, however, that in the hands of Moore—kindred in taste and genius, sharing several of the peculiar endowments of his subject; sportive in his fancy, ever lively and ready in his wit—himself an Irishman—all that could be done for Sheridan's reputation, by a biographer, has been done, and done *con amore*. Now that immediate expectation—which had been greatly excited by the first promise of the work—is no longer active to prompt unreasonable expectations, this biography will better stand the test of criticism than it did at first. It will be found—briefly to state its claims—a highly interesting and instructive—even if incomplete—record, of one of the most remarkable of the men of genius of his time; of one, too, for whom his time found various and conspicuous situations, in all of which he acquitted himself to the admiration and wonder of men, if not to the entire satisfaction of the judicious and wise. Mr. Moore unquestionably exercised the utmost industry in collecting his material, and, though we are not prepared to say that his judgment sufficiently discriminated in the use of this material, we feel sure that his own fine talent has wrought it into a form as attractive and graceful as it could have been rendered by any living hand. The work was one of great difficulty, the subject too mercurial for any hand, the records as evanescent as beautiful, and to fix them, in any degree—to make any just approximation to the just portraiture of the mind and moral of the

man to be portrayed was, perhaps, as great a triumph as was possible to any biographer. Our author has achieved this triumph. However inadequate may be this biography to the reputation of Sheridan—however deficient in details in many respects—it is, yet, scarcely possible that any future writer shall arise who will, or can, improve upon it. It is not likely that new material shall be found of which Moore could not possess himself. It is not likely that, in the case of a person so improvident as Sheridan—so much linked with improvident persons—that there should be much, if any, valuable material preserved in any quarter. We may confidently assume, that this work of Moore, on Sheridan, will always remain the most valuable, as it is one of the most attractive, memoirs of the great orator, wit and dramatist.

Rivers' Topics in the History of South Carolina—a second part—are devoted to a series of sketches, illustrative of the character, habits, manners and customs, of the red men of the colony, at its first settlement, and of their trade and intercourse with the early settlers. These are interesting, and afford, in a brief compass, much of the material which was heretofore scattered through various histories. Our author seems to complain that our histories have given us few details of the life of the savages. "We are merely told," he remarks, "of our conflicts with them, as though an account of their customs, domestic condition, international relations, combination, strength, resources, and their influence in retarding the advancement of the colony, formed no necessary part of the history of the State." There may be some truth in this complaint, but we submit that the author somewhat exaggerates the matter. Our historians gave enough of the facts, in their several struggles with the progress of the whites, to show what influence they had in retarding the advance of the settlement; and it was hardly necessary that they should do more. The history of *the State* is the history of the progress of a very different people; and, in respect to the habits and customs of a barbarous people, there was really but little to be said—nothing which could not be comprised in a few paragraphs. The volume before us pretty much exhausts the topic, without going into petty details of mere hunters and marauders. The whole history of their trade may be summed up in a sentence. They had skins of bear, and deer, and beaver, and buffalo, to sell, and, for these, they got pay in blankets, knives, clothing, guns, swords, hatchets and ammunition. To have gone into a history of the thousand marauding adventures of the savages, their murders upon the frontiers, and their quarrels among themselves, would have made the narrative interminable, and of no sort

of profit. Besides, the histories of the red men are, perhaps, better known--so far as they can be known--than that of our own borderers. Thousands of volumes have been given us, at the hands of traders and travellers, voyagers and captains of war, so that there is scarcely an American who does not possess a very competent knowledge of the nature, habits, pursuits, and general characteristics of our aborigines. The works quoted by Mr. Rivers, himself, amply suffice for this purpose; and these--such as Bartram, Adair, Lawson, and others--are to be found in hundreds of private libraries. Adair has been, long since, regarded as the great storehouse of authority, in respect to the Southern Indians, and, so far as his evidence of facts goes, his work is of inappreciable value. His theories, founded upon a conceited hobby of his own, are sometimes revived by people who should be wiser, and who fancy that they are making great discoveries; but, by most persons who know anything of the red men, they are quietly dismissed, as worthy of little consideration. We do not think it necessary, in a history of South Carolina, to occupy the book with long accounts of the habits of wandering tribes of savages, all of which may be read in numerous other authorities, and all of which may be compassed within the limits of a single chapter, sufficient for the satisfaction of any reader not an incurable blockhead. These contributions, of Mr. Rivers, will be quite useful in keeping the future historian in mind of various clues, which it may be useful to take up, and consider. The archives of the State ought to be in possession of all the *facts* in the progress of our people, and, in addition to the duty of copying, and putting into proper volumes, the MS. documents in our possession, we should do as Georgia, Louisiana, New York, and other States, have done; despatch an historiographer to Great Britain, France, Spain and Holland, to procure copies of such other records as may relate, directly or indirectly, to the settlement and progress of the colony.

American Revolution. We owe to the editorship of Dr. R. W. Gibbes, of Columbia, S. C., the publication of a volume which he entitles a "*Documentary History of the American Revolution.*" This volume consists wholly, as the title page tells us, of "*letters and papers, relating to the contest for liberty, chiefly in South Carolina, in 1781 and 1782.*" How such a collection can constitute a documentary history of the American Revolution, it would be difficult to say. The title promises quite too much for the volume. The collection, in fact, is entirely local, confined wholly to the State of South Carolina, and to minutiae, in the military events of the war in that State, during the two years

which have been named. The editor states still further, in his title page, that this collection is made from "*originals* in his possession and from other sources." Now, so far as we have looked into the contents of the volume, they seem to be drawn mostly from a large MS. collection, which was left by Gen. Peter Horry; and this collection, if we remember rightly, consists wholly of *copies*, which Horry, himself, had made. There may be a few originals among them, but those of Horry's copying must not be included in this designation. Now, we do not mean to discredit, by any means, the integrity of the copies made by Horry; allowing for errors and mistakes, the result of carelessness in penmanship or obscurity in the originals, we have no doubt that Horry's draughts are very faithful to their source; but we submit that, as far as *these* are concerned, it is necessary that they should be described more definitely, and that (however insignificant the difference) the fact should be known, that they are *copies*, and *not* originals. It may be that we err in the description of this material; but, from our recollection of the MSS. of Horry, when courteously submitted to us by Dr. Gibbes, himself, we are of opinion that the good old gentleman had laboriously rewritten every letter he ever saw or received, seeming to prefer his own penmanship to that of any of his correspondents. Dr. Gibbes has done well in putting these papers in possession of the public, and we shall be greatly pleased to learn, that the patronage of our patriotic people has shown itself sufficiently appreciative of this contribution to our local history, as will enable him to carry out his purpose of giving to the press the remainder of his materials. These are, no doubt, valuable in many respects, though very far from constituting a documentary history of the American Revolution. They supply a vast variety of small details, which help to elucidate difficulties in the histories, and afford considerable insight into local affairs, passing events, the performances of individuals, their relations to the war and to the country, the embarrassments of the army, the resources of the State, the cost of supplies, the modes of procuring them, and a thousand little matters, for which we should look vainly to other sources. Some of these letters, we have thought, might have been omitted, as entirely too inconsequential; but, upon reflection, we prefer to keep them. The most trifling record of the sort, drawn from unquestionable sources, and in the thick of the strife, must have its uses in some connection, and we had better spare the room which it occupies, than forego the possibility of its use at some future day.

The Report of the Engineers, employed to make a survey of the best source for obtaining a supply of pure Water for the city of Charles-

ton, is before us, from the press of A. J. Burke. They report in favour of the Edisto river, as the source of supply ; selecting the eastern side of the river, some five hundred feet below Givham's Ferry Bridge, where they propose to excavate a harbour or basin, two hundred feet square and four deep, forming the inlet to a canal (which is also contemplated) through a guard-lock, that will effectually control the whole work at all times, against the rise of the river. The course of the canal will be somewhat circuitously taken (in consequence of the topography) to the Ashley, which it is proposed to cross, by a wire suspension aqueduct four hundred feet long. The Ashley crossed, the line inclines to the Dorchester road, and runs parallel with it, within half a mile, till about one mile below Bacon's Bridge. Here, the surface of the canal will be narrowed ten feet, from forty-two to thirty-two. Here, the Dorchester road is crossed, by means of aqueducts of brick. The line continues on the eastern side of the road, till it reaches Cohen's plantation, when it again inclines to the Ashley. Five miles below, it reaches Brisbane's plantation, on the Dorchester road, where it stops ; this point being supposed the most eligible position for the terminus of the canal, the location of the pumping machinery, and the site of the reservoir ; the location for the distributing reservoir, being thirty-five feet above high tide. The plan contemplates here a Receiving Basin, one hundred and fifty feet square. Further details of the plan we need not give. They are fully embodied in the Report. The result of this plan, as estimated, will be to yield to the city, a supply, daily, of four millions of gallons of water—a quantity which far exceeds the necessary allowance to any people, however thirsty of character. Assuming the population of Charleston to be fifty thousand, (and we are of opinion that it exceeds this number, even now) an allowance of thirty gallons to each inhabitant, will need but one and a half millions every twenty-four hours. The estimated expense of the whole work is \$1,899,479 50, a fraction less than two millions. The estimated receipts from canal tolls, from water-rents, &c., are \$108,800 00. The annual expense of canal, pumps, &c., is \$8,410 00. The scheme is shown to be feasible, the argument from profits seems quite plausible, and the enterprise is, therefore, possible. But we do not hear, yet, of any public action upon the subject, and the scheme, like our water,—since we cannot yet take it from the Edisto,—may fairly be regarded as *in nubibus*. We must not omit to state, that the Engineers have wrought diligently, and the report before us is fully illustrated by the necessary charts of levels and outline, suspension bridge and pumping house.

The Pilgrim Celebration, at Plymouth, last Summer, was one of the great events of Yankee Land. It drew together a cloud of orators, Poets and Patriots, the shadow of whose glory—not to indulge in a false figure—literally covered the country for a season. There were dinners and drinks, in abundance, much good eating and good fellowship. Some excellent speeches were made; Mr. Everett among the orators, dilating in his usual manner, full of serene thought, and pleasing, persuasive eloquence. South Carolina was represented on the floor, by Richard Yeadon, who made a capital speech, full of bold declamation, and in excellent taste. It is, perhaps, greatly to his honor, that certain warmly southern portions of his speech, caused the abolitionists present, to disgorge their venom and, we trust, their dinners. Indeed, no wholesome food could possibly remain on such disordered stomachs. These unhappy people did Mr. Yeadon the honor to discharge at him a small volley of hisses, which the better minds of the assembly soon silenced with their vigorous applause. Little does our stout hearted friend, when the *furor* is on him, care for the hisses, whether of geese or serpents. His mood is quite too riant and resistless, his moral too enduring, and his resources of mind too ready and combative, to suffer him to be stormed out of position. He went through his performance bravely, and, as we have said, administered to the audience a very capital Southern speech, full of just thought and spirited declamation. We do not wish to be understood as sympathizing at all with the occasion, for this assemblage, in honor of the Pilgrims. There is much about the Pilgrims that we cannot stomach, no more than the abolitionists could stomach Mr. Yeadon. But this may be a matter of mere taste perhaps, and we do not, accordingly, quarrel with such of our citizens as shared in the festivities. The American people must, periodically, have their shouts and their assemblages, and the Pilgrims may afford quite as good an occasion, for the nonce, as Koszta and Kossuth. We are tolerant therefore, and can read the speeches of our friends, with regard to their special merits, independently of the occasion. Mr. Yeadon's speech deserves general perusal. It was not unworthy of his reputation, as a fluent speaker, and free, forcible writer. We should like to quote the graphic passages in which he drew parallel portraits of Clay, Webster and Calhoun, but we must forego our desire in consideration of our space. The one passage which seems to have distressed the bowels and brains of the abolitionists, to the great confusion of the contents in the one and the vacuity of the other, consisted in a compliment to Mr. Webster—only in part deserved, by the way—as a per-

son who had been always resolute to do his duty, under the constitution, to the South. But "*nulla vestigia retrorsum*," when quoted by a Statesman awkwardly placed between two stools, is thought to be well translated into Waterloo French, and "*Sauve qui peut*" is but the natural cry of one who feels, on a sudden, that he has taken too many steps forward. But leaving Webster, as we do, our friend comes to Mr. Everett, to whom he is, perhaps, more justly complimentary on the score of his fidelity to the constitution in the matter of the South. Mr. Yeadon reports Mr. E. to have said, while in Congress, that "there was no cause in which he would more readily shoulder a musket than to put down a servile insurrection in the South." This would be a bold speech for Mr. E. to make at this moment, but were he now to make it, we honestly believe it would help his own and the cause of his party—did they sustain him in it. We are grateful to Mr. Everett for the sentiment, and fully believe that he felt all that he spoke. But it may be well to mention that the South has never yet been indebted to the North for military help, either against a foreign or domestic foe, and when that day comes, when the South shall need such succor, we shall be fully resigned to any fate that may follow her fortunes!

The Exiles. A Tale. By Talvi. (Putnam & Co.) The author who writes under the *nom de plume* of Talvi, is understood to be a Mrs. Robinson. That she is a clever woman, with some considerable share of learning, has been shown by a valuable contribution on "the Literature of the Slavie nations." Her success in fiction has been less decided, though "Heloise," another of her works, was quite readable. "The Exiles," the volume before us, is a loss of ground in her proposed progress as an author. As a story, it is almost wholly without merit. It exhibits a bald invention, is loose of structure, inconsequential of object, fails grossly in denouement, and is cursed with platitudes, equally of philosophy and sentiment. These defects in the work, as one of art, would be quite sufficient to conclude her case with us; but the good lady has aimed at something farther, and tries to do a little Uncle Tomming as she goes, probably with the vain hope of taking the wind out of the sails of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. She, too, loads her popgun to the muzz'e, and blazes away with determined execution at slavery and the Southern States. For several reasons she has erred in her policy. There can be no two Beecher Stowes at the same time, in the abolition firmament. "Uncle Tom" must still carry the day for a long season; and, until he is fairly laid on the shelf, it will be useless to run an opposition line of negro fiction. Besides, Mrs. Stowe has a passionate power, which

leaves the capacities of Mrs. Robinson very far in the wake. The dramatic faculty of the author of *Uncle Tom* is somewhat remarkable. She is, unquestionably, a woman of great inventive faculty, and "*Uncle Tom*," considered wholly aside from the slavery question, is a story of great and striking, though coarse, attraction. She has found it easier, as most persons have, to make a picture of bad passions and a vicious atmosphere, than one of virtue and purity. Bad passions are naturally salient and impressive. Virtues are subdued, usually, and unobtrusive. The passionate, the exciting, the startling and the terrible, require that we shall bring out the former into bold relief, in the foreground, leaving the latter to huddle where they can, in the shade, cowering and silent. It is because she has done this, and done it with rare ability and audacity, that Mrs. Stowe has been so successful. But, to do this sort of manufacture successfully, it requires faculties which 'Talvi' must not pretend to. In the effort to do this sort of work, Mrs. Robinson has simply smutched her own garments, and made her heroes and heroines ridiculous, when she labours to make them grand. Her German, who undertakes, in a public hall in Charleston, to convert the citizens from the errors of their ways, and, in private, to persuade the negroes to assert their liberties, only proves himself an ass or a scoundrel, when he pleads that he really does not see how he can do harm, or that he offends against any laws. When the good lady author gives us a penitentiary in South-Carolina, where we have none, does it strike her that she ought to be acquainted with her facts, before she undertakes a moral reform in reference to the very facts assumed? She cannot surely suppose that her privilege of invention gives her any right to pervert the fact; the license of fiction only suffering her to conceive and invent where there is no authority in the fact against her assumption. When she makes her hero show how deadly a shot he is, to the man who has challenged him, but whom he declines to fight, does she not know that she takes the incident entire from Bulwer's *Eugene Aram*, where the same *ruse* is practised with the same object, and proves, in both cases, only that the person guilty of the act is a dastardly pretender. Why should he ostentatiously show to his enemy what a famous shot he is? Why should he be a good shot with pistols, when, on principle, he eschews duelling? The whole book is full of these absurdities.

The Romance of Abelard and Heloise. By O. W. WIGG. Appleton & Co. 1853. The subject of Abelard and Heloise, their talents, loves and sorrows, will be a new theme always, for a thousand years to come. We are not sure that in making his book prettily meta-

physical, Mr. Wight has not greatly diminished his chances of popularity. His philosophies make him frigid; his essayical mode of delivering his nice half-metaphysical, half-fanciful matter, very much subtracts from the human interest; while his fancies lack body and concentration in sufficient degree to compel the devout attention of the thoughtful class of readers. We see that Mr. Wight is speculative, but really we do not care to discuss his subjects with him. We see that he is prettily French in his fancies, and that he writes in trim, precise, and, we take it, usually correct style; but really what does this concern us? Thinking of Abelard, learned man, yet passionate lover; of Heloise, beautiful young damsel, yet just as full of philosophy as sentiment and love—what do we care about Mr. Wight's niceties, delicate philosophies, and trim fancies? We are engaged in a study of flesh and blood, and we say to him—achieve this miracle, animate these dry bones of history, and do what nobody has done for us—not even Pope in his voluptuous, rather than passionate epistle—show us how Abelard and Heloise loved—how they strove against their passions—strove beneath them—were overthrown by them—were victims to them. Show us how they contrived—Heloise, at least—to mingle sentiment with passion, and philosophy with love. We do not ask of you the mere outline history which we have had in substance a thousand times before; but animate the statue—bring the figures out from the canvas—in other words, with that spell of genius which brings back the past, inform the present—give us the dramatic presentment of these curiously constituted, and curiously fated personages; warm, living—even as they felt, and moved and breathed, and lived, and smote each other with kisses, and blasted each other with excess of love. All this you promise when you proffer us the “*Romance of Abelard and Heloise.*” We do not complain that you have not done this thing; for few could do it; but you promised too much. Your book will inform the reader, hitherto ignorant, of the skeleton history of these famous personages; but no more. The ambitious and fanciful strain which opens your chapters, and breaks out to the constant interruption of your narrative, will not assist or gratefully persuade him to read on. You have perilled your story in the indulgence of your own reveries; and you have wasted your *quasi* philosophies on persons who have sate down confidently beside you, assured of, and expecting any thing but philosophies. And thus it is that our own faculties sometimes thrust themselves between, to mar our own purposes. This book is really so full of brilliancy, of a certain sort, that it becomes dull. It is, as if we had gone to a feast of oysters, and found our plates filled with bits of bright glass, variously tinted, or

shining sands or mica, that look very silvery and bright. We do not deny the brightness and the glare, but we hunger, and our digestive organs clamour for other food than that which so amply satisfies the fancy. Do not let us be misunderstood. We object to this volume because it does not satisfy the conditions of the subject, and will not meet the expectations of the reader. But we do not deny that Mr. Wright possesses talents, good taste and fancy. His mind is an ambitious one, and his manner illustrates his mind. But the work is too artificial, the narrative too cold. It lacks colour, earnestness, warmth. Its shining is as the moonbeams upon ice. There is glitter enough, but after a look or two, we are apt to rub our hands and run in where there is a fire. That is to say, a few pages of Abelard and Heloise will prompt the ordinary reader to look about him for a volume of Bulwer or Dumas.

La Thebaide en Amerique, ou apologie de la vie solitaire et contemplative ; par L'Abbe Adrien Rouquette, Nouvelle-Orleans. T. O'Donnell. 1852. This is an elegant essay, or series of essays, in advocacy of a life of seclusion, the argument being naturally pressed into the service of monastic institutions. It is true, the author says liberally in his preface, "*Si vous vous plaisez dans le monde restez-y ;*" but he, nevertheless, endeavors to convince you how much wiser it would be, were you not so well pleased with the world. And he is right. The world is a very great humbug. What we call society is the most fraudulent of all absurd humbogs and delusions. The daily intercourse with crowds, however necessary it may be to a morbid condition, is the most inane and uncompensative of all conditions, and we are free to say to all those who can "curse and quit," that the sooner they do so the better. Most students, in fact, do renounce the world. If seen in it, they are not of it. Ordinary society is a very great bore to them—a monstrous loss of time, and a more monstrous annoyance to taste and temper. We quite agree with our author, *for ourselves*, that solitude is the best of conditions. But, mark you, not enforced solitude ; nor indeed, does our Abbe insist upon that. His argument shows the virtue of solitude, and he thus answers those who denounce the solitary life ; shows the deplorable state of a great number of sensitive souls, in every country, that suffer from the rude attrition with the every day world ; asserts the only remedy for all such to be a state of holy retreat ; and thus argues for the necessity of monasteries. The benefits of prayer and voluntary mortification, are next used, which are chiefly available in seclusion ; the melancholy, which is there to be relieved, is

a subject of portraiture and analysis. These, and other relative subjects, lead to much eloquent writing. The grand obstacles with which the world opposes sanctity of life; of virginity and chastity; of the life contemplative; of the influence of famous Solitaries; of the vocation of the solitary and contemplative life; of the world, its character and its dangers; and of the advantages and excellences of solitude; these furnish so many texts, each for its special chapter. All of these subjects, our author enforces with great spirit and frequent beauty of expression and thought. He quotes largely from British and Protestant poets in maintenance of his doctrine, and sometimes, we think, confounds their purpose,—which, advocating the solitary life, for the sensitive and contemplative spirit, by no means advocates any system where the moods may be enforced and the individual will subjected. To this extent, there are few persons of any sect, who will not fully accord with our author. Beyond it—no! But our purpose is not to discuss the matter. A great deal may be said in behalf of monastic institutions; and perhaps all that may, or has been urged against them, would be uttered against their abuse wholly. And this were to argue illogically. We may, some day, return to this pleasant volume and its subject—when we are in the vein for it, and have time for studying it well. For the present, we need only to say that our Abbe, who is a poet, writes his essays in the spirit of one, with sweetness, animation, and an occasional bird flight which carries the soul upward.

On Civil Liberty and Self-Government. By FRANCIS LIEBER, LL.D. &c. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1853. These volumes demand much more consideration from us than we can possibly bring to bear upon them. The intrinsic importance of the subject, which they develop and discuss, the great abilities, learning and reputation of the author, all require that they should be studied with equal deference and scrutiny, and subjected to the closest tests of analysis and judgment. To do this, however, requires much time, an ample library, great patience, and a mind thoroughly trained in legal, social and philosophical pursuits. Civil Liberty and Self-Government, involve, indeed, the whole subject of man, in all his relations, in full view of his nature, his endowments, his past progress and future destiny. The discriminations of race constitute not the least of the essentials of such a subject, since the experience of ages has shown that the civil liberty of one region, would be only so much moral pestilence in another. We do not, therefore, undertake to discuss these volumes, when we report upon them as admirable subjects for study in the hands of statesmen and citizens alike. Nothing can be more clear, or simple, and at the

same time more profound, than the progress of the argument in the hands of Dr. Lieber. His excellent good sense, his vast reading, his various experience, his familiar knowledge of the political philosophies of all periods, and his ordinary topics of study—these give him great advantages, and confer upon him tacitly very high authority, in the discussion of subjects such as these. We commend the present publication to all our politicians. They can not do better than to make themselves thoroughly masters of its contents, particularly as Dr. Lieber is not simply judicial in his deliveries, but highly suggestive; opening veins of thought incidentally to other relative topics, as he proceeds, which will amply employ the thoughts, and give direction to the enquiries of every student. We hope to take some more deliberate survey of these volumes in future pages, satisfied that the subjects are not only of the vastest importance to our people, but that they could not well be approached through a safer medium, or under wiser conduct than that of Dr. Lieber.

Genius and Faith ; or, Poetry and Religion, in their mutual Relations. By WM. C. SCOTT. New York: Charles Scribner. 1853. The contents of this volume are so many graceful and thoughtful essays, written in pleasing style, which sometimes rises into eloquence, and is always marked by propriety and force. Mr. Scott's sentiments are after those of our own hearts. He shows himself far more searching, in his pursuit of his subject, far more profound and deep, and subtle, and true, than nine-tenths of ordinary philosophers. How shall we persuade them, or a people such as ours, of the necessary offices of poetry in connection with religion? They see that every prophet of whom the Jews could boast, was a poet; that the poetical seems to have been the preserving element of literature, to which we owe all that we have of ancient history; yet this conducts them to no conclusion in behalf of poetry, or its professors. To them, it is a song, as vain and vaporous as the singing of the kettle before the evening fire. You point them to the brutalities of society and life, and modestly insinuate the necessity of those refining arts, by which the rude power of the animal will be stript of its brutality, and refined to order and civilization—by which property itself shall find an increase of security. But the remote argument never strikes on the senses of a people whose thought is only of the day's saving and the day's gain. We could wish this very pleasant and persuasive volume put into the hands of all such people—of all that class of the *soi disant* utilitarians, who, stuffed with meat, and clad in fine wool and linen, are pleased to thank God that they are not like poor publicans and poets. To all classes, this volume is a word in

season—a volume of grateful thought, elevated opinion, fine reflection, and a necessary, though not commonplace moral.

The Course of Empire, Voyage of Life, and other Pictures, of Thomas Cole, N.A.; with Selections from his Letters and Miscellaneous writings; illustrative of his life, character and genius. By LOUIS L. NOBLE. New York: Cornish, Lamport & Co. 1853. We are not prepared, at present, to say more of this volume than that it affords a very interesting account of the life and labours of its subject, and that it may be read, with satisfaction and profit, by all having any appreciation of art, or any pride in the progress of our country to excellence, in any of its departments. We are in hopes to have a more ample judgment, in future pages, at the hands of a contributor. Enough here, to mention that Thomas Cole was one of the most meritorious of the historical and landscape painters of our country, in recent periods; and, as we imply necessarily when we say historical, that he was not a mere painter, but one sufficiently possessed of the “vision and the faculty divine” as to raise material art into a finer atmosphere, and crown its achievements with the halo of inspiration. Cole was a poet and man of thought; not merely a painter. His conceptions were all highly fanciful—we may even call his *Voyage of Life*, and other paintings, imaginative; though, belonging to the class of moral and allegorical subjects, they do not rise into the highest sphere of invention. But we are not now to discuss his merits—only to declare them. We commend this handsomely printed and well written volume to the perusal of those who rejoice in the progress of the fine arts in our country.

Venice; the City of the Sea. (Scribner.) Two portly volumes, by EDMUND FLAGG, late consul at Venice, from this country. The work proposes to give a history of Venice, from the invasion of Napoleon, in 1797, to the capitulation to Radetzky, in 1849, and a contemporaneous view of the Peninsula during the same period. It amply fulfils this promise. It does more. It affords us an occasional summary of Venice in the past; it gives us pleasing pictures of the great Sea City; biographical sketches of leading men, etc.; while the recent revolutions of the continent of Europe are detailed at large, in every section, and no narrative could well be made more minute than that of the final struggle, when Venice succumbed to her Austrian master. If anything, Mr. Flagg has given too much. The very excess of the material he employs—its variety—and the large variety of scene and situation for which he requires our attention, causes some embarrassment, occasion-

ally, to the reader and himself. His style is too ornate and diffuse, also, and this leads to other embarrassments in reading, the result of mere bulk. But, these exceptions taken, these volumes will be found very interesting. They afford the best general history of the recent struggles, of the Italian people, against their rulers, which has yet fallen under our notice. The siege of Venice, one of the most noble and protracted conflicts of modern periods, is a highly interesting narrative. We shall, probably, return again to this subject, which is one deserving consideration, on many grounds. Meanwhile, to those who are desirous to learn the full history of the recent revolutions in Italy, we know no better sources than these volumes of Mr. Flagg.

The Liberties of America. Such is the ambitious title of a volume, by H. W. WARNER, of New York, issued from the press of Putnam & Co. Mr. Warner has not hearkened to the injunctions of Holy Writ, and waited at Jericho till his beard had grown. His beard has not yet grown sufficiently for his subject. His treatise, he tells us, "is an attempt to popularize, in some degree, a matter of professional science." A lamentable attempt, indeed, for which science and people, alike, will exhibit but little gratitude. Mr. Warner is a man of many words; and they serve him, according to the prescription of the politician, to conceal his meaning. He is obscure yet elaborate, cloudy and diffuse, at the same time. In one breath he tells us that "the term liberty, though too plain, almost, for definition, has yet been variously understood;" a fact which might have made him modestly doubtful whether it was, in fact, so plain, or whether he was the proper person to overcome the difficulty. As far as we can see, Mr. Warner, himself, has by no means a very clear idea of this very simple subject, which has puzzled the brains of philosophers and people for a thousand years. He thinks himself deep, only because he is at the bottom of a well; lofty, when he is only befogged by thick mists, and the palpable obscure of cloud and vapour. When we find the author confounding personal liberty with civil liberty, and mingling up various analogous conditions; when we find him devoting whole sections to the liberty of locomotion, of place, of pleasure seeking and business; liberty of being a trader, or a tooth-drawer; we feel that we have happened upon a sorry philosopher. The whole performance seems to be that of an ambitious tyro, who deceives nobody but himself by his drumming.

Hallucinations; or, the Rational History of Apparitions, Visions, Dreams, Extacy, Magnetism and Somnamubulism. By A. BRIERE

DE BOISMONT, M. D. etc., First American edition. Phila: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1853. We have numerous volumes devoted to the consideration of hallucinations, and all those mysteries, whether psychological or physiological in character, which have been classed; in former periods, under the head of magic; but none perhaps near so full in its details of facts and cases, or altogether so conclusive in its analysis as the one before us. The learned world has long since, in antagonism with the vulgar, agreed that, however difficult of solution, the mysteries of our moral nature, belonging to mesmerism, clairvoyance, &c., are to be accounted for by natural processes, and belong mostly to a morbid condition of the individual, or to powers in nature; the clues of which are yet to be discovered. The doctrine of Dr. Boismont recognizes this belief, though he denies that hallucinations are necessarily the accompaniments or symptoms of insanity. He considers them, in certain cases, and perhaps in most, as purely physiological phenomena, requiring certain treatment, and argues upon them from various points of view, involving relations with philosophy and religion, medicine, history, religion, morals and jurisprudence. To all classes of readers, and students, accordingly, his work will prove of infinite interest, and no doubt value—to the medical man especially. As a work of simple interest to the reader, who cares nothing for the philosophies of the subject, it is full of curious attraction.

Reprint of the original letters from Washington to Joseph Reed, during the Revolution. By WILLIAM B. REED. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1852. This pamphlet had escaped our attention. A friend has favoured us with a copy. The contents have recently acquired a popular importance in consequence of the controversy between Lord Mahon and Mr. Sparks. The *intrinsic* importance of the publication is unquestionable, and we are glad that the able descendant of Governor Reed has given it its present form. We have now before us the genuine documents, as from the hands of Washington, with the parallel alterations as made by Mr. Sparks. It may be that we shall return hereafter to the consideration of this subject, in connection with the career and character of Joseph Reed especially; the life and remains of whom, as published some years ago by Wm. B. Reed, have long since been lying by us for review. We had, at one time, actually commenced an article upon the subject, and hope to complete the study at the first convenient season. Meanwhile, the question is one of considerable importance—to what extent has an editor the right to go in revising the MSS. of his original, correcting their mistakes of statement, their errors

of style, their inelegance of language? In suggesting this inquiry, we must not be understood as sharing, with Lord Mahon, in that unreserved language of censure, which he has thought fit to use in regard to Mr. Sparks. Mr. Sparks exercised a certain discretion in his editorship, and by no means, as we think, with any forfeiture of his integrity. But had he any right to improve the style and temper, and modify the tone, of Washington's correspondence? This is one question, and there are others which we must leave to future occasions.

The Self Instructor. Such is the title of a new monthly periodical established in the city of Charleston, under the editorial conduct of RICHARD W. HABERSHAM, Esq. The object of this periodical is mainly the proper education of the Southern people, and the diffusion among them, of a just knowledge of the resources and the power of their section. Agriculture, arts, manufactures,—the rail way, the press, and the negro slave—these are the leading subjects; the uses, the value, the necessity of which, as well as general education of the people, it is the purpose of the “Self Instructor” to inculcate. Such is the design. The first number, issued in October, is now before us, forming a neat pamphlet of 40 pages, which is occupied by a series of essays and sketches, all more or less calculated to develop the general plan of the Editor. These essays are thoughtful and pleasant—mostly well written—amiable in tone and temper—sometimes playful, and usually instructive. We trust sincerely, that a work calculated to be so useful, may receive a proper patronage. Mr. Habersham, we have the pleasure to know personally. He is a gentleman of talents and education, modest and unassuming, has travelled abroad with profit, and been enlightened by European experience. He is an artist also, who has achieved no mean success as a draughtsman and painter. It is one part of his plan to illustrate his magazine with engravings from original designs.

The Story of Mont Blanc. (Putnam & Co.) This volume, from the pen of Albert Smith, is devoted to the narratives of the several ascents of Mont Blanc, by sundry persons, and finally to that made by the author in proper person. In these narratives, we have, of course, the full history of the famous mountain, which Byron calls the “monarch of mountains,” and all its adjuncts of scene and situation. When it was discovered, by whom, under what circumstances, coupled with what casualties—these constitute the materiel of the book, which is, undoubtedly, possessed of a certain interest, but which, we fancy, might have been rendered more effective were all the facts compressed into a few pages.

We cannot pretend to any enthusiasm on the subject at all, commensurate with that of Mr. Albert Smith, who appears to have thought of Mont Blanc, read of Mont Blanc, dreamed of Mont Blanc, drudged up Mont Blanc, until he grew, in his own, and the estimation of his guides, a part of Mont Blanc himself—the Smithy part, of course, contrasting his own blackness with the eternal whiteness of its face. We do really have some taste for fine scenery, and should greatly relish a journey to the famous mountain in question; but the book of Mr. Smith has pretty much wearied us of it, and if ever we do happen to seek the mountain, we shall just as certainly leave the book behind.

Cranford. (Harper & Brothers.) By the author of "*Mary Barton*" and "*Ruth*,"—both very interesting social stories, presents us with the grave and graceful picture of a little old-fashioned village, occupying a little nook of God's earth which has been left wholly unnoticed by the railroads. There, the people have grown up pretty much after the fashion of their fathers, enjoying the vulgar virtues and vices, just as they were relished in the same region, two hundred years ago; and never once fancying that there is a progress any where—still less that there is any place or progress half so wonderful as their own. Their state of simplicity, in this conviction, is perfectly delightful to behold; and reminds us very much of what is the case still, with a certain portion of the people of our own good city of Charleston, who really believe that we are favoured above all the sons of earth, and occupy, in fact, the original site of the Garden of Eden. They look out upon the Ashley, and they say, "this surely is the very river that went out of Eden to water the garden." It a little troubles them when they are told that the river aforesaid divided itself into four heads; but they soon recover from this difficulty, and point successively to the Cooper and the Wando. For the fourth, they go back to the Ashley, and push a little dug-out through Wappoo, for the purpose of exploration, and are satisfied. When they rise at morning, looking out East and West, they thank God, saying, "surely we see all that is precious in the world." Where the horizon circumscribes their vision, they say—"Ah! all beyond is Greenland fog, and Norwegian ice and darkness." Of this very sort of stuff are the people of "*Cranford*" made. "*Cranford*," in fact, is another "*Little Pedlington*," but drawn without the asperity of Thackeray, by a female hand, and the portraits are mostly female Pedlingtonians.

Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula, and in the South of France, from the year 1807 to the year 1814—is one of those works of

which it must suffice us to refer simply to the fact, that it is of recognized authority and great value, and forms an essential part of every collection of authorities in respect to the period and the events which it discusses and records. It is a massive volume in the present edition, an imperial octavo, in double columns, of eight hundred pages, the publication of which is highly honorable to the enterprise of the American publishing house, (that of Redfield) from which it issues. We commend it in general terms to our readers, who will not require us to consider anew the events of the war of the Peninsula, since it is impossible, with whatever pains or industry, that any American writer, should make any discoveries by the most searching study or analysis, or add any new interest to a history which has been so thoroughly discussed in Europe. Napier's work is one of these authorities, and, with Southey's, the discussion of the British side of the whole subject may be held complete.

Mr. Richard Hildreth, the author of a *History of the United States*, gives us here a "*Theory of Politics*," (Harper & Brothers,) or as he goes on to describe it—"An inquiry into the foundations of Governments, and the causes and progress of political revolutions." This theory, Mr. Hildreth tells us, has been in a state of digestion, in his mind, for twelve years—at all events, he wrote it even so long ago—thus enlarging the rule laid down by the Latin in *poetics*; and, we take it, rightly too—since we know nothing that is so much the true occasion for regret, with all thinking men, as that our politics, usually, are thrust upon us in very crude and undigested condition. What may be the advantage of this long gestation to Mr. Hildreth's theory, must be reserved for future examination. Such subjects must not be dealt with, out of hand, as we deal with ordinary books. But we promise our author that we shall not require the long term for our criticism, that he has taken for his book. The Saints forefend for his sake, no less than ours. But he surely will not complain that we require twelve months, at least, for the discussion of that which has taken him as many years.

1. *The Philosophy of Sir William Hamilton, Bart.*, arranged and edited by O. W. WIGHT. New-York: Appleton & Co. 1853. 2. *Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform, &c.* By Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON; with an *Introductory Essay*, by ROBERT TURNBULL, D. D. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. We have, in previous pages of this Review, (v. *S. Q. R.*, for Oct., 1853,) discussed, at some length, the general characteristics of Sir William Hamilton as a writer and philosopher, and, in particular, the views which

he entertains and expresses in reference to Education and University Reform. To those pages we now refer our readers. Of the two handsomely printed American editions before us, we have only to state that the former is devoted wholly to the Essays of Sir William, which are exclusively given to philosophy—edited by a gentleman of education and ability, who has already distinguished himself by previous and elaborate studies of the subject. This work is designed for the use of schools and colleges, and will, no doubt, prove highly useful where adopted.—The second publication is much more ample and various—giving us the writings of the author, not merely on philosophical topics, but on literature and education. These writings were originally furnished to the public, as contributions to the Edinburgh Review.

Lorenzo Benoni. (Redfield.) The second title of this volume—"Passages in the Life of an Italian"—but imperfectly expresses the interesting character of its contents. These concern the late revolutions, or attempts at revolution—all abortive—in that country. The narrative is understood to be from the pen of a conspirator, now in exile. It is well written—originally in English,—the style being that of one to the manner born,—and in no instances calculated to betray the secret of foreign authorship. The book is one rather of domestic than of public interest. What we gather from it, in relation to the revolutionary movements of the secret parties to which the writer belonged, being too vague for the due appreciation of those who are unfamiliar with the regular progress of events. But the interest, gathered from the details of private life and society, is very considerable, and the volume is one, which, in most respects, will compensate the study of the reader and satisfy his curiosity. The characters are real, though covered by disguised names, and the events, which belong to the period of 1833, will be found to illustrate the history of that time, as it may be read in graver records. As a tale of strife, of trial, of oppression and endurance, of pity, and griefs, and occasionally passion, it is natural and touching. The author is said to be Giovanni Rufini, a native of Genoa,—a fugitive from his country in 1833.

The Ethnographical Library, conducted by EDWIN NORRIS, Esq. London and New-York: Bailliere. 1853. We are pleased at the daily evidence which the press affords, of the increasing interest of students in the diversity and peculiar aspects of the several races of the human family. We welcome the series, of which the first is before us, with interest and satisfaction. This first volume is devoted to an instructive

description of "*The Native Races of the Indian Archipelago Papuans.*" It is from the pen of GEORGE WINDSOR EARL, M. R. A. S., author of a work on the Eastern Seas. The general characteristics of these savages, their peculiarities of feature, hair, stature, proportions, modes of personal disfigurement, character and disposition, and physical and mental capacity, occupy a chapter of much value. The several coasts of New Guinea; the Arru Islands; Ceram and the Moluccas; the Ahetas, or Negritos of the Philippines; Mindoro, Negros, Mindanao, Sulu and Borneo; the Semangs of the Malay peninsula; the Andamans; the Sunda chain; Melville island and North Australia;—these furnish the subjects for the chapters which follow, and which, as the Ethnologist will readily conceive, afford a great variety of material upon which he may reflect with interest, and possibly to the opening of new views in his future speculations upon race. Numerous well-engraved plates illustrate the text. The volume is beautifully printed.

Stearns's Notes on Uncle Tom's Cabin, (Lippincott, Grambo & Co.,) proposes to furnish "a logical answer to the allegations and inferences" of that famous romance "against slavery as an institution." It provides "a supplementary note on *the Key*" of Mrs. Stowe, and gives "an appendix of authorities." The writer is the Rev. E. J. STEARNS, A. M., late Professor in St. John's College, Annapolis. We are pretty well tired of this discussion, as we see that no good can come of it. It is very clear that our arguments go for nothing, and that our evidence is rejected by those resolved against our cause, and fanatically bent to destroy us, if they can. It only remains to us to join final issue in the first opportunity which is afforded us of making a trial of strength between the people of the Southern States, and their philanthropic assailants. For this issue let the Southern people prepare, and gladly avail themselves of it whenever the occasion shall offer. Meanwhile, we are grateful to the fearless and honest men in other States who enter the field of discussion. This book is a spirited and sensible rejoinder, full in its fact, and perfectly true in its argument. It does not lessen the merit of its author, that all this argument has been urged, and all the evidence given by Virginia and South-Carolina writers, long ago. Not a point has been made on behalf of the South, in any of their recent publications, but has been anticipated by Southern writers. The fact, that the argument is now brought forward so frequently as a new discovery, is only additional evidence of the strange and cruel manner in which the Southern mind is habitually ignored, even at home, in all its fields of exercise, except, perhaps, the political. Let the people of the South make

it a point to buy and read the writings of their own men, even to the exclusion of all others, if they would properly assert their institutions and establish their securities. The effect in five years would be prodigious. We should then find ourselves in possession of a literary representation in the great debating halls of nations, while hundreds of able men, who now waste themselves in political life, would earn far higher and more enduring distinctions in the fields of letters and art.

Jomini's Political and Military History of the Campaign of Waterloo, (Redfield,) affords the best French authority—perhaps the best of all the authorities—in relation to the last fatal campaign of Napoleon Buonaparte. The present translation is made by S. V. BENET, of the U. S. Ordnance department. It is made with fidelity and spirit, and is occasionally enriched with the notes of the translator. Jomini is one of the greatest of modern authorities on the art of war—perhaps the greatest. His discussion of this campaign is singularly clear, full and circumspect—nothing would seem to be more impartial than his statement of the case—nothing more honest than his array of the evidence—nothing more close, cogent and comprehensive, than his review of the progresses of the campaign, and of the mistakes, the faults, and the follies of the several performers. He subjects Napoleon himself to as severe a scrutiny as Grouchy and Fouché. No critic, on military or civil affairs, could show himself more impassive and indifferent to results. He has, apparently, few or no prejudices; but, surveying the field of conflict as coolly as if gazing only on the chess board, he shows where the false position was taken; how it was used by the opponent; what followed; how it might have been amended; but where, in place of amendment, another mistake followed it: and all this is done so simply, so sufficiently, that the reader, in no ways experienced in military affairs, is yet made to see and appreciate the justice of the criticism. This volume is so complete and compact, as embodying the events of the last desperate effort of Napoleon for the Imperial Crown, that we shall probably return to the work, and use it for the purpose of condensing from its pages a summary of the famous Campaign of Waterloo. That period is now sufficiently old, to young persons, as to possess some of the freshness of antiquity.

Literature in California. We welcome with equal pleasure and surprise, a contribution to American literature from the golden regions of California. We are in receipt of a well written *brochure* from the press of Le Count & Strong, of Francisco, entitled "*The First Voyage*

to the Coasts of California, made in the years 1542 and 1543; by Juan Rodriguez and his pilot, Bartolona Ferrello. By ALEX. S. TAYLOR, of Monterey." Mr. Taylor has our thanks for his performance, which a hasty glance enables us to say is executed with considerable skill, and constitutes a narrative of much interest. Mr. Taylor has been five years in California; a taste for reading, to which circumstances contributed, has prompted him to grope among the old European chroniclers of the country, so far as he could lay hands upon them, and the result is, according to our author, that all these writers are "glaringly deficient in a proper history, or appreciation, of the *first* voyage to explore the anciently fabulous coasts of California and the North-west." It is this first expedition of which Mr. Taylor undertakes to be the historian. We shall examine his work carefully, along with that of the historian Venegas, and compare the results—possibly, for the benefit of our readers, enlarge our report so as to afford a general sketch of California history, as it was known to the Spanish historians from the beginning.

The Public Lands, constitute the subject of a spirited political essay, by EDWARD CANTWELL, Esq., now of North-Carolina, who advocates the distribution of the public domain, among all the States, rather than yield it up wholly to the devouring appetite of the States and Territories in which it lies. We certainly think that the sooner we rid the government of this bone of contention the better, and to effect a general distribution *now*, may be possible. It will be beyond the range of party and possibility before very long. We shall not, surely, object to a slice of the said domain, since we see not how we are to promote State rights, State securities, or Territorial modesty, by making surrender after surrender to the lawless maws that clamour perpetually around the public crib. We may talk about the absence of any right, on the part of Congress, to give away the public lands; but we talk of rights like fools, when we talk to knaves; and when we talk to a majority of knaves, it is odds that we not only lose the rights, but get kicked into the bargain. We say divide as soon as possible, and while it is yet possible for all the States to obtain a share. Mr. Cantwell is a native of South-Carolina. We rejoice that, transferred to our Northern sister, he is showing himself honestly ambitious of position, and working for it with equal intelligence and industry. We take leave to counsel him to feel his way, make sure of every footstep as he advances, modestly to advance, and firmly and fearlessly secure himself in position.

Psychomancy. (Appleton & Co.) A clever exposure of the frauds and delusions of the spirit-rapping and table-tipping fraternity, by Professor CHARLES C. PAGE, M.D. The Professor's pamphlet would seem to be conclusive of the fraud, at least, of the Fox family, and goes a good way towards showing up the geese who believed in their revelations. But we are sick of the subject, which, by the way, seems to have had its run of nine days. We shall hear but little more of it.

The Mind and its Creations. This is an elaborate essay, by A. J. X. HART, Esq., of Alabama, on mental philosophy. It exhibits learning, patient industry and acuteness, and is written in very good, though in rather ambitious style. In respect to the philosophy of our author, we dare not pretend to an opinion. The subject is one requiring more time, more research, more serious and concentrated thought, than *we* can possibly bestow upon it, and must be left to such of our contributors as may select the theme for particular discussion. It is, however, a subject of congratulation that we find such subjects provoking the studies of our Southern people. From our place, which is a sort of watch-tower over the province of Southern literature, we note daily evidence of a general stir, impulse and awakening, to the examination of mental objects, and the exercise of a mental activity, among the young men of our country. In this respect, the change is at once surprising and highly gratifying. Let our young men go on, and work, and study, and *be* men.

The Rhetoric of Conversation. (Harper & Brothers.) This volume is from the pen of GEORGE WINFRED HERVEY, author of another which has never reached us, entitled "The Principles of Courtesy." His secondary title, "Bridles and Spurs, for the management of the tongue," will, better than his first, convey a proper idea of what he means by his publication. He is for a proper system of ethics in chat. He would dignify and simplify the promiscuous dialoguing in public and parlor, by the fireside and in the railway train. Could he do this, it were something; but, we fear, that this is one of that class of clever volumes which nobody will read. The essay was a good thing in its day, but we have survived it; and unless our author possesses such resources in learning and the *bizarre*, as we find in old Burton, we should despair of his success with the reader, coming before him with a volume which proposes only to teach an art for which every American fancies himself born with a natural endowment. "Teach *me* to talk!" says the Kentuckian:—"Why, Lord love ye, I kin beat our Congress man, and he was idicated for it at Louisville, and stood a good up and down fight

with the tongue, for three mortal hours, with old Johnny Q.," (meaning Adams.) And so it is like to be with others besides Kentuck. Such a volume as this of our author, interspersed with the curious learning of Burton, would, no doubt, commend itself to the better class of readers; but, relying simply on the author's own individual cleverness, which is not inconsiderable, we doubt if he takes easy hold upon tongue or ear in America. The bridle will remain upon his own, and the spurs only in the sides of his intent.

WE owe to the attention of the Hon. WM. AIKEN, M. C., from South-Carolina, a copy of the *Obituary Addresses*, delivered in Congress, on the death of Daniel Webster; a neatly printed memorial, from the press of Robert Armstrong, illustrated with a very good portrait of the illustrious deceased. These addresses are of various orders of merit, most of them being short and sensible, none of them remarkable for their eloquence. Mr. Davis, of Mississippi; Mr. Butler, of South-Carolina; Mr. Cass, of Michigan; Mr. Seward, of New-York; Mr. Stockton, of New-Jersey, were the Speakers in the Senate; the speech of Mr. Seward being decidedly the best. In the House of Representatives, the Speakers were Mr. Davis, Mr. Appleton, Mr. Preston, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Bagby, Mr. Stanley, and Mr. Taylor. One reads these speeches of their contemporaries upon such men as Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, and says involuntarily—and is this all? But the very consciousness that we feel, of the inadequacy of our tribute, constitutes the best memorial of the subject. The conviction that all our praises sound feebly over such remains, carries with it the noblest commentary upon the merits and endowments of the person that we deplore.

The Fawn of the Pale Faces. We owe this story, of two centuries ago, and of materials a thousand times done up and done over, to Mr. J. P. BRACE. Our obligations are by no means large to Mr. Brace. Nay, we do not care if he is suffered to know that we owe him nothing in the way of gratitude. The boot is rather on the other leg; and if he is not properly penetrated with remorse for the dull hours he has made us spend, going through his story, then have we little hope of him. We shall abandon him to his fate, as a person quite as wanting in Christian bowels, as poetic brains.

Millard's Journal of Travels, (Lamport, Blakeman & Law,) in Egypt, Arabia Petræ, and the Holy Land, affords us little new material, though his details will refresh the memory, and he is rather a

minute observer—more minute than close, perhaps, and is too well content with the labours of the observer to attempt those of the philosopher. We note, however, that our author disagrees with Professor Robinson, in his attempt to account *naturally* for the parting of the Red Sea, for the passage of the Egyptians, and denies the possibility of any strong East wind causing the waters of the gulf to recede southerly for miles. He insists upon the literal language of the Scripture narrative, and consequently upon the special miracle by which the Israelites were saved from their pursuers. The volume is very neatly got up, and is illustrated with an engraved fancy sketch, of this passage, and the overthrow of the Egyptians.

Juvenile Stories. The "*Story of an Apple*," is a pretty allegorical tale, illustrated by John Gilbert, from the press of Ticknor, Reed & Fields. . . . "*Pleasure and Profit*," a series of stories designed as lessons on the Lord's Prayer, from the pen of Mrs. MANNERS, exhibits a happy plan for impressing upon the minds of the young, the several lessons of the beautiful prayer which they are first taught to learn. Every member of the prayer is thus made to serve separately, and all together, in the work of moral instruction, and through a medium which commends the lesson to the heart and the fancy of the child, as well as to its moral sense. The volume is neatly got up with fine wood cuts, from the press of Evans & Brittan.

Praktische Englische Grammatik. (Appleton & Co.) A German Grammar of the English tongue, after the Ollendorf method, by THOS. B. BRYAN. It is not necessary, at this late day, to insist upon the advantages of this method—at least for grown persons—for the acquisition of foreign languages. The young, perhaps, had better be required to go through a reasonable amount of the ancient drilling. The grammar of Mr. Bryan will prove of great service to the German, for the first time in our country. It will furnish a large proportion of the help which he will need (no great deal, to be sure, since the German acquires our language more rapidly than any other class of foreigners,) in being able to speak with ease and correctness.

The Bride of Omberg. (Scribner.) EMILIE CARLEN, the author of this story, divides the honours of Swedish authorship in fiction, with Miss Bremer, and is said to be somewhat more popular, as, indeed, we may readily imagine. Not that she is a superior intellect, but that she has more *blood*, i. e., more passion in her publications. They are not so

rose coloured as Miss Bremer's, but of a deeper hue. She is not so sentimental, yet more romantic. Her stories have more action and less description. None of them can take a very high rank with the English or the American reader. They are all flat and feeble to the minds of those who are accustomed to the noble creations of Scott, the subtlety and richness of Bulwer, the frankness and abundant material of James, and a host besides. "The Bride of Omberg" is pretty, but very feeble—feebler than any of the previous writings, that we have seen, of the same author.

Lessons before Confirmation. (Appleton & Co.) Miss SEWELL, who is well known as the author of a considerable number of religious fictions, "Amy Herbert," "Gertrude, &c., has given us, under the title of "Readings for a month preparatory to Confirmation," a collection of extracts, from the works of writers of the early and of the English Church, which, we doubt not, will be useful in preparing the minds of those who seek to ally themselves more solemnly, and by open profession, with the church of Christ. The sources of her selections are of unquestionable authority, and her own judgment and experience, as a writer on religious subjects, entitles her to be esteemed as a friendly and well instructed guide, for helping others on their way to life!

The History of Vermont, (Lippincott, Grambo & Co.,) has been added to the Cabinet Histories of the States, edited by Messrs. W. H. CARPENTER and T. S. ARTHUR. This series of abridged histories is of the most useful order. Without lingering over, and occupying space with, minute details, they give us the most substantial facts in the progress of the several States, so that we can, at small expense and labour, possess ourselves of all that is absolutely necessary to be known. They are just the books for popular use. The editors are doing their duty with discretion and ability. The *History of Vermont*, now before us, is neatly written, by one who seems to be quite familiar with his materials, and who writes with equal ease and confidence. A well engraved portrait (full length) of Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga, furnishes the frontispiece.

Autobiographic Sketches. Another volume of the curious and instructive miscellanies of THOMAS DE QUINCEY, in the neat uniform series, from the press of Ticknor, Reed & Fields. Of the general and very peculiar characteristics of De Quincey, the Opium Eater, *par excellence*, our readers have some knowledge already. Of his searching

analysis, picturesque moral nature, fine fancy, subtlety and intensity of mood, we need say nothing to those who have read any of his volumes. Enough, that we congratulate our public on being now put in possession of the great body of them—all that he is, himself, willing to republish. The great variety and interest, in the volume now before us, will be sufficiently indicated by the following list of its contents, viz: 1. The affliction of childhood; dream echoes of infant experiences; dream echoes fifty years later. 2. Introduction to the world of strife. 3. Infant literature. 4. The female infidel. 5. The warfare of a public school. 6. Entering the world. 7. The nation of London. 8. Dublin. 9. First rebellion in Ireland. 10. French invasion of Ireland, and second rebellion. 11. Travelling. 12. My brother. 13. Premature manhood. In these chapters, as their titles in part declare, the author mingles the essayical with the autobiographical—the former naturally growing out of the latter; the foreign subjects being employed, as in some degree affecting the moods, or influencing the culture, or directing the progress, of the individual man. It is with no small art that our author has woven these together.

Mythology Related to Children. (John Russell.) This very instructive volume for the young, is translated from the French of FLEURY, by a lady of South Carolina. She has chosen her subject with excellent judgment. A careful examination of this volume shows it to be sufficiently ample, as a history of the mythologies of all the old nations; including those of the Hindoos, the Persians, the Egyptians, and Scandinavians, as well as those, better known, of the Greeks and Latins. At the same time, the narrative is stript of all the disgusting and offensive matter which more or less deforms the fable in all mythology. In several respects, though far less ambitiously, this work of M. Fleury resembles that of Hawthorne. It is one that we can safely commend to teachers of the young, as meeting all the exigencies of the subject, and being, at the same time, wholly without offence to decency and a right nurture.

Clouded Happiness. (Harper & Brothers.) A novel, from the French of the Countess D'ORSAY, at once morbid, tragical, and full of intrigue. The story, however, in spite of these elements, is one of languid action, not put together with much ingenuity, but containing occasional scenes of considerable interest, and productive of what, in theatrical parlance, is called "effective situations." The moral atmosphere of the whole performance is vicious. It does not seem to offend the author's

sense of propriety, that she depicts adultery, and discourses familiarly of concubinage. It is all *comme il faut* with the fair Countess, and as things should be done in a country like France, where civilization is too apt to refine itself at the cost of the more homely virtues.

The Abstract of the Seventh Census, copies of which we owe to the attention of our representatives in Congress, the Hon. Messrs. Orr and Aiken, embodies, in the able report of the Superintendent, a variety of very valuable information—the population of the United States, as compared with that of England, France, Prussia and Belgium; the “house accommodations,” in a similar comparison; the statistics of mortality, relatively, in all these countries; the original sources of population in our States; the deaf, blind, insane; the educational establishments; pauperism, native and foreign; statistics of crime; religious sects and establishments; estates, real and personal; progress of agriculture, railroads, telegraphs, etc. This report is one of great interest to the politician, the merchant, the statistician—to all who are curious in regard to the elements, the causes, and the results, of national progress.

Hawthorne's Tanglewood Tales, (Ticknor, Reed & Fields) forms a second “wonder book,” for girls and boys, such as the author gave us a year ago. This volume, like the preceding, is dedicated to a new version of the subjects of classical mythology. The task of the writer seems to be to render the old stories more portable, and more proper to carry. He has condensed their details, seizing only on the more graceful, poetic and striking features in the history of the individual; and throwing out what is irrelevant or impertinent—whatever, in fact, is cumbrous or offensive; and, concentrating the action—making it simple, as far as possible—he has given it a compact, epic interest, which increases its charm as a story, while depriving it of whatever constituted its objectionable characteristics as a moral. We congratulate him on the excellence and skill with which he has executed his plan, and upon the beautiful simplicity and grace of his style and manner. The book is too modestly stated as designed for children only. It may be read with pleasure by our grey-beards, by Nester, Chiron, and the rest of the faculty.

A Pen and Ink Panorama of New York City, by CORNELIUS MATTHEWS, (John S. Taylor) embodies a series of pleasant sketches about Manhattan town, from the pen of an author, who is fitted for

much better things. It is a perverse decree of fortune, which keeps Mr. Mathews at the humble task of a city sketcher, when he should be given up, soul and body, to original creations, of art and fiction. But, humble and inferior as is the rank to which the author aspires, in this little volume, he has descended to it with good humour; and there is a certain felicity about the execution of his task which half reconciles us to its adoption. He has taken subjects from his ordinary walks about town, and given us a series of essays which are sometimes quaintly picturesque, and occasionally pleasantly thoughtful. Still, we are of the notion that he might be at some better business.

Collier's Shakspeare. Mr. Redfield has now given us two excellent editions of Collier's Shakspeare, including all the new readings of doubtful and disputed passages, which we owe to the recent discovery of the old annotated (anonymously) folio. One of these is in large octavo, a single volume, which will range with the common sized editions of Shakspeare. The other is a small pocket volume—eight volumes making the edition—which is at once neat in style for the library, and easy of carriage for the hand. He has properly given this opportunity of choice to readers, inasmuch as we conceive (in spite of the angry assaults of rival editors) that this edition constitutes a great desideratum, and that the new readings will mostly supersede all others, in the end. We propose, hereafter, to discuss in full its claims to recognition.

“Appleton's Modern Atlas of the Earth,” is one of the neatest, most portable, compact, yet copious of all the publications of this order that we have seen for a very long season. It is beautifully engraved throughout, delicately coloured, clearly printed, the names distinct to the eye, without effort, and, in all respects, the volume is at once unique and beautiful. It comprises an alphabetical index of the latitudes and longitudes of 31,000 places, and the maps are thirty-four in number. No more convenient, complete, or finely finished atlas need be required by the daintiest taste, or the most minute geographer.

Lyell's Principles of Geology; or the Modern changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants, considered as illustrative of Geology. To name this volume, in connection with its author, is quite sufficient for the friends of modern science, and the students in geology especially. Sir CHARLES LYELL's name carries its own authority with it. We have but to mention that the present is a new and entirely revised edition, illustrated with maps, plates and woodcuts, and sent forth in the best pub-

lishing style of Appleton & Co.—a house that never fails to put forth the most creditable editions.

Lyell's Manual of Elementary Geology; or the *Ancient changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants*, as illustrated by Geological Monuments," from the pen of the same able writer, and issued from the same press with the preceding, in corresponding style, must, of course, take its place along with it. Both are essential to the student, though, as a matter of course, the last mentioned work is required especially for elementary use. The edition before us is of the very latest issue, with the last revisions of the author. The volume is illustrated with five hundred wood cuts.

The Works of Calhoun. The first volume of Mr. CALHOUN's writings, containing his essays on Government, have already been considered, at some length, in these pages. Two other volumes, consisting wholly of his public speeches, have since been issued from the press of Appleton & Co., and now lie before us. The style of the publication is not unworthy of the admirable materials which it embodies. We need not, surely, insist with our readers upon the necessity of procuring these volumes, on the part of every Southern politician, every man desirous of studying understandingly, with all lights around him, the great principles of the Constitution, the great interests of the South, the vital condition upon which the several States of this confederacy can continue safely in it, and be sure of its integrity and their own.

The "*Sketches accompanying the Annual Report of the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, for 1851,*" is a neat quarto, constituting one of the documentary publications of the House of Representatives,—for our copy of which we are indebted to Professor Bache, whose attentions deserve our acknowledgements. The value of this survey to the maritime and other interests of the country—the admirable manner in which the examination has been made—the equal science and industry of the officers engaged in the survey—their general intelligence, their amiable deportment socially—merit the highest encomiums. The collection of sketches, or maps of the surveys made,—now before us—constitute a highly useful volume. It exhibits plans of harbours, inlets, entrances, &c., extending from Boston to the Columbia river.

Commentaries on the Laws of the Ancient Hebrews; with an introductory essay on Civil Society and Government. By E. C. WINES. New

York : Geo. P. Putnam & Co. 1853. This elaborate work, from the pen of a highly distinguished clergyman, will probably receive our notice in future pages, when we hope to do justice to the claims of the subject and the author. The contents of the volume, we may state here, originally constituted the material of a body of lectures, which were honored by large and gratified audiences. At present we can only commend the work, in terms of general approbation. It is a large, well-printed octavo.

The Life of William Pinkney, by his nephew, the Rev. WILLIAM PINKNEY, D.D. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1853. An adequate life of the celebrated orator, William Pinkney, is a desideratum. The biographer, however, deplors the inadequacy of his material, and is hardly the person proper to supply its deficiencies in any way. What he has done for his ancestor's memory is mostly eulogistic. He provides a considerable body of original correspondence which is interesting, and gives us glimpses of the force and general ability of the writer ; but helps us little in a general knowledge of his career. The biographer undertakes a comparison between Pinkney and Webster and others, in which we appreciate more decidedly the warmth of his admiration for his subject, than the general propriety of his conclusions. Pinkney's reputation, like that of most orators, is scarcely justified by what remains of him. It rests upon the reports and recollections of others. But enough is shown and preserved to us, to realize the value of that which is lost, and we see no reason to distrust tradition in his case, any more than in that of Sheridan and Chatham. We propose, hereafter, to return to this volume, with a view to a more methodical report of its contents. It is well printed and illustrated by a striking portrait of the orator.

Six Months in Italy. By GEORGE STILLMAN HILLIARD. Boston : Ticknor, Reed and Fields. 1853. The six months of Mr. Hilliard in Italy were profitably spent. He was an industrious observer, and, from education and endowment, is evidently a person who can well digest his studies and discoveries, and accurately and with taste report them. His classical attainments, and fine, pure style, show admirably in the fields of Italian art. We are sorry, even though for the present only, to dismiss these interesting volumes in a single paragraph, but trust, in future pages, to make amends for present slight, and to offer a more adequate acknowledgment to the graceful and instructive narrative which he gives us.

Cumberland's British Drama. We have, on a previous occasion, remarked on the nice little edition of this valuable collection, from the press of Davidson, of London and New York. The number of volumes already issued is twenty-five, printed in neat style, suitable for hand or pocket, and at a very small price. The value of this edition, founded upon that of Cumberland, rather than a reprint, is greatly enhanced, by the incorporation with it of all the English dramas that keep the stage, written since the edition of Cumberland. This gives to the work the value of a serial, and secures the reader in the acquisition of the current issues, from the stage or press, of all new dramatic works of merit. It is also illustrated by engraved portraits of distinguished actors *in character*.

The *Libretto Books*, of the same publisher, which now include every thing in the shape of opera which keeps the stage, constitute the only good collection of the kind which is published. They are immeasurably superior in all respects to the miserable catchpenny and mutilated operas, sold at the doors of the theatres on the playing of the several pieces. They give the *libretto* as it came from the hands of the author and composer, with a greater portion of the music, and all of the literary matter, and are printed in a style of neatness which leaves nothing to be desired.

We have to acknowledge from the same publisher, the receipt of a collection of beautiful prints in oil—a new achievement of art, very beautiful, and suited to the portfolio, the parlour table, and even for framing occasionally. These specimens are mostly illustrative of *chef d'œuvres*, taken from the great Chrystal Palace exhibitions, at the World's Fair, in London. All of these publications may be found at the book stores of John Russell and Samuel G. Courtenay of this city.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S "*Memoir, Journals and Correspondence of Thomas Moore*," brings us to the fifth part or volume, in the handsome octavo edition of Appleton & Co. When the work is finished, we shall probably exercise our privilege at large, in considering equally the claims of the biography and subject. Lord John has been supposed to have dealt slightly with his material. His own share of the writing has been small. That is, he has been content, mostly, to let the subject speak for himself;—supplying the breaks in the narrative when necessary, and doing little more. [The critics might play with a vengeance upon these three last unpremeditated words, by printing them, '*Doing little Moore*.'] But, in truth, we see no reason for censuring the Biographer, because he has preferred to be the Editor. Moore's own notes,

contained in a very minute diary, thus far, leave little or nothing to be supplied, and we trust that the details will continue to be published, from the author himself, to the period when he became no more capable. They are at once sufficiently full and sufficiently interesting.

"*The Patent Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin; or Mrs. Stowe in England*," is the title of a brochure in verse, by a lady of New York. Of course, it is a satire, but the success of the performance will depend rather upon the venom than the verse of the author. We have no doubt that the satire is very good, and very well deserved,—but the verse is very, very—very bad, indeed;—and, therefore, the more suitable to the subject. Really, Mrs. Stowe has a terrible weight upon her conscience, in respect to literature as well as morals. Her inspiration has been as evil in its influences as her fiction.

The Moral Mission of our Country, forms the subject of two sensible discourses, delivered before the Unitarian Christians of Charleston, during the last summer, by the Rev. CHARLES M. TAGGART. Mr. Taggart is properly conservative in his philosophy, political as moral, but not to the arrest of a progress which is at once consistent with Christianity and the institutions of our country. His style is clear and correct, his tone mild and persuasive, and his matter thoughtful and earnest.

Coming's Class Book of Physiology, (Appleton & Co.,) is a compact duodecimo, designed for the use of schools and families. It comprises a history of the structure and formation of the organs of man, illustrated by comparative reference to those of inferior animals. Twenty-four plates, and numerous engravings on wood, render the details more intelligible to the student, and the work more particularly suited to the object for which it is designed.

Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates. (Appleton & Co.) With notes and introduction by R. D. C. Robbins, Professor of languages in Middlebury College.

Elements of Rhetoric. (Harper & Brothers.) A work on Rhetoric, by Archbishop Whately, scarcely needs a recommendation to that class of persons, who are in a rank to know what is his. With respect to that class for which our author modestly designs the present volume, we are humbly of opinion that they will be the last persons to appreciate his efforts in their behalf. The Archbishop is scarcely capable to

write down to the popular comprehension, and a volume of just half the merit and half the bulk of this, with twice the simplicity, no notes, and a less discursive commentary, would be of twenty times the service for their purposes. The difficulty with a writer of Archbishop Whately's dimensions, lies in the assumption of so much in behalf of the acquisitions of those whom he undertakes to teach.

To the many admirers of *Dr. Chalmers*, this "*selection from his correspondence*," published by Harper & Brothers, and edited by his son-in law, Dr. HANNA, will, no doubt, prove very grateful and acceptable. We can only record the publication, not report upon its objects and merits.

HUGHES'S *Outlines of Scripture Geography and History*, illustrating the historical portions of the Old and New Testaments, must serve a highly useful purpose to those who read the holy volume, not less than in the hands of the young student in the schools, for whose use it is particularly designed. The matter seems to have been gathered with honest industry, and a conscientious regard to the most minute topics. The volume is issued in neat style, from the press of Blanchard & Lea, and is illustrated with neatly engraved and appropriate maps, at every leading division of the subject.

Recent American Travellers abroad. Here are two or three writers of travels, whom we hope to dismiss in as many paragraphs. 1. "*Men and Things abroad*, (Harper & Brothers.) *By Kirwan*," is a single volume, by a complacent clergyman, who goes the usual rounds of England and the continent, with the usual results. He treats us to nothing fresh in his facts, while his conclusions from them are singularly commonplace. His work may commend itself, at least to one class of readers, by his reports of religious progress in Europe, and by his occasional discussions with religionists and philanthropists abroad—in none of which, however, do we discover much that is either of interest or value.

2. *Silliman's Visit to Europe*, (Putnam & Co.) will, in like manner, be found a very dull book, by the general reader. It will, however, have an interest among men of mere fact and science, by the occasional reports which he makes of the progress of scientific men, and of the arts and trades in Europe. The Professor is a man of much detail. His measurements are very accurate, and this is something. He tells you exactly the number of feet and inches which the machinery occupies in the steamer, how much water is carried in the tanks, and by what best

route you can reach the water closet, particularly when the seas run high. He sometimes, but rarely, ventures into eloquence, and his subject then is American slavery. His book, otherwise, is as dull as Kirwan's.

Addresses and Orations. The address of RICHARD S. FIELD, before the "surviving members of the Constitutional Convention of the State of New Jersey," delivered February, 1853, is a performance of much ability, written in good style, and showing thought and inquiry. As it relates to political events chiefly, involves the consistency of our statesmen in some degree, and discusses incidentally questions of political difficulty, which are not yet settled, we shall defer any further judgment for a future perusal and examination. We have no doubt that Mr. Field is right in some of his adjudications, but we very much doubt in others; and fancy that we see some proofs, in his essay, of a discussion of the subject from points of view which the Northern man is rather apt to assume. An *Address of HENRY HULL, Jr.*, before the Madison Female College, (Madison, Geo.,) is a creditable performance, teaching proper ideas of education, and quite suited to the occasion. So is that of Hon. JOHN PERKINS, Jr., of Mississippi, delivered before the Adelpbic and Belles Lettres Society, of Oakland College, and inculcating the "duty of drawing, from the history and the theory of our government, just views of individual and national life." The process is usually reversed; but the youth who can make himself a good citizen, by any process, has, no doubt, pursued the proper course of study. The discourse is genuinely Southern.

Pamphlets. A second series of *Essays on Asylums, for persons of Unsound Mind*, by Professor JOHN M. GALT, M.D., superintendant and physician of the Eastern Lunatic Asylum, of Virginia, merits, like the first, the careful perusal of medical men, guardians of such persons, and of students generally. *Supplement to Grinnell Land*, read by PETER FORCE, Esq., at a meeting of the National Institute, makes out a good case of original discovery, on the part of the Americans, of the territory so called by our people, but by the British entitled "Albert Land," north of Wellington channel. Mr. Force shows fully how unfounded is the British claim of discovery, and how grasping is their avarice and ambition, no matter what the object. A chart is supplied, illustrative of the argument. The *Annual Circular of the Medical Department of the University of Louisiana*, for the session of 1853-4, shows the Institution to be prosperous,

under the management of the old faculty. A yearly report of the diseases treated in the charity hospital, for 1852, closes the circular. . . . *The Black man*, exhibiting the *Comparative Anatomy and Psychology of the African Negro*, by HERMAN BURMEISTER, Professor of Zoology in the University of Halle, well translated by Drs. Fredlander and Tomes, of New York, is full of interesting and instructive matter, on a fruitful subject, to which we hope to return in future pages.

The Odd Fellows Annual, (*Walker*), is one of those gift books of the season, which appear with periodical promptitude. It is, as its name implies, designed for a class; but this class is now a grand army, perhaps the largest of any in the world; covering nations and States with its banners, and cheering the fireside every where with its charities. Such is its reputation. The volume before us, besides having an agreeable miscellany, contains much matter designed especially to interest the Order.

Rufus Choate's Discourse, commemorative of Daniel Webster, (Monroe & Co.) is one of those noble, thoughtful and appropriate performances which become monuments of themselves, to the subject of eulogy, and unite the name of the builder with his own forever. It is sufficient to say, that it is worthy of the genius it commemorates.

Archer Gifford's Address on Military Education, is a sensible, thoughtful performance, designed to enforce the peculiar advantages of a military education, in the study of literature, science and the arts. It was delivered before the Military Educational Convention, held at Wilmington, Delaware, last September.

The Virtue of Fasting and Prayer, is the title of an appropriate and well written sermon, by the Rev. CHARLES M. TAGGART, of this city, urging the moral need of prayer and abstinence.

History of the Navy of the United States of America. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. New-York. (Putnam & Co.) 1853. The History of the American Navy, by Cooper, is of undisputed value and authority. It is the only work, on this highly interesting arm of the national service, which deserves the name of a history. It must, for all time, maintain this ascendancy. No writer can be found more competent to the task; none whose sympathy with, and knowledge of, our naval progress—whose diligence, study, criticism, analysis—could better fit for a tho-

rough scrutiny into, and development of, the fact, the results, the character and value of our ships and sailors—such was the estimate of his claims, and of his work, from the moment of its first publication. This judgment has not been disturbed, and cannot be disturbed. His history is the best of our naval monuments. But, since the history was first published, the navy of the United States has been profitably active, and the author kept due pace with its performances. He left behind him, in MS. a sequel to the former history, bringing down the narrative to the day of his death. With this materiel, and from later sources, other hands have continued it to the present time. The result is, that we have, in this compact and well printed volume, the whole of the former history, three volumes in one, with all the additions subsequently made; a contribution to the American Library which will always be held in rare estimation by all patriotic readers, and which will greatly instruct and interest the most careless and indifferent.

Madison (Geo.) Male Academy. This institution of our sister State is in highly promising condition, judging from the catalogue before us. Mr. Clark, the Rector, has the reputation of being one of the best classical teachers in the South.

The construction of the Statute of Limitations, of 1843, and the decision, of the Supreme Court of Alabama, thereon: examined by K. B. SEWALL. Mobile. 1853. This is the argument of a very diligent lawyer, on a question of local law. Mr. Sewall has shown commendable industry in its preparation, and seems, from his citations from civilians, to have a taste for the study of principles. Statutes of Limitation are intended to quiet titles,—to preserve to persons their estates, the titles to which are not producible;—but courts have, by following cases, arrived at the conclusion, that these statutes were intended to enable a man to steal his neighbour's land with impunity;—in short, that they are conveyances of one man's property to another, without price. Hence the confusion of cases, and the perversion of justice, which abound in the books. The pamphlet is well worthy of perusal.

Haydon's Autobiography (Harper & Bros) is one of the most touching of social and intellectual histories. Its interest is painfully intense. It develops what is too commonly the fate of genius in its conflict with pretentious mediocrity—shows, with what a natural instinct, conscious of superiority, hating and fearing it, the small-fry in art and letters, league together to crush the hateful rival, with whom they cannot, on

equal terms, contend. It, also, as frankly exhibits the vagaries, the vanities, the weaknesses of genius; how it leaves its bosom open to attack,—how it succumbs where it should be stubborn, and how, in the overflow of its vanity, it foregoes the exercise of a proper, saving self-esteem. The book is one deserving the perusal and study of all ambitious men, in all departments of art.

Grote's History of Greece, Harper's edition, has reached the eleventh volume. Another closes the work, which is one, the rank of which is every where acknowledged, as superseding the histories of all previous writers in the same prolific empire.

Brown's Roman Classical Literature, (Blanchard & Lea,) is admirably designed as a text book in schools and colleges. It will be found no less an excellent hand-book for the private student, and the very volume for the popular library.

Coleridge. The very neat library edition of COLERIDGE's writings, which we owe to the press of Harper & Brothers, is now completed, by the seventh volume, which contains the Poetical and Dramatic works of the author. This edition supplies us with the entire body of writings of one of the most remarkable of the poets and psychologists of the age.

Addison. We are glad to find that Putnam & Co. have commenced the publication of the complete works of JOSEPH ADDISON. The first two volumes are before us, containing plays and poems. It opens with Macaulay's review of Addison; and is edited by Professor GEO. W. GREENE, who shows himself thoroughly possessed of all the clues to, and material for, the work. His notes are of value, and we have no doubt that the present American will be a more perfect edition, than can be found in Europe. The style of publication is neat and well suited for the library. The collection will be comprised in five volumes.

The History of the Insurrection in China, (Harper & Bros.) translated from the French of Callery & Yvan, by JOHN OXENFORD, is a timely and interesting publication. It gives the history of the insurgents; of their creed, and the degree of Christianity which they profess; and is, altogether, a curious and instructive narrative of a realm, over which hangs such a mystery and obscurity, as, hitherto, have served to render all conclusions doubtful, as to its real character, condition and resources.

What will be the result of this insurrection, and whether it will end in the overthrow of the prescriptive Tartar dynasty, is the problem upon which, as yet, we can scarce conjecture.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner, M. P. Edited by his brother, LEONARD HORNER, Esq., F. R. S. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1853. Two interesting volumes which should commend themselves to the literary man and the political student. They comprise an extensive correspondence of the subject of the biography with both classes. Mr. Horner was for sometime in Parliament, and a reformer. He was one of that brave fraternity of young aspirants for literary and professional fame—wanting oatmeal, however—by whom the *Edinburgh Review* was first established. He ranked highly among them. His letters are sober, thoughtful performances. He was a student and one who could dive below the surface of his subject. His style is plain, manly and direct. His mind was of scientific rather than imaginative character—severe and simple in its aims, rather than fanciful or ornate. He died young. The memorial before us is one which fully establishes the extent of their loss to his friends and country. Still, he had reached a high condition of maturity, and the days of his youth were fruitful in performance.

Stuyvesant is one of the series of domestic and moral stories for the young, written by the author of the Rollo Books, Jacob Abbot. The objects of these books, are generally good, and, usually, the execution is worthy of the object. They aim to teach industry, economy, tenderness to animals, forbearance, modesty, and the ordinary household virtues.

Spooner's Anecdotes of Painters, Sculptors and Artists, (Putnam & Co.) will be found an interesting collection, made with pains-taking and great industry, from immense and much scattered sources of intelligence. The author assures us that his work is not a mere republication, or compilation, but is full of original matter, and embodies a history of the progress of art. He professes to have in hand the material for three more volumes like these before us; and we trust that he will publish them. We only regret, for his own sake, that he did not throw the whole of his material into one good octavo. But the present edition ought to prove attractive to the public, as it certainly must prove amusing and instructive to the reader.

Busy Moments of an Idle Woman. (Appleton.) A contributor anticipates us in a notice of this pleasant collection of sketches of life in fashionable society. In his estimate of these stories we mostly concur. They are certainly very clever, full of spirit, and with a nice regard to characterization, though in a somewhat limited province. Fashionable life offers few salient aspects of character, whatever it may do in conduct and morals. Individuality is not one of its striking possessions. But, so far as the field offers *materiel*, our author—who is said to be a lady of this city—has seized upon it happily, and shows it up with animation. “Edith,” the opening story, is very far the best, being marked by touches of tenderness and pathos, to which the remainder of the volume offers no claim. The other pieces are sketches and episodes, or scenes from life, rather than histories or portraits. They are not always unexceptionable; Mrs. Mordaunt’s morals for example, even when she undertakes to be a moral counsellor, only shows that she would teach from expediency rather than from principle. Something we propose to say, hereafter, on this subject of fashionable society, and something in respect to this society of Charleston, which provokes some of the shafts of an *Idle Woman*, and which, of late, has been quite a frequent topic here and there. But we must reserve ourselves for a more auspicious moment, when leisure and the mood, concur in taking the occasion. For the present, it is enough to say that the author of this volume exhibits very decided talents for this order of writing, is keen in the discrimination of character, quick of repartee, and sprightly in dialogue and manner.

The Blackwater Chronicle, (Redfield,) is farther entitled “A narrative of an expedition into the Land of Canaan, in Randolph County, Virginia,”—a country which the same title page describes as “flowing with wild animals, such as panthers, bears, wolves, elk, deer, otter, badger, and innumerable trout.” No wonder it should be penetrated “by five adventurous gentlemen,” asking “no aid from government,” and living “solely on their own resources.” This wonderful expedition into Canaan took place in the summer of 1851. It is admirably recorded in the pages of our “Clerke of Oxenforde,” whose pen plays with his subject as a zephyr with its wing, and flies, with most capricious and pleasant fancy, over the fields of the new Canaan which was thus penetrated and laid open to souls that thirst for cool waters and a delicious empire. We fancy that we could lay our hands directly upon the head of this “Clerke of Oxenforde,” whom we take to be a generous and impulsive Southron—a Marylander—whom we have long known as the

possessor of talents which he himself has too little valued to use. But we will not point him out to the inquisitive. Let him make himself better known by his deeds. The volume before us is a fine first beginning. It is racy, full of animal spirits, and well seasoned with the fruits of an extensive reading, and a graceful and sportive fancy.

The Elliott Society of Natural History, lately established in Charleston, is one that seemed to be as necessary and natural to the community, as it appears inevitable from the resources of the place. Charleston has always held a high rank on account of the number of persons whom it has produced, successfully devoted to the studies of Natural History. Stephen Elliott, who is fitly honoured in the name given to this society; and Bachman very properly appears as its President. The officers and curators are all of them gentlemen highly distinguished in the walks of science, and many of them are devoted wholly to studies pursued in the several provinces of nature, in Geology, Paleontology, Botany, &c. Their constitution and laws are before us in a neat pamphlet. We confidently look to their labours as tending largely to illustrate the subject of their study.

The Book of Nature. By FREDERICK SHROEDLER, P.D., first American, from the second English, translated from the sixth German edition; by HENRY MEDLOCK, F.C.S. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea. 1853. The Book of Nature, before us, is an elementary introduction to the sciences of Physics, Astronomy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, Botany, Zoology and Physiology. It is designed for the use of schools and colleges, and from our examination we should incline to the opinion that it is in every way suited to its object. It will also be found an excellent manual for the private student, conducting by easy steps to the natural sciences, and penetrating sufficiently far into the secrets of nature, as to enable him to follow on with little effort to the discovery of her profounder mysteries. The American editor has performed an additional service, by correcting the errors of the foreign edition, adding the later discoveries of science, and adapting the whole work to the nomenclature and systems generally employed in this country. The work is well printed and comprises nearly seven hundred illustrations on wood.

Lady Lee's Widowhood, (Harper & Brother,) a novel that attracted much attention while passing through the pages of Blackwood; a pleasant story, quite interesting, but without being remarkable in any respect.

Gustavus Lindorm, (*Scribner*), is from the pen of Mrs. EMILIE CARLEN, the Swedish author and rival, though in a very different walk, of the fair but antique Frederika Bremer. The novel is a very morbid one, full of dark and sombre shadows, horrors real and fantastical. It is a complicated and not always probable story, but one of interest. The author sometimes makes a terrible blunder in matters of taste; but she has invention and characterization. These qualities will render her mistakes endurable. In the present work she has an address, specially to the American reader. We argue from this that she means to visit the country, when, we suppose, we shall see her fooled to the top of her bent, by that perpetual tribe of fools who run after the foreigner with insane sycophancy, and prompting his self-esteem with authority, persuade him to defile us in a book of travels. When shall we have an end of this?

A Church Dictionary. By WALTER FARQUHAR HOOK, D. D. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1853. This is an English work. The Reverend Mr. Hook is the Vicar of Leeds, and the present is from the *sixth* London edition, a fact which determines the reputation of the book in the place of its origin. The American edition, is revised and adapted to the Protestant Episcopal Church, in our country, by a Presbyterian of said church. It will, no doubt, fully meet the wants of American churchmen. It is improved and added to, in accordance with these supposed wants, and will, we take it, be found a very useful hand-book and work of reference.

Aldine Editions of British Poets. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1853. We congratulate the public on this beautiful edition of the English poets. Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Butler, Gray, Prior, Collins, constitute the first issues of this new series, which leaves nothing that the reader can desire, whether his object be to carry in his hands a convenient pocket volume, or to place in his library a neat and choice collection. Of these acknowledged masters of British art in poetry, it would be mere supererogation to say a syllable in praise. Their *status* is universally recognized; and criticism, hereafter, will employ itself rather in a search after their defects than their beauties. But we entertain neither object for the present. It only needs that we say that these editions are not only as neat, convenient, compact and portable as we could desire, but that they are more complete than most editions, are among the best edited, containing all that modern research has discovered, in respect to the lives of the several authors, and all the remains, hitherto uncol-

lected, of their occasional, scattered, and unappropriated verses. We commend the edition without reserve of any kind.

Miss Bremer's Homes of the New World (Harper & Brothers) must be reserved for future notice. The good lady, as one of the last foreign lions among us, claims more space than we can properly give her now. She is not a fierce lion; rather one after the considerate fashion of Nicholas Bottom, Esq.; and does her spiriting as gently as the fisherman, when, quoting sentimental Isaac Walton, in assertion of the tender heartedness of naturalists and other virtuous people, he impales the worm upon the hook, and proceeds to hook with it the finny tribe—all being fish that go into his basket. Miss Bremer is, indeed, a very loving fisherwoman, having a kind word for every tumble-bug upon whom she sets her foot—her pen, we mean.

Willis's Health trip to the Topics. (Scribner) A collection of pleasant letters from Bermuda, and other southern regions—light, airy, somewhat affected and dainty, like the writings of the author usually, but which will be read with satisfaction, and enjoyed in occasional passages. Mr. Willis cannot well make a dull book. Something might be said of his verbal coinages, and efforts at the quaint and unwonted in style and thought; but no writer's characteristics are better known, and it will suffice to say that the present book, differing in few respects from what he has hitherto written, is quite as worthy of perusal as any of the rest.

Children's Books. First among these, is the story of *Mrs. Rutherford's Children*, (Putnam) by ELIZABETH WETHERALL; a lady who has recently acquired a goodly share of popular favour, by her books for older people, viz: "Queechy," "The Wide, Wide World," &c. She shows herself quite as skilful in her books for little people; and *Mrs. Rutherford's Children* will no doubt prove quite agreeable associates for the children of Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jenkins, and the Widow Smith. The story is prettily sketched, and the pictures very neat and choice, by which it is illustrated.

Mrs. TUTHILL's "*Tip top; or a noble aim*" (Scribner) is one of the same class of writings, but of more ambitious moral. This is illustrated also.

"*Happy Days of Childhood*," (Appleton) by AMY MEADOWS, is a more modest volume than either, being designed chiefly for Misses in short frocks, and little Masters who still hesitate between a book and a penny whistle. Its pictures are characteristic of fun out of doors;

and it will commend itself to that class with whom romping is not yet reduced to system.

The Picture Pleasure Book (Appleton) is a great quarto crammed with engravings of all sorts, illustrated by doggrels of all measures, graduated to the most moderate understandings, and quite worthy to clothe candies and kisses, and to satisfy the sentimental.

Mr. Frank, or the Under Ground Mail Agent (Lippincott, Grambo & Co.) by *Vidi*, is a clever attempt to carry the attack into the country of the abolitionists—to show of what sort of stuff professional philanthropists are made,—the want of principle which constitutes their capital of principle—the heartlessness of their charities—the brutal treatment which they bestow upon poverty and labour at home, and the immense superiority of the benevolence which marks the slave institutions and people of the South.

We are only able to acknowledge the two volumes of Mrs. COLIN MACKENZIE, entitled "*Life in the Mission, the Camp and the Zenana*," from the press of Redfield. From a glance at the crowded material of its chapters, the work promises to be full of attraction. Mrs. Mackenzie is known to us already as a pleasant writer, and six years passed in India ought to furnish abundant subjects of interest and curiosity.

The Bourbon.—We had a short time ago, and acknowledged, an abridgement of *Beauchesne's life, sufferings and death of Louis XVII.*—*the Dauphin*, from the press of Harper & Brothers. We owe to the same publishers an edition of the same work, unabridged, and translated by W. HAZLITT. To those whom the claims of Eleazar Williams, to the crown of France, have made curious on the subject, this publication will prove a seasonable help. The work is full and sufficiently interesting.

McConnell's Western Characters, or Types of Border Life in the Western States (Redfield) affords a series of pleasant and instructive sketches of the Redman, the Hunter and the Squatter, with very spirited illustrations by Darley. The author is known to us already by a series of clever works—"Talbot and Vernon," "The Glens" &c.